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Here is a new Loeb Classical Library edition of Homer's stirring heroic account of the Trojan war and its passions. The eloquent and dramatic epic poem captures the terrible anger of Achilles, "the best of the Achaeans," over a grave insult to his personal honor and relates its tragic result: a chain of consequences that prove devastating for the Greek forces besieging Troy, for noble Trojans, and for Achilles himself. The poet gives us compelling characterizations of his protagonists as well as a remarkable study of the heroic code in antiquity.

The works attributed to Homer include the two oldest and greatest European epic poems, the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*. These have been published in the Loeb Classical Library for three quarters of a century, the Greek text facing a faithful and literate prose translation by A. T. Murray. William F. Wyatt now brings the Loeb's *Iliad* up to date, with a rendering that retains Murray's admirable style but is written for today's readers.

William F. Wyatt is Professor of Classics, Brown University.

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HOMER

ILIAD

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HOMER

ILIAD

BOOKS 13–24

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

A. T. MURRAY

REVISED BY

WILLIAM F. WYATT

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Ζεὺς δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν Τρῶάς τε καὶ Ἕκτορα νηυσὶ πέλασσε,
τοὺς μὲν ἔα παρὰ τῇσι πόνον τ' ἐχέμεν καὶ ὀιζὺν
νωλεμέως, αὐτὸς δὲ πάλιν τρέπεν ὄσσε φαεινώ,
νόσφιν ἐφ' ἱπποπόλων Θρῃκῶν καθορώμενος αἶαν
Μυσῶν τ' ἀγχεμάχων καὶ ἀγαυῶν Ἱππημολγῶν
γλακτοφάγων, Ἀβίων τε δικαιοτάτων ἀνθρώπων.
ἐς Τροίην δ' οὐ πάμπαν ἔτι τρέπεν ὄσσε φαεινώ·
οὐ γὰρ ὅ γ'[1] ἀθανάτων τινα ἔλπετο ὃν κατὰ θυμὸν
ἐλθόντ' ἢ Τρώεσσιν ἀρηξέμεν ἢ Δαναοῖσιν.
Οὐδ' ἀλαοσκοπιὴν εἶχε κρείων Ἐνοσίχθων·
καὶ γὰρ ὁ θαυμάζων ἧστο πτόλεμόν τε μάχην τε
ὑψοῦ ἐπ' ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς Σάμου ὑληέσσης
Θρηικίης· ἔνθεν γὰρ ἐφαίνετο πᾶσα μὲν Ἴδη,
φαίνετο δὲ Πριάμοιο πόλις καὶ νῆες Ἀχαιῶν.
ἔνθ' ἄρ' ὅ γ' ἐξ ἁλὸς ἕζετ' ἰών, ἐλέαιρε δ' Ἀχαιοὺς
Τρωσὶν δαμναμένους, Διὶ δὲ κρατερῶς ἐνεμέσσα.
Αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὄρεος κατεβήσετο παιπαλόεντος
κραιπνὰ ποσὶ προβιβάς· τρέμε δ' οὔρεα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλη
ποσσὶν ὑπ' ἀθανάτοισι Ποσειδάωνος ἰόντος.

BOOK 13

Now Zeus, when he had brought the Trojans and Hector to the ships, left the combatants there to have toil and woe unceasingly, but he turned away his gleaming eyes, and looked afar over the land of the Thracian horsemen, and of the Mysians who fight in close combat, and of the lordly Hippemolgi who drink the milk of mares, and of the Abii, the most just of men. To Troy he no longer turned his gleaming eyes at all, for he did not expect in his heart that any of the immortals would go and assist either Trojans or Danaans.

But no blind watch did the lord, the Shaker of Earth, keep, for he sat marveling at the war and the battle, high on the topmost peak of wooded Samothrace, for from there all Ida was plain to see; and plain to see were the city of Priam, and the ships of the Achaeans. There he sat, having come out from the sea, and he had pity on the Achaeans that they were being overcome by the Trojans, and against Zeus he was mightily indignant.

Immediately he went down from the rugged mountain, striding with swift footsteps, and the high mountains and the woodland trembled beneath the immortal feet

1 ὅ γ᾽: ἔτ᾽ Aristophanes.

τρὶς μὲν ὀρέξατ᾽ ἰών, τὸ δὲ τέτρατον ἵκετο τέκμωρ,
Αἰγάς, ἔνθα δέ οἱ κλυτὰ δώματα βένθεσι λίμνης
χρύσεα μαρμαίροντα τετεύχαται, ἄφθιτα αἰεί.
ἔνθ᾽ ἐλθὼν ὑπ᾽ ὄχεσφι τιτύσκετο χαλκόποδ᾽ ἵππω,
ὠκυπέτα, χρυσέῃσιν ἐθείρῃσιν κομόωντε,
χρυσὸν δ᾽ αὐτὸς ἔδυνε περὶ χροΐ, γέντο δ᾽ ἱμάσθλην
χρυσείην εὔτυκτον, ἑοῦ δ᾽ ἐπιβήσετο δίφρου,
βῆ δ᾽ ἐλάαν ἐπὶ κύματ᾽· ἄταλλε δὲ κήτε᾽ ὑπ᾽ αὐτοῦ
πάντοθεν ἐκ κευθμῶν, οὐδ᾽ ἠγνοίησεν ἄνακτα·
γηθοσύνῃ δὲ θάλασσα διίστατο· τοὶ δὲ πέτοντο
ῥίμφα μάλ᾽, οὐδ᾽ ὑπένερθε διαίνετο χάλκεος ἄξων·
τὸν δ᾽ ἐς Ἀχαιῶν νῆας ἐύσκαρθμοι φέρον ἵπποι.

Ἔστι δέ τι σπέος εὐρὺ βαθείης βένθεσι λίμνης,
μεσσηγὺς Τενέδοιο καὶ Ἴμβρου παιπαλοέσσης·
ἔνθ᾽ ἵππους ἔστησε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων
λύσας ἐξ ὀχέων, παρὰ δ᾽ ἀμβρόσιον βάλεν εἶδαρ
ἔδμεναι· ἀμφὶ δὲ ποσσὶ πέδας ἔβαλε χρυσείας,
ἀρρήκτους ἀλύτους, ὄφρ᾽ ἔμπεδον αὖθι μένοιεν
νοστήσαντα ἄνακτα· ὁ δ᾽ ἐς στρατὸν ᾤχετ᾽ Ἀχαιῶν.

Τρῶες δὲ φλογὶ ἶσοι ἀολλέες ἠὲ θυέλλῃ
Ἕκτορι Πριαμίδῃ ἄμοτον μεμαῶτες ἕποντο,
ἄβρομοι αὐίαχοι· ἔλποντο δὲ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
αἱρήσειν, κτενέειν δὲ παρ᾽ αὐτόθι πάντας ἀρίστους.[2]
ἀλλὰ Ποσειδάων γαιήοχος ἐννοσίγαιος
Ἀργείους ὤτρυνε, βαθείης ἐξ ἁλὸς ἐλθών,
εἰσάμενος Κάλχαντι δέμας καὶ ἀτειρέα φωνήν·

[2] ἀρίστους: Ἀχαιούς.

of Poseidon as he went. Three strides he took as he went, and with the fourth stride he reached his goal, Aegae, where his famous palace was built in the depths of the sea, golden and gleaming, imperishable for ever. There he came, and harnessed beneath his chariot his two bronze-hooved horses, swift of flight, with flowing manes of gold; and with gold he clad himself about his body, and grasped the well-made whip of gold, and stepped into his chariot, and set out to drive over the waves. Then gamboled the sea beasts beneath him on every side out of the deeps, for well they knew their lord, and in gladness the sea parted before him; very swiftly they sped on, and the axle of bronze was not wetted beneath; and to the ships of the Achaeans did the prancing steeds bring him.

There is a wide cavern in the depths of the deep sea midway between Tenedos and rugged Imbros. There Poseidon, the shaker of earth, stayed his horses, and loosed them from the chariot, and cast before them ambrosial food to graze on, and about their feet he put hobbles of gold which could not be broken or loosed so that without stirring they might there await their lord's return; and he himself went to the army of the Achaeans.

But the Trojans, like flame or tempest were following all in one body furiously after Hector, son of Priam, with loud shouts and cries, and they thought that they would take the ships of the Achaeans and slay by them all the best men. But Poseidon, the enfolder and shaker of earth, urged on the Argives, when he had come out from the deep sea, in the likeness of Calchas, in form and untir-

Αἴαντε πρώτω προσέφη, μεμαῶτε καὶ αὐτώ·
"Αἴαντε, σφὼ μέν τε σαώσετε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν
ἀλκῆς μνησαμένω, μηδὲ κρυεροῖο φόβοιο.
ἄλλῃ μὲν γὰρ ἐγώ γ᾽ οὐ δείδια χεῖρας ἀάπτους
Τρώων, οἳ μέγα τεῖχος ὑπερκατέβησαν ὁμίλῳ·
ἕξουσιν γὰρ πάντας ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί·
τῇ δὲ δὴ αἰνότατον περιδείδια μή τι πάθωμεν,
ᾗ ῥ᾽ ὅ γ᾽ ὁ λυσσώδης φλογὶ εἴκελος ἡγεμονεύει,
Ἕκτωρ, ὃς Διὸς εὔχετ᾽ ἐρισθενέος πάϊς εἶναι.
σφῶιν δ᾽ ὧδε θεῶν τις ἐνὶ φρεσὶ ποιήσειεν
αὐτώ θ᾽ ἑστάμεναι κρατερῶς καὶ ἀνωγέμεν ἄλλους·
τῶ κε καὶ ἐσσύμενόν περ ἐρωήσαιτ᾽ ἀπὸ νηῶν
ὠκυπόρων, εἰ καί μιν Ὀλύμπιος αὐτὸς ἐγείρει."
Ἦ, καὶ σκηπανίῳ γαιήοχος Ἐννοσίγαιος
ἀμφοτέρω κεκοπὼς πλῆσεν μένεος κρατεροῖο,
γυῖα δὲ θῆκεν ἐλαφρά, πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὕπερθεν.
αὐτὸς δ᾽ ὥς τ᾽ ἴρηξ ὠκύπτερος ὦρτο πέτεσθαι,
ὅς ῥά τ᾽ ἀπ᾽ αἰγίλιπος πέτρης περιμήκεος ἀρθεὶς
ὁρμήσῃ πεδίοιο διώκειν ὄρνεον ἄλλο,
ὣς ἀπὸ τῶν ἤϊξε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων.
τοῖιν δ᾽ ἔγνω πρόσθεν Ὀιλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας,
αἶψα δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ Αἴαντα προσέφη Τελαμώνιον υἱόν·
"Αἶαν, ἐπεί τις νῶι θεῶν, οἳ Ὄλυμπον ἔχουσι,
μάντεϊ εἰδόμενος κέλεται παρὰ νηυσὶ μάχεσθαι—
οὐδ᾽ ὅ γε Κάλχας ἐστί, θεοπρόπος οἰωνιστής·
ἴχνια γὰρ μετόπισθε ποδῶν ἠδὲ κνημάων
ῥεῖ᾽ ἔγνων ἀπιόντος· ἀρίγνωτοι δὲ θεοί περ—
καὶ δ᾽ ἐμοὶ αὐτῷ θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλοισι

ing voice. To the two Aiantes he spoke first, themselves very eager: "Aiantes, the two of you will save the army of the Achaeans if you take thought of valor and not of chill rout. Nowhere else do I fear the invincible hands of the Trojans who have climbed over the great wall in their multitude, for the well-greaved Achaeans will hold all back; but it is here that I am dreadfully afraid that some evil may befall us, here where that madman is leading on like a flame of fire, Hector, who boasts that he is a son of mighty Zeus. But in the hearts of you two may some god put it to stand firm yourselves, and to command others to do the same; so might you drive him back from the swift-faring ships, despite his eagerness, even though the Olympian himself is urging him on."

With that the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth struck the two with his staff and filled them with mighty strength and made their limbs light, their feet and their hands above. And he himself, just as a hawk, swift of flight, rises to fly, and poising himself aloft above a high sheer rock, darts over the plain to chase some other bird; so from them sped Poseidon, the shaker of earth. And of the two swift Aias, son of Oïleus, was first to recognize the god, and immediately spoke to Aias, son of Telamon: "Aias, since it is one of the gods who hold Olympus who in the likeness of the seer tells the two of us to fight beside the ships—he is not Calchas, the prophet and reader of omens, for easily did I recognize the signs he left of feet and of legs as he went from us; and plain to be known are the gods—and my own heart also within my breast is the more eager to war

μᾶλλον ἐφορμᾶται πολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι,
μαιμώωσι δ' ἔνερθε πόδες καὶ χεῖρες ὕπερθε."
Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
"οὕτω νῦν καὶ ἐμοὶ περὶ δούρατι χεῖρες ἄαπτοι
μαιμῶσιν, καί μοι μένος ὤρορε, νέρθε δὲ ποσσὶν
ἔσσυμαι ἀμφοτέροισι· μενοινώω δὲ καὶ οἶος
Ἕκτορι Πριαμίδῃ ἄμοτον μεμαῶτι μάχεσθαι."
Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον,
χάρμῃ γηθόσυνοι, τήν σφιν θεὸς ἔμβαλε θυμῷ·
τόφρα δὲ τοὺς ὄπιθεν Γαιήοχος ὦρσεν Ἀχαιούς,
οἳ παρὰ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν ἀνέψυχον φίλον ἦτορ.
τῶν ῥ' ἅμα τ' ἀργαλέῳ καμάτῳ φίλα γυῖα λέλυντο,
καί σφιν ἄχος κατὰ θυμὸν ἐγίγνετο δερκομένοισι
Τρῶας, τοὶ μέγα τεῖχος ὑπερκατέβησαν ὁμίλῳ.
τοὺς οἵ γ' εἰσορόωντες ὑπ' ὀφρύσι δάκρυα λεῖβον·
οὐ γὰρ ἔφαν φεύξεσθαι ὑπὲκ κακοῦ. ἀλλ' Ἐνοσίχθων
ῥεῖα μετεισάμενος κρατερὰς ὄτρυνε φάλαγγας.
Τεῦκρον ἔπι πρῶτον καὶ Λήιτον ἦλθε κελεύων
Πηνέλεών θ' ἥρωα Θόαντά τε Δηίπυρόν τε
Μηριόνην τε καὶ Ἀντίλοχον, μήστωρας ἀυτῆς·
τοὺς ὅ γ' ἐποτρύνων ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"αἰδώς, Ἀργεῖοι, κοῦροι νέοι· ὔμμιν ἐγώ γε
μαρναμένοισι πέποιθα σαωσέμεναι νέας ἁμάς·
εἰ δ' ὑμεῖς πολέμοιο μεθήσετε λευγαλέοιο,
νῦν δὴ εἴδεται ἦμαρ ὑπὸ Τρώεσσι δαμῆναι.
ὢ πόποι, ἦ μέγα θαῦμα τόδ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρῶμαι,
δεινόν, ὃ οὔ ποτ' ἐγώ γε τελευτήσεσθαι ἔφασκον,
Τρῶας ἐφ' ἡμετέρας ἰέναι νέας, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ

and battle, and my feet beneath and my hands above are eager."

In answer spoke to him Telamonian Aias: "So too my invincible hands are eager now to grasp the spear, and my might is roused, and my feet are swift beneath me; and I am eager to meet even in single fight Hector, Priam's son, who rages incessantly."

Thus they spoke to one another, rejoicing in the fury of fight which the god put in their hearts; and meanwhile the Enfolder of Earth roused the Achaeans, who were in the rear beside the swift ships and were refreshing themselves. Their limbs were loosed by their grievous toil, and sorrow arose in their hearts as they saw the Trojans, who had thronged over the great wall. As they looked on them they let tears fall from beneath their brows, for they thought that they should not escape from danger. But the Shaker of Earth, lightly passing among them, roused their strong battalions. To Teucer first he came and to Leïtus to urge them on, and to the warrior Peneleos, and Thoas and Deïpyrus, and Meriones and Antilochus, masters of the war cry; to these he spoke winged words, and spurred them on: "Shame, Argives, mere striplings! It was in your fighting that I trusted for the saving of our ships; but if you are to flinch from grievous war, then surely has the day now dawned for us to be vanquished by the Trojans. Well, now, surely a great marvel is this that my eyes look upon, a dread thing that I at least thought would never come to pass: the Trojans are going against our ships, they who in the past

φυζακινῆς ἐλάφοισιν ἐοίκεσαν, αἵ τε καθ᾽ ὕλην
θώων παρδαλίων τε λύκων τ᾽ ἤια πέλονται
αὔτως ἠλάσκουσαι ἀνάλκιδες, οὐδ᾽ ἔπι χάρμη·
ὣς Τρῶες τὸ πρίν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρας Ἀχαιῶν
μίμνειν οὐκ ἐθέλεσκον ἐναντίον, οὐδ᾽ ἠβαιόν·
νῦν δὲ ἑκὰς πόλιος κοίλῃς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ μάχονται
ἡγεμόνος κακότητι μεθημοσύνῃσί τε λαῶν,
οἳ κείνῳ ἐρίσαντες ἀμυνέμεν οὐκ ἐθέλουσι
νηῶν ὠκυπόρων, ἀλλὰ κτείνονται ἀν᾽ αὐτάς.
ἀλλ᾽ εἰ δὴ καὶ πάμπαν ἐτήτυμον αἴτιός ἐστιν
ἥρως Ἀτρεΐδης, εὐρὺ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
οὕνεκ᾽ ἀπητίμησε ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα,
ἡμέας γ᾽ οὔ πως ἔστι μεθιέμεναι πολέμοιο.
ἀλλ᾽ ἀκεώμεθα θᾶσσον· ἀκεσταί τοι φρένες ἐσθλῶν.
ὑμεῖς δ᾽ οὐκέτι καλὰ μεθίετε θούριδος ἀλκῆς
πάντες ἄριστοι ἐόντες ἀνὰ στρατόν. οὐδ᾽ ἂν ἐγώ γε
ἀνδρὶ μαχεσσαίμην ὅς τις πολέμοιο μεθείη
λυγρὸς ἐών· ὑμῖν δὲ νεμεσσῶμαι περὶ κῆρι.
ὦ πέπονες, τάχα δή τι κακὸν ποιήσετε μεῖζον
τῇδε μεθημοσύνῃ· ἀλλ᾽ ἐν φρεσὶ θέσθε ἕκαστος
αἰδῶ καὶ νέμεσιν· δὴ γὰρ μέγα νεῖκος ὄρωρεν.
Ἕκτωρ δὴ παρὰ νηυσὶ βοὴν ἀγαθὸς πολεμίζει
καρτερός, ἔρρηξεν δὲ πύλας καὶ μακρὸν ὀχῆα."
  Ὣς ῥα κελευτιόων Γαιήοχος ὦρσεν Ἀχαιούς.
ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ Αἴαντας δοιοὺς ἵσταντο φάλαγγες
καρτεραί, ἃς οὔτ᾽ ἄν κεν Ἄρης ὀνόσαιτο μετελθὼν
οὔτε κ᾽ Ἀθηναίη λαοσσόος· οἳ γὰρ ἄριστοι
κρινθέντες Τρῶάς τε καὶ Ἕκτορα δῖον ἔμιμνον,

were like panic-stricken hinds that in the woodland become the prey of jackals and panthers and wolves as they scurry vainly in their cowardice, nor is there any fight in them. So the Trojans in the past at least were not minded to stand and face the might and the hands of the Achaeans, not even a little. But now, far from the city they are fighting at the hollow ships because of the baseness of our leader and the slackness of the people, who, from their quarrel with him, are not minded to defend the swift-faring ships, but are being slain among them. But if the warrior son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, is really the cause of all, because he dishonored the swift-footed son of Peleus, yet must we at least in no way prove slack in war. But let us atone for the fault quickly: the hearts of good men admit of atonement. But it is no longer well that you slack your furious valor, all you who are the best men in the army. Myself I would not quarrel with one who was slack in war if he were good for nothing, but with you I am exceedingly angry at heart. You weaklings, soon you will cause yet greater evil by this slackness. But take in your hearts, each man of you, fear of shame and reproach; for great indeed is the conflict that has arisen. Hector, good at the war cry, is fighting at the ships, strong in his might, and has broken the gates and the long bar."

Thus did the Earth Enfolder rouse the Achaeans with his urgings, and round about the two Aiantes stood their battalions, so strong in might that neither Ares might have entered in and made light of them, nor yet Athene, the rouser of armies; for they who were the chosen bravest awaited the Trojans and noble Hector, fencing spear with

φράξαντες δόρυ δουρί, σάκος σάκεϊ προθελύμνῳ·
ἀσπὶς ἄρ᾽ ἀσπίδ᾽ ἔρειδε, κόρυς κόρυν, ἀνέρα δ᾽ ἀνήρ·
ψαῦον δ᾽ ἱππόκομοι κόρυθες λαμπροῖσι φάλοισι
νευόντων, ὡς πυκνοὶ ἐφέστασαν ἀλλήλοισιν,
ἔγχεα δὲ πτύσσοντο θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
σειόμεν᾽· οἱ δ᾽ ἰθὺς φρόνεον, μέμασαν δὲ μάχεσθαι.
  Τρῶες δὲ προὔτυψαν ἀολλέες, ἦρχε δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ Ἕκτωρ
ἀντικρὺ μεμαώς, ὀλοοίτροχος ὣς ἀπὸ πέτρης,
ὅν τε κατὰ στεφάνης ποταμὸς χειμάρροος ὤσῃ,
ῥήξας ἀσπέτῳ ὄμβρῳ ἀναιδέος ἔχματα πέτρης·
ὕψι δ᾽ ἀναθρῴσκων πέτεται, κτυπέει δέ θ᾽ ὑπ᾽ αὐτοῦ
ὕλη· ὁ δ᾽ ἀσφαλέως θέει ἔμπεδον, ὄφρ᾽ ἂν ἵκηται
ἰσόπεδον, τότε δ᾽ οὔ τι κυλίνδεται ἐσσύμενός περ·
ὣς Ἕκτωρ ἧος μὲν ἀπείλει μέχρι θαλάσσης
ῥέα διελεύσεσθαι κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
κτείνων· ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ πυκινῇς ἐνέκυρσε φάλαγξι
στῆ ῥα μάλ᾽ ἐγχριμφθείς· οἱ δ᾽ ἀντίοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
νύσσοντες ξίφεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν
ὦσαν ἀπὸ σφείων· ὁ δὲ χασσάμενος πελεμίχθη.
ἤυσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον Τρώεσσι γεγωνώς·
"Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,
παρμένετ᾽· οὔ τοι δηρὸν ἐμὲ σχήσουσιν Ἀχαιοί,
καὶ μάλα πυργηδὸν σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύναντες,
ἀλλ᾽, ὀίω, χάσσονται ὑπ᾽ ἔγχεος, εἰ ἐτεόν με
ὦρσε θεῶν ὥριστος, ἐρίγδουπος πόσις Ἥρης."
  Ὣς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
Δηίφοβος δ᾽ ἐν τοῖσι μέγα φρονέων ἐβεβήκει
Πριαμίδης, πρόσθεν δ᾽ ἔχεν ἀσπίδα πάντοσ᾽ ἐίσην.

spear, and shield with serried shield; shield pressed on shield, helmet on helmet, and man on man; and the horse-hair crests on the bright helmet ridges touched each other as the men moved their heads, in such close array stood they by one another, and spears in bold hands overlapped each other as they were brandished, and their minds swerved not, but they were eager to fight.

Then the Trojans drove forward in close throng and Hector led them, pressing ever forward, like a boulder from a cliff that a river swollen by winter rains thrusts from the brow of a hill when it has burst with its wondrous flood the foundations of the ruthless stone; high aloft it leaps in its flight, and the woods resound beneath it, and it speeds on its course and is not stayed until it reaches the level plain, but then it rolls no more for all its eagerness; so Hector for a time threatened to make his way easily even to the sea through the huts and ships of the Achaeans, slaying as he went; but when he encountered the close-set battalions, there he stood as he drew very close to them. And the sons of the Achaeans faced him, thrusting with swords and two-edged spears, and thrust him back from them, so that he reeled and gave ground. Then he uttered a piercing shout, calling aloud to the Trojans: "Trojans and Lycians and Dardanians who fight in close combat, stand fast. Not for long will the Achaeans hold me back, though they have arrayed themselves like a wall; but I think they will give ground before my spear if truly the highest of gods has urged me on, the loud-thundering lord of Hera."

So saying, he roused the might and spirit of every man. Then among them with high heart strode Deïphobus, son of Priam, and in front of him he held his shield that was

κοῦφα ποσὶ προβιβὰς καὶ ὑπασπίδια προποδίζων.
Μηριόνης δ' αὐτοῖο τιτύσκετο δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
καὶ βάλεν, οὐδ' ἀφάμαρτε, κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐΐσην
ταυρείην· τῆς δ' οὔ τι διήλασεν, ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὶν
ἐν καυλῷ ἐάγη δολιχὸν δόρυ· Δηΐφοβος δὲ
ἀσπίδα ταυρείην σχέθ' ἀπὸ ἕο, δεῖσε δὲ θυμῷ
ἔγχος Μηριόναο δαΐφρονος· αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' ἥρως
ἂψ ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο, χώσατο δ' αἰνῶς
ἀμφότερον, νίκης τε καὶ ἔγχεος ὃ ξυνέαξε.
βῆ δ' ἰέναι παρά τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
οἰσόμενος δόρυ μακρόν, ὅ οἱ κλισίηφι λέλειπτο.
Οἱ δ' ἄλλοι μάρναντο, βοὴ δ' ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει.
Τεῦκρος δὲ πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος ἄνδρα κατέκτα,
Ἴμβριον αἰχμητήν, πολυΐππου Μέντορος υἱόν·
ναῖε δὲ Πήδαιον, πρὶν ἐλθεῖν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν,
κούρην δὲ Πριάμοιο νόθην ἔχε, Μηδεσικάστην·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Δαναῶν νέες ἤλυθον ἀμφιέλισσαι,
ἂψ ἐς Ἴλιον ἦλθε, μετέπρεπε δὲ Τρώεσσι,
ναῖε δὲ πὰρ Πριάμῳ· ὁ δέ μιν τίεν ἶσα τέκεσσι.
τόν ῥ' υἱὸς Τελαμῶνος ὑπ' οὔατος ἔγχεϊ μακρῷ
νύξ', ἐκ δ' ἔσπασεν ἔγχος· ὁ δ' αὖτ' ἔπεσεν μελίη ὥς,
ἥ τ' ὄρεος κορυφῇ ἕκαθεν περιφαινομένοιο
χαλκῷ ταμνομένη τέρενα χθονὶ φύλλα πελάσσῃ·
ὣς πέσεν, ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ βράχε τεύχεα ποικίλα χαλκῷ.
Τεῦκρος δ' ὁρμήθη μεμαὼς ἀπὸ τεύχεα δῦσαι·
Ἕκτωρ δ' ὁρμηθέντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος
τυτθόν· ὁ δ' Ἀμφίμαχον, Κτεάτου υἷ' Ἀκτορίωνος,

well-balanced on every side, stepping forward lightly on his feet and advancing under cover of his shield. And Meriones aimed at him with his bright spear, and cast, and missed not, but struck the shield of bull's hide that was well balanced on every side, yet drove not through it; but well before that, the long spear shaft was broken in the socket; and Deïphobus held from him the shield of bull's hide, and his heart was seized with fear of the spear of battle-minded Meriones; but that warrior shrank back into the throng of his comrades, and was dreadfully angry both for the loss of victory and for the spear which he had shattered. And he set out to go along the huts and ships of the Achaeans to get a long spear that he had left in his hut.

But the rest fought on, and a cry unquenchable arose. And Teucer, son of Telamon, was first to slay his man, the spearman Imbrius, the son of Mentor rich in horses. He dwelt in Pedaeum before the sons of the Achaeans came, and had as wife a daughter of Priam who was born out of wedlock, Medesicaste; but when the curved ships of the Danaans came, he returned to Ilios and was preeminent among the Trojans, and he dwelt in the house of Priam, who held him in like honor with his own children. Him the son of Telamon struck beneath the ear with a thrust of his long spear, and again drew out the spear; and he fell like an ash tree that on the summit of a mountain that is seen from afar on every side is cut down by the bronze, and brings its tender leafage to the ground; so he fell, and about him rang his armor inlaid with bronze. And Teucer rushed out eager to strip his armor from him, but Hector cast at him with his bright spear as he rushed. But Teucer, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze by a little, but Hector struck Amphimachus, son of Cteatus, son of Actor, in the

νισόμενον πόλεμόνδε κατὰ στῆθος βάλε δουρί·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε᾽ ἐπ᾽ αὐτῷ.
Ἕκτωρ δ᾽ ὁρμήθη κόρυθα κροτάφοις ἀραρυῖαν
κρατὸς ἀφαρπάξαι μεγαλήτορος Ἀμφιμάχοιο·
Αἴας δ᾽ ὁρμηθέντος ὀρέξατο[3] δουρὶ φαεινῷ
Ἕκτορος· ἀλλ᾽ οὔ πῃ χροὸς εἴσατο, πᾶς δ᾽ ἄρα χαλκῷ
σμερδαλέῳ κεκάλυφθ᾽· ὁ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλὸν οὖτα,
ὦσε δέ μιν σθένεϊ μεγάλῳ· ὁ δὲ χάσσατ᾽ ὀπίσσω
νεκρῶν ἀμφοτέρων, τοὺς δ᾽ ἐξείρυσσαν Ἀχαιοί.
Ἀμφίμαχον μὲν ἄρα Στιχίος δῖός τε Μενεσθεύς,
ἀρχοὶ Ἀθηναίων, κόμισαν μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν·
Ἴμβριον αὖτ᾽ Αἴαντε, μεμαότε θούριδος ἀλκῆς·
ὥς τε δύ᾽ αἶγα λέοντε κυνῶν ὕπο καρχαροδόντων
ἁρπάξαντε φέρητον ἀνὰ ῥωπήια πυκνά,
ὑψοῦ ὑπὲρ γαίης μετὰ γαμφηλῇσιν ἔχοντε,
ὥς ῥα τὸν ὑψοῦ ἔχοντε δύω Αἴαντε κορυστὰ
τεύχεα συλήτην· κεφαλὴν δ᾽ ἁπαλῆς ἀπὸ δειρῆς
κόψεν Ὀιλιάδης,[4] κεχολωμένος Ἀμφιμάχοιο,
ἧκε δέ μιν σφαιρηδὸν ἑλιξάμενος δι᾽ ὁμίλου·
Ἕκτορι δὲ προπάροιθε ποδῶν πέσεν ἐν κονίῃσι.
    Καὶ τότε δὴ περὶ κῆρι Ποσειδάων ἐχολώθη
υἱωνοῖο πεσόντος ἐν αἰνῇ δηιοτῆτι,
βῆ δ᾽ ἰέναι παρά τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
ὀτρυνέων Δαναούς, Τρώεσσι δὲ κήδε᾽ ἔτευχεν.
Ἰδομενεὺς δ᾽ ἄρα οἱ δουρικλυτὸς ἀντεβόλησεν,
ἐρχόμενος παρ᾽ ἑταίρου, ὅ οἱ νέον ἐκ πολέμοιο
ἦλθε κατ᾽ ἰγνύην βεβλημένος ὀξέι χαλκῷ.

chest with his spear as he was coming into the battle; and he fell with a thud, and over him his armor clanged. Then Hector rushed out to tear from the head of great-hearted Amphimachus the helmet that was fitted to his temples, but Aias lunged with his bright spear at Hector as he rushed, yet was unable to reach his flesh, for he was all covered in terrible bronze; but he struck the boss of his shield, and thrust him back with mighty strength, so that he gave ground backward from the two corpses, and the Achaeans pulled them away. Amphimachus then did Stichius and noble Menestheus, leaders of the Athenians, carry to the army of the Achaeans, and Imbrius the two Aiantes carried away, their hearts eager with furious valor. And as two lions that have snatched away a goat from sharp-toothed hounds carry it through the thick brush, holding it in their jaws high above the ground, so the two warrior Aiantes held Imbrius on high, and stripped him of his armor. And the head the son of Oïleus cut from the tender neck, angered by the slaying of Amphimachus, and with a swing he sent it rolling through the throng like a ball; and it fell in the dust in front of Hector's feet.

And then it was that Poseidon grew furious at heart when his son's son fell in the dread combat, and he set out to go along the huts and ships of the Achaeans to rouse the Danaans; but for the Trojans he was fashioning woes. And there met him Idomeneus, famed for his spear, on his way from a comrade he had just now found coming from the battle struck in the knee with the sharp sword. Him

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[3] *ὀρέξατο*: *ἀκόντισε*.
[4] *Ὀιλιάδης*: *ἀρ' Ἰλιάδης* Zenodotus.

τὸν μὲν ἑταῖροι ἔνεικαν, ὁ δ' ἰητροῖς ἐπιτείλας
ἤιεν ἐς κλισίην·[5] ἔτι γὰρ πολέμοιο μενοίνα
ἀντιάαν· τὸν δὲ προσέφη κρείων Ἐνοσίχθων,
εἰσάμενος φθογγὴν Ἀνδραίμονος υἷι Θόαντι,
ὃς πάσῃ Πλευρῶνι καὶ αἰπεινῇ Καλυδῶνι
Αἰτωλοῖσιν ἄνασσε, θεὸς δ' ὣς τίετο δήμῳ·
"Ἰδομενεῦ, Κρητῶν βουληφόρε, ποῦ τοι ἀπειλαὶ
οἴχονται, τὰς Τρωσὶν ἀπείλεον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν;"
Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεύς, Κρητῶν ἀγός, ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"ὦ Θόαν, οὔ τις ἀνὴρ νῦν γ' αἴτιος, ὅσσον ἐγώ γε
γιγνώσκω· πάντες γὰρ ἐπιστάμεθα πτολεμίζειν.
οὔτε τινὰ δέος ἴσχει ἀκήριον οὔτε τις ὄκνῳ
εἴκων ἀνδύεται πόλεμον κακόν· ἀλλά που οὕτω
μέλλει δὴ φίλον εἶναι ὑπερμενέι Κρονίωνι,
νωνύμνους ἀπολέσθαι ἀπ' Ἄργεος ἐνθάδ' Ἀχαιούς.
ἀλλά, Θόαν, καὶ γὰρ τὸ πάρος μενεδήιος ἦσθα,
ὀτρύνεις δὲ καὶ ἄλλον, ὅθι μεθιέντα ἴδηαι·[6]
τῶ νῦν μήτ' ἀπόληγε κέλευέ τε φωτὶ ἑκάστῳ."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·
"Ἰδομενεῦ, μὴ κεῖνος ἀνὴρ ἔτι νοστήσειεν
ἐκ Τροίης, ἀλλ' αὖθι κυνῶν μέλπηθρα γένοιτο,
ὅς τις ἐπ' ἤματι τῷδε ἑκὼν μεθίῃσι μάχεσθαι.[7]
ἀλλ' ἄγε τεύχεα δεῦρο λαβὼν ἴθι· ταῦτα δ' ἅμα χρὴ
σπεύδειν, αἴ κ' ὄφελός τι γενώμεθα καὶ δύ' ἐόντε.
συμφερτὴ δ' ἀρετὴ[8] πέλει ἀνδρῶν καὶ μάλα λυγρῶν·

[5] ἐς κλισίην: ἐκ κλισίης.

[6] ὅθι μεθιέντα ἴδηαι: ὅτις μεθίῃσι πόνοιο Zenodotus.

his comrades had carried out, but Idomeneus had given charge to the healers, and was going to his hut, for he was still eager to confront the battle; and the lord, the Shaker of Earth, spoke to him, likening his voice to that of Andraemon's son Thoas, who in all Pleuron and steep Calydon was lord over the Aetolians, and was honored by the people like a god: "Idomeneus, counselor of the Cretans, where now have gone the threats with which the sons of the Achaeans threatened the Trojans?"

And to him Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, made answer: "Thoas, there is no man now at fault, so far as I can see; for we are all skilled in war. Neither is any man possessed by spiritless terror, nor does any through dread yield and withdraw from evil war, but so, I suppose, must be the pleasure of the son of Cronos, supreme in might, that the Achaeans should perish here far from Argos and have no name. But, Thoas, since you were ever firm in the fight, and also urge on another wherever you see someone shrinking from fight, so now cease not, but call to every man."

And Poseidon, the shaker of earth, answered him: "Idomeneus, never may that man any more return home from the land of Troy, but here may he become the sport of dogs, whoever in this day's course of his own will shrinks from fight. Up then, take your weapons and come here: in this we must work together, in the hope that we may be of some help, though we are but two. Success comes when even very poor warriors are together, but we two know well

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[7] *μάχεσθαι*: *πόνοιο* Aristarchus.

[8] δ' *ἀρετὴ*: *δὲ βίη* Zenodotus and Aristophanes.

νῶι δὲ καί κ' ἀγαθοῖσιν ἐπισταίμεσθα μάχεσθαι."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἔβη θεὸς ἂμ πόνον ἀνδρῶν·
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίην εὔτυκτον ἵκανε
δύσετο τεύχεα καλὰ περὶ χροΐ, γέντο δὲ δοῦρε,
βῆ δ' ἴμεν ἀστεροπῇ ἐναλίγκιος, ἥν τε Κρονίων
χειρὶ λαβὼν ἐτίναξεν ἀπ' αἰγλήεντος Ὀλύμπου,
δεικνὺς σῆμα βροτοῖσιν· ἀρίζηλοι δέ οἱ αὐγαί·
ὣς τοῦ χαλκὸς ἔλαμπε περὶ στήθεσσι θέοντος.
Μηριόνης δ' ἄρα οἱ θεράπων ἐὺς[9] ἀντεβόλησεν
ἐγγὺς ἔτι κλισίης· μετὰ γὰρ δόρυ χάλκεον ᾖει
οἰσόμενος· τὸν δὲ προσέφη σθένος Ἰδομενῆος·
"Μηριόνη, Μόλου υἱέ, πόδας ταχύ, φίλταθ' ἑταίρων,
τίπτ' ἦλθες πόλεμόν τε λιπὼν καὶ δηιοτῆτα;
ἦέ τι βέβληαι, βέλεος δέ σε τείρει ἀκωκή,
ἦέ τευ ἀγγελίης μετ' ἔμ' ἤλυθες; οὐδέ τοι αὐτὸς
ἧσθαι ἐνὶ κλισίῃσι λιλαίομαι, ἀλλὰ μάχεσθαι."
Τὸν δ' αὖ Μηριόνης πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"Ἰδομενεῦ, Κρητῶν βουληφόρε χαλκοχιτώνων,[10]
ἔρχομαι, εἴ τί τοι ἔγχος ἐνὶ κλισίῃσι λέλειπται,
οἰσόμενος· τό νυ γὰρ κατεάξαμεν, ὃ πρὶν ἔχεσκον,
ἀσπίδα Δηιφόβοιο βαλὼν ὑπερηνορέοντος."
Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεύς, Κρητῶν ἀγός, ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"δούρατα δ', αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσθα, καὶ ἓν καὶ εἴκοσι δήεις
ἑσταότ' ἐν κλισίῃ πρὸς ἐνώπια παμφανόωντα,
Τρώια, τὰ κταμένων ἀποαίνυμαι· οὐ γὰρ ὀίω
ἀνδρῶν δυσμενέων ἑκὰς ἱστάμενος πολεμίζειν·
τῶ μοι δούρατά τ' ἔστι καὶ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι,
καὶ κόρυθες καὶ θώρηκες λαμπρὸν γανόωντες."

how to do battle even with the brave."

So he spoke, and went back again, a god into the toil of men; and Idomeneus, as soon as he came to his well-built hut, put on his fair armor about his body, and grasped two spears, and set out to go like the lightning that the son of Cronos seizes in his hand and brandishes from gleaming Olympus, showing a sign to mortals, and brightly flash its rays; so shone the bronze about his chest as he ran. And Meriones, his mighty attendant, met him, while he was still near the hut; for he was on his way to get a spear of bronze; and mighty Idomeneus spoke to him: "Meriones, Molus' son, swift of foot, dearest of my comrades, why have you come, leaving the war and battle? Are you perhaps wounded, and does the point of a missile distress you? Or have you come to me with some message? For myself I am not eager to remain in the huts, but to fight."

To him again the prudent Meriones made answer: "Idomeneus, counselor of the bronze-clad Cretans, I am on my way to get a spear, if by chance you have one left in the huts; for the one that I had before I have shattered as I cast at the shield of the overbold Deïphobus."

And to him Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, made answer: "Spears, if you will, you will find, be it one or twenty, standing in the hut against the bright entrance wall, spears of the Trojans, which I take from their slain. For I am not minded to fight with the foe while standing afar off; so I have spears and bossed shields and helmets and corselets gleaming bright."

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9 *θεράπων ἐὺς*: *δουρικλυτὸς* Zenodotus and Aristophanes.
10 Line 255 is omitted in the best MSS.

Τὸν δ' αὖ Μηριόνης πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"καί τοι ἐμοὶ παρά τε κλισίῃ καὶ νηὶ μελαίνῃ
πόλλ' ἔναρα Τρώων· ἀλλ' οὐ σχεδόν ἐστιν ἑλέσθαι.
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ' ἐμέ φημι λελασμένον ἔμμεναι ἀλκῆς,
ἀλλὰ μετὰ πρώτοισι μάχην ἀνὰ κυδιάνειραν
ἵσταμαι, ὁππότε νεῖκος ὀρώρηται πολέμοιο.
ἄλλον πού τινα μᾶλλον Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
λήθω μαρνάμενος, σὲ δὲ ἴδμεναι αὐτὸν ὀίω."
Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεύς, Κρητῶν ἀγός, ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"οἶδ' ἀρετὴν οἷός ἐσσι· τί σε χρὴ ταῦτα λέγεσθαι;
εἰ γὰρ νῦν παρὰ νηυσὶ λεγοίμεθα πάντες ἄριστοι
ἐς λόχον, ἔνθα μάλιστ' ἀρετὴ διαείδεται ἀνδρῶν—
ἔνθ' ὅ τε δειλὸς ἀνὴρ ὅς τ' ἄλκιμος ἐξεφαάνθη·
τοῦ μὲν γάρ τε κακοῦ τρέπεται χρὼς ἄλλυδις ἄλλῃ,
οὐδέ οἱ ἀτρέμας ἧσθαι ἐρητύετ' ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός,
ἀλλὰ μετοκλάζει καὶ ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρους πόδας ἵζει,
ἐν δέ τέ οἱ κραδίη μεγάλα στέρνοισι πατάσσει
κῆρας ὀιομένῳ, πάταγος δέ τε γίγνετ' ὀδόντων·
τοῦ δ' ἀγαθοῦ οὔτ' ἂρ τρέπεται χρὼς οὔτε τι λίην
ταρβεῖ, ἐπειδὰν πρῶτον ἐσίζηται λόχον ἀνδρῶν,
ἀρᾶται δὲ τάχιστα μιγήμεναι ἐν δαῒ λυγρῇ—
οὐδέ κεν ἔνθα τεόν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρας ὄνοιτο.
εἴ περ γάρ κε βλεῖο πονεύμενος ἠὲ τυπείης,
οὐκ ἂν ἐν αὐχέν' ὄπισθε πέσοι βέλος οὐδ' ἐνὶ νώτῳ·
ἀλλά κεν ἢ στέρνων ἢ νηδύος ἀντιάσειε
πρόσσω ἱεμένοιο μετὰ προμάχων ὀαριστύν.
ἀλλ' ἄγε, μηκέτι ταῦτα λεγώμεθα νηπύτιοι ὣς
ἑσταότες, μή πού τις ὑπερφιάλως νεμεσήσῃ·

Then to him the prudent Meriones made answer: "In my hut also and my black ship are many weapons of the Trojans, but they are not near for me to take. And I can claim that I too am not forgetful of valor, but I stand among the foremost in battle, where men win glory, when the strife of war arises. Some other of the bronze-clad Achaeans might perhaps be unaware of my fighting, but you I think know it well from experience."

And to him Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, made answer: "I know what manner of man you are in valor; what need have you to tell the tale of it? For if now all the best of us were being chosen beside the ships for an ambush, in which the valor of men is best discerned—there the coward comes to light and the man of valor; for the color of the coward changes ever to another hue, nor is the spirit in his breast checked so that he sits still, but he shifts from knee to knee and rests on either foot, and his heart beats loudly in his breast as he imagines death, and his teeth chatter; but the color of the brave man changes not, nor does he fear excessively when once he takes his place in the ambush of warriors, but he prays to mix immediately in woeful war—not even then, I say, would any man make light of your courage or the strength of your hands. For if you were stricken by an arrow in the toil of battle, or struck with a thrust, not from behind in neck or back would the missile fall; but on your chest would it hit or your belly, as you were pressing on into the dalliance of the foremost fighters. But come, no longer let us loiter here and talk in this way like children, lest perhaps some man reproach us excessively;

ἀλλὰ σύ γε κλισίηνδε κιὼν ἕλευ ὄβριμον ἔγχος."
Ὣς φάτο, Μηριόνης δὲ θοῷ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηϊ
καρπαλίμως κλισίηθεν ἀνείλετο χάλκεον ἔγχος,
βῆ δὲ μετ' Ἰδομενῆα μέγα πτολέμοιο μεμηλώς.
οἷος δὲ βροτολοιγὸς Ἄρης πόλεμόνδε μέτεισι,
τῷ δὲ Φόβος φίλος υἱὸς ἅμα κρατερὸς καὶ ἀταρβὴς
ἕσπετο, ὅς τ' ἐφόβησε ταλάφρονά περ πολεμιστήν·
τὼ μὲν ἄρ' ἐκ Θρῄκης Ἐφύρους μέτα θωρήσσεσθον,
ἠὲ μετὰ Φλεγύας μεγαλήτορας· οὐδ' ἄρα τώ γε
ἔκλυον ἀμφοτέρων, ἑτέροισι δὲ κῦδος ἔδωκαν·
τοῖοι Μηριόνης τε καὶ Ἰδομενεύς, ἀγοὶ ἀνδρῶν,
ἤισαν ἐς πόλεμον κεκορυθμένοι αἴθοπι χαλκῷ.
τὸν καὶ Μηριόνης πρότερος πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπε·
"Δευκαλίδη, πῇ τ' ἂρ μέμονας καταδῦναι ὅμιλον;
ἦ ἐπὶ δεξιόφιν παντὸς στρατοῦ, ἦ ἀνὰ μέσσους,
ἦ ἐπ' ἀριστερόφιν; ἐπεὶ οὔ ποθι ἔλπομαι οὕτω
δεύεσθαι πολέμοιο κάρη κομόωντας Ἀχαιούς."
Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Ἰδομενεύς, Κρητῶν ἀγός, ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"νηυσὶ μὲν ἐν μέσσῃσιν ἀμύνειν εἰσὶ καὶ ἄλλοι,
Αἴαντές τε δύω Τεῦκρός θ', ὃς ἄριστος Ἀχαιῶν
τοξοσύνῃ, ἀγαθὸς δὲ καὶ ἐν σταδίῃ ὑσμίνῃ·
οἵ μιν ἅδην ἐλόωσι καὶ ἐσσύμενον πολέμοιο,
Ἕκτορα Πριαμίδην, καὶ εἰ μάλα καρτερός ἐστιν.[11]
αἰπύ οἱ ἐσσεῖται μάλα περ μεμαῶτι μάχεσθαι
κείνων νικήσαντι μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀάπτους
νῆας ἐνιπρῆσαι, ὅτε μὴ αὐτός γε Κρονίων
ἐμβάλοι αἰθόμενον δαλὸν νήεσσι θοῇσιν.

but go to the hut and get yourself a mighty spear."

So he spoke, and Meriones, the peer of swift Ares, speedily from the hut took a spear of bronze, and followed Idomeneus, his mind greatly set on war. And just as Ares, the bane of mortals, goes out to war, and with him follows Rout, his son, mighty and fearless, who turns to flight a warrior, even one stout of heart—these two arm themselves and go out from Thrace to join the Ephyri or the great-hearted Phlegyes, yet they do not listen to both sides, but give glory to one or the other—just so did Meriones and Idomeneus, leaders of men, go out into the fight, armored in ruddy bronze. And Meriones spoke first to Idomeneus, saying: "Son of Deucalion, at what point are you eager to enter the throng? On the right of all the army, or in the center, or on the left? For I expect that in no other place have the long-haired Achaeans such need in the fighting."

And to him again Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, made answer: "Among the midmost ships there are others for defence, the two Aiantes, and Teucer, best of all the Achaeans in bowmanship, and a good man too in close fight; these will drive Hector, Priam's son, to his fill of war, even though he is eager for it and is very mighty. Hard will it be for him, though very eager for war, to overcome their might and their invincible hands, and to fire the ships, unless the son of Cronos should himself cast a blazing brand

[11] Line 316 is omitted in the best MSS.

ἀνδρὶ δέ κ' οὐκ εἴξειε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
ὃς θνητός τ' εἴη καὶ ἔδοι Δημήτερος ἀκτήν,
χαλκῷ τε ῥηκτὸς μεγάλοισί τε χερμαδίοισιν.
οὐδ' ἂν Ἀχιλλῆϊ ῥηξήνορι χωρήσειεν
ἔν γ' αὐτοσταδίῃ· ποσὶ δ' οὔ πως ἔστιν ἐρίζειν.
νῶϊν δ' ὧδ' ἐπ' ἀριστέρ' ἔχε στρατοῦ, ὄφρα τάχιστα
εἴδομεν ἠέ τῳ εὖχος ὀρέξομεν, ἦέ τις ἡμῖν."
Ὣς φάτο, Μηριόνης δὲ θοῷ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηϊ
ἦρχ' ἴμεν, ὄφρ' ἀφίκοντο κατὰ στρατόν, ᾗ μιν ἀνώγει.
Οἱ δ' ὡς Ἰδομενῆα ἴδον φλογὶ εἴκελον ἀλκήν,
αὐτὸν καὶ θεράποντα, σὺν ἔντεσι δαιδαλέοισι,
κεκλόμενοι καθ' ὅμιλον ἐπ' αὐτῷ πάντες ἔβησαν·
τῶν δ' ὁμὸν ἵστατο νεῖκος ἐπὶ πρυμνῇσι νέεσσιν.
ὡς δ' ὅθ' ὑπὸ λιγέων ἀνέμων σπέρχωσιν ἄελλαι
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε τε πλείστη κόνις ἀμφὶ κελεύθους,
οἵ τ' ἄμυδις κονίης μεγάλην ἱστᾶσιν ὀμίχλην,
ὣς ἄρα τῶν ὁμόσ' ἦλθε μάχη, μέμασαν δ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
ἀλλήλους καθ' ὅμιλον ἐναιρέμεν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ.
ἔφριξεν δὲ μάχη φθισίμβροτος ἐγχείῃσι
μακρῇς, ἃς εἶχον ταμεσίχροας· ὄσσε δ' ἄμερδεν
αὐγὴ χαλκείη κορύθων ἄπο λαμπομενάων
θωρήκων τε νεοσμήκτων σακέων τε φαεινῶν
ἐρχομένων ἄμυδις. μάλα κεν θρασυκάρδιος εἴη
ὃς τότε γηθήσειεν ἰδὼν πόνον οὐδ' ἀκάχοιτο.
Τὼ δ' ἀμφὶς φρονέοντε δύω Κρόνου υἷε κραταιὼ
ἀνδράσιν ἡρώεσσιν ἐτεύχετον ἄλγεα λυγρά.
Ζεὺς μέν ῥα Τρώεσσι καὶ Ἕκτορι βούλετο νίκην,

on the swift ships. But to no man would great Telamonian Aias yield, to any man that is mortal and eats the grain of Demeter and may be cut with the bronze or crushed with great stones. Not even to Achilles, breaker of the ranks of men, would he give way, in close fight at least; but in fleetness of foot no man may rival Achilles. But as for the two of us, just as you say, head for the left of the army, so that we may know quickly whether we shall give glory to another, or another to us."

So he spoke, and Meriones, the peer of swift Ares, led the way until they came to the army at the point where Idomeneus commanded him to go.

Now when the Trojans saw Idomeneus, in might like a flame, himself and his attendant clad in elaborate armor, they called to one another through the throng, and went for him all together; and by the sterns of the ships arose a strife of men clashing together. And as gusts come thick and fast when shrill winds are blowing on a day when dust lies thickest on the roads and the winds raise up confusedly a great cloud of dust, so their battle clashed together, and they were eager at heart to slay one another in the throng with the sharp sword. And the battle that brings death to mortals bristled with long spears which they held for the rending of flesh, and eyes were blinded by the blaze of bronze from gleaming helmets and corselets newly burnished and shining shields as they came together confusedly. Bold-hearted would a man be who rejoiced at sight of such toil of war and did not grieve.

Thus divided in purpose, the two mighty sons of Cronos were fashioning grievous woes for mortal warriors. Zeus was eager to have victory for the Trojans and Hector,

κυδαίνων Ἀχιλῆα πόδας ταχύν· οὐδέ τι[12] πάμπαν
ἤθελε λαὸν ὀλέσθαι Ἀχαιικὸν Ἰλιόθι πρό,
ἀλλὰ Θέτιν κύδαινε καὶ υἱέα καρτερόθυμον.[13]
Ἀργείους δὲ Ποσειδάων ὀρόθυνε[14] μετελθών,
λάθρῃ ὑπεξαναδὺς πολιῆς ἁλός· ἤχθετο γάρ ῥα
Τρωσὶν δαμναμένους, Διὶ δὲ κρατερῶς ἐνεμέσσα.
ἦ μὰν ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμὸν γένος ἠδ' ἴα πάτρη,
ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς πρότερος γεγόνει καὶ πλείονα ᾔδη.
τῶ ῥα καὶ ἀμφαδίην μὲν ἀλεξέμεναι ἀλέεινε,
λάθρῃ δ' αἰὲν ἔγειρε κατὰ στρατόν, ἀνδρὶ ἐοικώς.
τὼ δ' ἔριδος κρατερῆς καὶ ὁμοιίου πτολέμοιο
πεῖραρ ἐπαλλάξαντες ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισι τάνυσσαν,
ἄρρηκτόν τ' ἄλυτόν τε, τὸ πολλῶν γούνατ' ἔλυσεν.
Ἔνθα μεσαιπόλιός περ ἐὼν Δαναοῖσι κελεύσας
Ἰδομενεὺς Τρώεσσι μετάλμενος ἐν φόβον ὦρσε.
πέφνε γὰρ Ὀθρυονῆα Καβησόθεν ἔνδον ἐόντα,
ὅς ῥα νέον πολέμοιο μετὰ κλέος εἰληλούθει,
ᾔτεε δὲ Πριάμοιο θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀρίστην,
Κασσάνδρην, ἀνάεδνον, ὑπέσχετο δὲ μέγα ἔργον,
ἐκ Τροίης ἀέκοντας ἀπωσέμεν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν.
τῷ δ' ὁ γέρων Πρίαμος ὑπό τ' ἔσχετο καὶ κατένευσε
δωσέμεναι· ὁ δὲ μάρναθ' ὑποσχεσίῃσι πιθήσας.
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' αὐτοῖο τιτύσκετο δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
καὶ βάλεν ὕψι βιβάντα τυχών· οὐδ' ἤρκεσε θώρηξ
χάλκεος, ὃν φορέεσκε, μέσῃ δ' ἐν γαστέρι πῆξε.

[12] οὐδέ τι: οὐδ' ὅ γε Aristophanes.
[13] Line 350 was rejected by Aristarchus.

in this way giving glory to Achilles, swift of foot; yet was he in no way minded that the Achaean army should perish utterly before Ilios, but was eager only to give glory to Thetis and to her son, strong of heart. But Poseidon went among the Argives and urged them on, stealing out secretly from the gray sea; for it grieved him that they were being overcome by the Trojans, and against Zeus was he mightily indignant. The two of them were to be sure of one stock and of one parentage, but Zeus was the elder born and the wiser. Thus it was that Poseidon avoided giving open aid, but secretly sought ever to rouse the Argives throughout the army, in the likeness of a man. So these two knotted the ends of the cords of mighty strife and evil war, and drew them taut over both armies, a knot none might break nor undo, that loosed the knees of many men.

Then Idomeneus, though his hair was flecked with gray, called to the Danaans, and leaping among the Trojans roused them to flight. For he slew Othryoneus, a guest at Troy from Cabesus, who had only recently come following the report of war; and he asked in marriage the fairest of the daughters of Priam, Cassandra; he brought no bride price, but promised a mighty deed, that by force he would drive the sons of Achaeans out of the land of Troy. To him the old man Priam promised that he would give her, and bowed his head to it, and Othryoneus fought, trusting in his promises. But Idomeneus aimed at him with his bright spear, and cast and struck him as he strode proudly on, nor did the corselet of bronze that he wore protect him, but the spear was fixed square in his belly, and he fell with a

14 *ὀρόθυνε*: *ὤτρυνε* Zenodotus and Aristophanes.

δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· ὁ δ' ἐπεύξατο φώνησέν τε·
"Ὀθρυονεῦ, περὶ δή σε βροτῶν αἰνίζομ' ἁπάντων,
εἰ ἐτεὸν δὴ πάντα τελευτήσεις ὅσ' ὑπέστης
Δαρδανίδῃ Πριάμῳ· ὁ δ' ὑπέσχετο θυγατέρα ἥν.
καί κέ τοι ἡμεῖς ταῦτά γ' ὑποσχόμενοι τελέσαιμεν,
δοῖμεν δ' Ἀτρεΐδαο θυγατρῶν εἶδος ἀρίστην,
Ἄργεος ἐξαγαγόντες, ὀπυιέμεν, εἴ κε σὺν ἄμμιν
Ἰλίου ἐκπέρσῃς εὖ ναιόμενον πτολίεθρον.
ἀλλ' ἕπε', ὄφρ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶ συνώμεθα ποντοπόροισιν
ἀμφὶ γάμῳ, ἐπεὶ οὔ τοι ἐεδνωταὶ κακοί εἰμεν."
    Ὣς εἰπὼν ποδὸς ἕλκε κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην
ἥρως Ἰδομενεύς· τῷ δ' Ἄσιος ἦλθ' ἐπαμύντωρ
πεζὸς πρόσθ' ἵππων· τὼ δὲ πνείοντε κατ' ὤμων
αἰὲν ἔχ' ἡνίοχος θεράπων· ὁ δὲ ἵετο θυμῷ
Ἰδομενῆα βαλεῖν· ὁ δέ μιν φθάμενος βάλε δουρὶ
λαιμὸν ὑπ' ἀνθερεῶνα, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσεν.
ἤριπε δ' ὡς ὅτε τις δρῦς ἤριπεν ἢ ἀχερωίς,
ἠὲ πίτυς βλωθρή, τήν τ' οὔρεσι τέκτονες ἄνδρες
ἐξέταμον πελέκεσσι νεήκεσι νήιον εἶναι·
ὣς ὁ πρόσθ' ἵππων καὶ δίφρου κεῖτο τανυσθείς,
βεβρυχώς, κόνιος δεδραγμένος αἱματοέσσης.
ἐκ δέ οἱ ἡνίοχος πλήγη φρένας, ἃς πάρος εἶχεν,
οὐδ' ὅ γ' ἐτόλμησεν, δηίων ὑπὸ χεῖρας ἀλύξας,
ἂψ ἵππους στρέψαι. τὸν δ' Ἀντίλοχος μενεχάρμης
δουρὶ μέσον περόνησε τυχών· οὐδ' ἤρκεσε θώρηξ
χάλκεος, ὃν φορέεσκε, μέσῃ δ' ἐν γαστέρι πῆξεν.
αὐτὰρ ὁ ἀσθμαίνων εὐεργέος ἔκπεσε δίφρου,
ἵππους δ' Ἀντίλοχος, μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱός,

thud and Idomeneus exulted over him and spoke, saying: "Othryoneus, surely above all mortal men do I count you happy, if indeed you will accomplish all that you promised to Dardanian Priam; and he promised you his own daughter. And we too would promise the same and would bring all to pass, and would give you the fairest of the daughters of the son of Atreus, bringing her from Argos for you to wed; if only you will join with us and sack the well-peopled city of Ilios. But follow with us, so that at the seafaring ships we may make agreement about the marriage, for you may be sure we are not demanding when it comes to bride price."

So saying, the warrior Idomeneus dragged him by the foot through the mighty combat. But Asius came to rescue Othryoneus on foot in front of his horses; and these two the attendant who was his charioteer held always breathing on the shoulders of Asius. And he was eager at heart to cast at Idomeneus; but the other was too quick for him, and struck him with a cast of his spear on the throat beneath the chin, and drove the bronze clean through. And he fell as an oak falls, or a poplar, or a tall pine that among the mountains shipwrights fell with whetted axes to be a ship's timber; so before his horses and chariot Asius lay outstretched, moaning aloud and clutching at the bloody dust. And the charioteer, stricken with terror, lost the senses that before he had, and did not dare turn the horses back and so escape from the hands of the foe; but Antilochus, firm in the fight, aimed at him, and pierced him through the middle with his spear, nor did the corselet of bronze that he wore avail him, but he fixed the spear square in his belly. And gasping he fell out of his well-built chariot, and the horses Antilochus, son of great-hearted

ἐξέλασε Τρώων μετ᾽ ἐυκνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς.
Δηίφοβος δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ἤλυθεν Ἰδομενῆος,
Ἀσίου ἀχνύμενος, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.
ἀλλ᾽ ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος
Ἰδομενεύς· κρύφθη γὰρ ὑπ᾽ ἀσπίδι πάντοσ᾽ ἐίσῃ,
τὴν ἄρ᾽ ὅ γε ῥινοῖσι βοῶν καὶ νώροπι χαλκῷ
δινωτὴν φορέεσκε, δύω κανόνεσσ᾽ ἀραρυῖαν·
τῇ ὕπο πᾶς ἐάλη, τὸ δ᾽ ὑπέρπτατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,
καρφαλέον δέ οἱ ἀσπὶς ἐπιθρέξαντος ἄυσεν
ἔγχεος· οὐδ᾽ ἅλιόν ῥα βαρείης χειρὸς ἀφῆκεν,
ἀλλ᾽ ἔβαλ᾽ Ἱππασίδην Ὑψήνορα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
ἧπαρ ὑπὸ πραπίδων, εἶθαρ δ᾽ ὑπὸ γούνατ᾽ ἔλυσε.
Δηίφοβος δ᾽ ἔκπαγλον ἐπεύξατο, μακρὸν ἀύσας·
"οὐ μὰν αὖτ᾽ ἄτιτος κεῖτ᾽ Ἄσιος, ἀλλά ἕ φημι
εἰς Ἄιδός περ ἰόντα πυλάρταο κρατεροῖο[15]
γηθήσειν κατὰ θυμόν, ἐπεί ῥά οἱ ὤπασα πομπόν."
Ὣς ἔφατ᾽, Ἀργείοισι δ᾽ ἄχος γένετ᾽ εὐξαμένοιο,
Ἀντιλόχῳ δὲ μάλιστα δαΐφρονι θυμὸν ὄρινεν·
ἀλλ᾽ οὐδ᾽ ἀχνύμενός περ ἑοῦ ἀμέλησεν ἑταίρου,
ἀλλὰ θέων περίβη καί οἱ σάκος ἀμφεκάλυψε.
τὸν μὲν ἔπειθ᾽ ὑποδύντε δύω ἐρίηρες ἑταῖροι,
Μηκιστεύς, Ἐχίοιο πάις, καὶ δῖος Ἀλάστωρ,
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς φερέτην βαρέα στενάχοντα.[16]
Ἰδομενεὺς δ᾽ οὐ λῆγε μένος μέγα, ἵετο δ᾽ αἰεὶ
ἠέ τινα Τρώων ἐρεβεννῇ νυκτὶ καλύψαι,
ἢ αὐτὸς δουπῆσαι ἀμύνων λοιγὸν Ἀχαιοῖς.

[15] κρατεροῖο: κρυεροῖο.

Nestor, drove away from the Trojans to the well-greaved Achaeans.

Then Deïphobus grieving for Asius came up close to Idomeneus and cast at him with his bright spear. But Idomeneus, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze, for he took cover beneath his shield that was well-balanced on every side, which he was used to carry, cunningly worked with bull's hide and gleaming bronze, and fitted with two rods; beneath this he crouched, and the spear of bronze flew over; and harshly rang his shield, as the spear glanced on it. Yet not in vain did Deïphobus let the spear fly from his heavy hand, but he struck Hypsenor, son of Hippasus, shepherd of men, in the liver beneath the midriff, and immediately loosed his knees. And Deïphobus exulted over him terribly, and cried aloud: "In truth not unavenged lies Asius; but I say that though he is going to the house of Hades, fastener of the gate, he will be glad at heart, since I have given him an escort!"

So he spoke, and upon the Argives came sorrow at his exulting, and beyond all did he stir the soul of battle-minded Antilochus; but, though grieving, he was not unmindful of his dear comrade, but ran up and stood over him, and covered him with his shield. Then two trusty comrades stooped down, Mecisteus, son of Echius, and noble Alastor, and carried Hypsenor, groaning heavily, to the hollow ships.

And Idomeneus slackened not his furious might, but was ever eager to enwrap some one of the Trojans in the darkness of night, or himself to fall in warding off ruin

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16 *στενάχοντα: στενάχοντε.*

ἔνθ' Αἰσυήταο διοτρεφέος φίλον υἱόν,
ἥρω' Ἀλκάθοον—γαμβρὸς δ' ἦν Ἀγχίσαο,
πρεσβυτάτην δ' ὤπυιε θυγατρῶν, Ἱπποδάμειαν,
τὴν περὶ κῆρι φίλησε πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
ἐν μεγάρῳ· πᾶσαν γὰρ ὁμηλικίην ἐκέκαστο
κάλλεϊ καὶ ἔργοισιν ἰδὲ φρεσί· τοὔνεκα καί μιν
γῆμεν ἀνὴρ ὤριστος ἐνὶ Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ—
τὸν τόθ' ὑπ' Ἰδομενῆι Ποσειδάων ἐδάμασσε
θέλξας ὄσσε φαεινά, πέδησε δὲ φαίδιμα γυῖα·
οὔτε γὰρ ἐξοπίσω φυγέειν δύνατ' οὔτ' ἀλέασθαι,
ἀλλ' ὥς τε στήλην ἢ δένδρεον ὑψιπέτηλον
ἀτρέμας ἑσταότα στῆθος μέσον οὔτασε δουρὶ
ἥρως Ἰδομενεύς, ῥῆξεν δέ οἱ ἀμφὶ χιτῶνα
χάλκεον, ὅς οἱ πρόσθεν ἀπὸ χροὸς ἤρκει ὄλεθρον·
δὴ τότε γ' αὖον ἄυσεν ἐρεικόμενος περὶ δουρί.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, δόρυ δ' ἐν κραδίῃ ἐπεπήγει,
ἥ ῥά οἱ ἀσπαίρουσα καὶ οὐρίαχον πελέμιζεν
ἔγχεος· ἔνθα δ' ἔπειτ' ἀφίει μένος ὄβριμος Ἄρης·
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἔκπαγλον ἐπεύξατο, μακρὸν ἀύσας·
"Δηίφοβ', ἦ ἄρα δή τι ἐίσκομεν ἄξιον εἶναι
τρεῖς ἑνὸς ἀντὶ πεφάσθαι; ἐπεὶ σύ περ εὔχεαι οὕτω·[17]
δαιμόνι', ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς ἐναντίον ἵστασ' ἐμεῖο,
ὄφρα ἴδῃς οἷος Ζηνὸς γόνος ἐνθάδ' ἱκάνω,
ὃς πρῶτον Μίνωα τέκε Κρήτῃ ἐπίουρον·
Μίνως δ' αὖ τέκεθ' υἱὸν ἀμύμονα Δευκαλίωνα,
Δευκαλίων δ' ἐμὲ τίκτε πολέσσ' ἄνδρεσσιν ἄνακτα
Κρήτῃ ἐν εὐρείῃ· νῦν δ' ἐνθάδε νῆες ἔνεικαν
σοί τε κακὸν καὶ πατρὶ καὶ ἄλλοισι Τρώεσσιν."

from the Achaeans. Then the dear son of Aesyetes nurtured by Zeus, the warrior Alcathous—son by marriage was he to Anchises, and had married the eldest of his daughters, Hippodameia, whom her father and queenly mother heartily loved in their hall since she excelled all maidens of her years in beauty and in handiwork and in wisdom; so the best man in wide Troy had taken her as wife—this Alcathous did Poseidon then vanquish at the hands of Idomeneus, for he cast a spell on his gleaming eyes and ensnared his glorious limbs so that he might neither flee backwards nor avoid the spear; but as he stood fixed, like a pillar or a tree, high and leafy, the warrior Idomeneus struck him with a thrust of his spear square on the chest, and split his coat of bronze round about him, that till then ever warded death from his body, but now it rang harshly as it was rent about the spear. And he fell with a thud, and the spear was fixed in his heart that still beating made the spear-butt quiver; but there at length did mighty Ares stay its fury. But Idomeneus exulted over him terribly and cried aloud: "Deïphobus, shall we now think perhaps that fair requital has been made—three men slain for one—since you boast in this way? You're mad, but stand and face me, too, so that you may know what manner of son of Zeus am I who have come here. For Zeus first begot Minos to be a watcher over Crete, and Minos in turn fathered a son, the incomparable Deucalion, and Deucalion begot me, a lord over many men in wide Crete; and now have the ships brought me here a bane to you and your father and the other Trojans."

17 *οὕτω*: *αὔτως* Zenodotus.

Ὣς φάτο, Δηίφοβος δὲ διάνδιχα μερμήριξεν,
ἤ τινά που Τρώων ἑταρίσσαιτο μεγαθύμων
ἂψ ἀναχωρήσας, ἦ πειρήσαιτο καὶ οἶος.
ὧδε δέ οἱ φρονέοντι δοάσσατο κέρδιον εἶναι,
βῆναι ἐπ᾽ Αἰνείαν· τὸν δ᾽ ὕστατον εὗρεν ὁμίλου
ἑσταότ᾽· αἰεὶ γὰρ Πριάμῳ ἐπεμήνιε δίῳ,
οὕνεκ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐσθλὸν ἐόντα μετ᾽ ἀνδράσιν οὔ τι τίεσκεν.
ἀγχοῦ δ᾽ ἱστάμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Αἰνεία, Τρώων βουληφόρε, νῦν σε μάλα χρὴ
γαμβρῷ ἀμυνέμεναι, εἴ πέρ τί σε κῆδος ἱκάνει.
ἀλλ᾽ ἕπευ, Ἀλκαθόῳ ἐπαμύνομεν, ὅς σε πάρος γε
γαμβρὸς ἐὼν ἔθρεψε δόμοις ἔνι τυτθὸν ἐόντα·
τὸν δέ τοι Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἐξενάριξεν."
Ὣς φάτο, τῷ δ᾽ ἄρα θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρινε,
βῆ δὲ μετ᾽ Ἰδομενῆα μέγα πτολέμοιο μεμηλώς.
ἀλλ᾽ οὐκ Ἰδομενῆα φόβος λάβε τηλύγετον ὥς,
ἀλλ᾽ ἔμεν᾽, ὡς ὅτε τις σῦς οὔρεσιν ἀλκὶ πεποιθώς,
ὅς τε μένει κολοσυρτὸν ἐπερχόμενον πολὺν ἀνδρῶν
χώρῳ ἐν οἰοπόλῳ, φρίσσει δέ τε νῶτον ὕπερθεν·
ὀφθαλμὼ δ᾽ ἄρα οἱ πυρὶ λάμπετον· αὐτὰρ ὀδόντας
θήγει, ἀλέξασθαι μεμαὼς κύνας ἠδὲ καὶ ἄνδρας·
ὣς μένεν Ἰδομενεὺς δουρικλυτός, οὐδ᾽ ὑπεχώρει,
Αἰνείαν ἐπιόντα βοηθόον· αὖε δ᾽ ἑταίρους,
Ἀσκάλαφόν τ᾽ ἐσορῶν Ἀφαρῆά τε Δηίπυρόν τε
Μηριόνην τε καὶ Ἀντίλοχον, μήστωρας ἀυτῆς·
τοὺς ὅ γ᾽ ἐποτρύνων ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·[18]

[18] Line 480 was omitted in many ancient editions.

So he spoke, and Deïphobus debated whether he should give ground and take as comrade some one of the great-hearted Trojans, or should make trial by himself alone. And as he pondered, this thing seemed to him the better—to go after Aeneas; and he found him standing last among the throng, for ever was Aeneas angry with noble Priam since, brave though he was among warriors, Priam honored him not at all.[1] Then Deïphobus came up and spoke to him winged words: "Aeneas, counselor of the Trojans, now you must rescue your sister's husband, if any grief for your kin comes upon you. But come with me, let us rescue Alcathous, who, though he was only your sister's husband, reared you in the halls when you were still a little child; he, I tell you, has been slain by Idomeneus, famed for his spear."

So he spoke, and roused the heart in the breast of Aeneas, and he went after Idomeneus, his mind set on war. But terror took not hold of Idomeneus, as if he had been some stripling boy, but he waited like a boar in the mountains that trusts in his strength and awaits the great, tumultuous throng of men that comes against him, in a lonely place; he bristles up his back and his eyes blaze with fire, and he whets his tusks, eager to ward off dogs and men; so Idomeneus, famed for his spear, awaited Aeneas as he came on to bring assistance, and gave no ground, but called to his comrades, looking to Ascalaphus, Aphareus, and Deïpyrus, and Meriones, and Antilochus, masters of the war cry; to these he spoke winged words, and spurred

[1] Again in 20.179-186 and 306 we have allusions to a rivalry between the house of Anchises and that of Priam for the kingship of Troy. M.

"δεῦτε, φίλοι, καί μ' οἴῳ ἀμύνετε· δείδια δ' αἰνῶς
Αἰνείαν ἐπιόντα πόδας ταχύν, ὅς μοι ἔπεισιν,
ὃς μάλα καρτερός ἐστι μάχῃ ἔνι φῶτας ἐναίρειν·
καὶ δ' ἔχει ἥβης ἄνθος, ὅ τε κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον.
εἰ γὰρ ὁμηλικίη γε γενοίμεθα τῷδ' ἐπὶ θυμῷ,
αἶψά κεν ἠὲ φέροιτο μέγα κράτος, ἠὲ φεροίμην."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἳ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἕνα φρεσὶ θυμὸν ἔχοντες
πλησίοι ἔστησαν, σάκε' ὤμοισι κλίναντες.
Αἰνείας δ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐκέκλετο οἷς ἑτάροισι,
Δηΐφοβόν τε Πάριν τ' ἐσορῶν καὶ Ἀγήνορα δῖον,
οἵ οἱ ἅμ' ἡγεμόνες Τρώων ἔσαν· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
λαοὶ ἕπονθ', ὡς εἴ τε μετὰ κτίλον ἕσπετο μῆλα
πιόμεν' ἐκ βοτάνης· γάνυται δ' ἄρα τε φρένα ποιμήν·
ὣς Αἰνείᾳ θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι γεγήθει,
ὡς ἴδε λαῶν ἔθνος ἐπισπόμενον ἑοῖ αὐτῷ.
Οἳ δ' ἀμφ' Ἀλκαθόῳ αὐτοσχεδὸν ὡρμήθησαν
μακροῖσι ξυστοῖσι· περὶ στήθεσσι δὲ χαλκὸς
σμερδαλέον κονάβιζε τιτυσκομένων καθ' ὅμιλον
ἀλλήλων· δύο δ' ἄνδρες ἀρήιοι ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
Αἰνείας τε καὶ Ἰδομενεύς, ἀτάλαντοι Ἄρηι,
ἵεντ' ἀλλήλων ταμέειν χρόα νηλέι χαλκῷ.
Αἰνείας δὲ πρῶτος ἀκόντισεν Ἰδομενῆος·
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,
αἰχμὴ δ' Αἰνείαο κραδαινομένη κατὰ γαίης
ᾤχετ', ἐπεί ῥ' ἅλιον στιβαρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὄρουσεν.
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἄρα Οἰνόμαον βάλε γαστέρα μέσσην,
ῥῆξε δὲ θώρηκος γύαλον, διὰ δ' ἔντερα χαλκὸς

them on: "Come here, friends, and come to my rescue since I am alone, and dreadfully do I fear Aeneas, swift of foot, as he comes on against me; very mighty is he to slay men in battle, and he has the flower of youth, in which is the greatest strength. Were we the same age and our mood as now it is, then at once would he win great victory, or perhaps would I."

So he spoke, and they all, having one heart in their breasts, stood close by one another, leaning their shields against their shoulders. And Aeneas from the other side called to his comrades, looking toward Deïphobus, and Paris, and noble Agenor, who with himself were leaders of the Trojans; and after them followed the army, as sheep follow after the ram to water from the place of feeding, and the shepherd rejoices in his heart; so the heart of Aeneas was glad in his breast when he saw the throng of the army that followed after him.

Then over Alcathous they clashed in close fight with their long spears, and about their chests the bronze resounded terribly as they aimed at each other in the throng; and above all the rest two men of valor, Aeneas and Idomeneus, peers of Ares, were eager each to cleave the other's flesh with the pitiless bronze. And Aeneas first cast at Idomeneus, but he, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze, and Aeneas' spear point stood quivering in the earth, since it sped in vain from his mighty hand. But Idomeneus cast and struck Oenomaus, square on the belly, and broke the plate of his corselet, and the bronze let out

ἤφυσ᾽· ὁ δ᾽ ἐν κονίῃσι πεσὼν ἕλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ.
Ἰδομενεὺς δ᾽ ἐκ μὲν νέκυος δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος
ἐσπάσατ᾽, οὐδ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ἄλλα δυνήσατο τεύχεα καλὰ
ὤμοιιν ἀφελέσθαι· ἐπείγετο γὰρ βελέεσσιν.
οὐ γὰρ ἔτ᾽ ἔμπεδα γυῖα ποδῶν ἦν ὁρμηθέντι,
οὔτ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐπαΐξαι μεθ᾽ ἑὸν βέλος οὔτ᾽ ἀλέασθαι.
τῶ ῥα καὶ ἐν σταδίῃ μὲν ἀμύνετο νηλεὲς ἦμαρ,
τρέσσαι δ᾽ οὐκέτι ῥίμφα πόδες φέρον ἐκ πολέμοιο.
τοῦ δὲ βάδην ἀπιόντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ
Δηίφοβος· δὴ γάρ οἱ ἔχεν κότον ἐμμενὲς αἰεί.
ἀλλ᾽ ὅ γε καὶ τόθ᾽ ἅμαρτεν, ὁ δ᾽ Ἀσκάλαφον βάλε δουρί,
υἱὸν Ἐνυαλίοιο· δι᾽ ὤμου δ᾽ ὄβριμον ἔγχος
ἔσχεν· ὁ δ᾽ ἐν κονίῃσι πεσὼν ἕλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ.
οὐδ᾽ ἄρα πώ τι πέπυστο βριήπυος ὄβριμος Ἄρης
υἷος ἑοῖο πεσόντος ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ,
ἀλλ᾽ ὅ γ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἄκρῳ Ὀλύμπῳ ὑπὸ χρυσέοισι νέφεσσιν
ἧστο, Διὸς βουλῇσιν ἐελμένος, ἔνθα περ ἄλλοι
ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἦσαν ἐεργόμενοι πολέμοιο.

Οἱ δ᾽ ἀμφ᾽ Ἀσκαλάφῳ αὐτοσχεδὸν ὁρμήθησαν·
Δηίφοβος μὲν ἀπ᾽ Ἀσκαλάφου πήληκα φαεινὴν
ἥρπασε, Μηριόνης δὲ θοῷ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηι
δουρὶ βραχίονα τύψεν ἐπάλμενος, ἐκ δ᾽ ἄρα χειρὸς
αὐλῶπις τρυφάλεια χαμαὶ βόμβησε πεσοῦσα.
Μηριόνης δ᾽ ἐξαῦτις ἐπάλμενος, αἰγυπιὸς ὥς,
ἐξέρυσε πρυμνοῖο βραχίονος ὄβριμον ἔγχος,
ἂψ δ᾽ ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο. τὸν δὲ Πολίτης
αὐτοκασίγνητος, περὶ μέσσῳ χεῖρε τιτήνας,

the bowels through it; and he fell in the dust and clutched the earth with his hand. And from the corpse Idomeneus drew the far-shadowing spear, yet he could not also strip the rest of the fair armor from his shoulders, for he was hard pressed with missiles. For the joints of his feet were no longer firm as once they were in a charge, so that he might rush out after his own cast or avoid another's. So in close fight he warded off the pitiless day of doom, but in flight his feet no longer carried him lightly from the war. And as he drew back step by step Deïphobus cast at him with his shining spear, for he ever cherished a ceaseless resentment against him. But this time again he missed him, and with his spear struck Ascalaphus, son of Enyalius, and through the shoulder the mighty spear held its way; and he fell in the dust and clutched the earth with his hand. But as yet loud-voiced mighty Ares had heard nothing of his son's fall in the mighty combat; but he sat on the topmost peak of Olympus beneath the golden clouds, restrained by the will of Zeus, where were also the other immortal gods, kept away from the war.

Then over Ascalaphus they clashed in close fight, and Deïphobus tore from Ascalaphus his shining helmet, but Meriones, the peer of swift Ares, leapt at Deïphobus and struck his arm with his spear, and from his hand the crested helmet fell to the ground with a clang. And Meriones sprang out again like a vulture, and drew out the mighty spear from the upper arm of Deïphobus, and shrank back into the throng of his comrades. And Polites, Deïphobus' brother, reached his arms around his waist, and led him out

ἐξῆγεν πολέμοιο δυσηχέος, ὄφρ᾽ ἵκεθ᾽ ἵππους
ὠκέας, οἵ οἱ ὄπισθε μάχης ἠδὲ πτολέμοιο
ἕστασαν ἡνίοχόν τε καὶ ἅρματα ποικίλ᾽ ἔχοντες·
οἳ τόν γε προτὶ ἄστυ φέρον βαρέα στενάχοντα
τειρόμενον· κατὰ δ᾽ αἷμα νεουτάτου ἔρρεε χειρός.
  Οἱ δ᾽ ἄλλοι μάρναντο, βοὴ δ᾽ ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει.
ἔνθ᾽ Αἰνέας Ἀφαρῆα Καλητορίδην ἐπορούσας
λαιμὸν τύψ᾽ ἐπὶ οἷ τετραμμένον ὀξέι δουρί·
ἐκλίνθη δ᾽ ἑτέρωσε κάρη, ἐπὶ δ᾽ ἀσπὶς ἑάφθη
καὶ κόρυς, ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ θάνατος χύτο θυμοραϊστής.
Ἀντίλοχος δὲ Θόωνα μεταστρεφθέντα δοκεύσας
οὔτασ᾽ ἐπαΐξας, ἀπὸ δὲ φλέβα πᾶσαν ἔκερσεν,
ἥ τ᾽ ἀνὰ νῶτα θέουσα διαμπερὲς αὐχέν᾽ ἱκάνει·
τὴν ἀπὸ πᾶσαν ἔκερσεν· ὁ δ᾽ ὕπτιος ἐν κονίῃσι
κάππεσεν, ἄμφω χεῖρε φίλοις ἑτάροισι πετάσσας.
Ἀντίλοχος δ᾽ ἐπόρουσε, καὶ αἴνυτο τεύχε᾽ ἀπ᾽ ὤμων
παπταίνων· Τρῶες δὲ περισταδὸν[19] ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος
οὔταζον σάκος εὐρὺ παναίολον, οὐδὲ δύναντο
εἴσω ἐπιγράψαι τέρενα χρόα νηλέι χαλκῷ
Ἀντιλόχου· πέρι γάρ ῥα Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων
Νέστορος υἱὸν ἔρυτο καὶ ἐν πολλοῖσι βέλεσσιν.
οὐ μὲν γάρ ποτ᾽ ἄνευ δηίων ἦν, ἀλλὰ κατ᾽ αὐτοὺς
στρωφᾶτ᾽· οὐδέ οἱ ἔγχος ἔχ᾽ ἀτρέμας, ἀλλὰ μάλ᾽ αἰεὶ
σειόμενον ἐλέλικτο· τιτύσκετο δὲ φρεσὶν ᾗσιν
ἤ τευ ἀκοντίσσαι, ἠὲ σχεδὸν ὁρμηθῆναι.
  Ἀλλ᾽ οὐ λῆθ᾽ Ἀδάμαντα τιτυσκόμενος καθ᾽ ὅμιλον,

[19] περισταδὸν: παρασταδὸν Zenodotus and Aristophanes.

of the dolorous war until he came to the swift horses that stood waiting for him at the rear of the battle and the conflict with their charioteer and inlaid chariot. These carried him to the city groaning heavily in his distress; and down ran the blood from his newly wounded arm.

But the rest fought on, and a cry unquenchable arose. Then Aeneas leapt on Aphareus, son of Caletor, who was turned toward him, and struck him on the throat with his sharp spear, and his head sank to one side, and his shield fell on him, and his helmet as well, and death that slays the spirit was shed about him. Then Antilochus, watching for a chance, leapt at Thoön when he turned his back, and struck him with a thrust, and wholly severed the vein that runs all along the back until it reaches the neck; this he severed wholly, and Thoön fell on his back in the dust, stretching out both hands to his dear comrades. But Antilochus leapt on him and began to strip the armor from his shoulders, looking warily around as he did so; for the Trojans encircled him on all sides, and tried to strike his broad, shining shield; but they were unable to pierce through and graze the tender flesh of Antilochus with the pitiless bronze; for mightily did Poseidon, the shaker of earth, guard Nestor's son, even in the midst of many missiles. For never without enemies was Antilochus, but he ranged among them, nor ever was his spear at rest, but was ceaselessly brandished and shaken; and he was preparing in his mind to cast at some one of the foe, or rush on him in close fight.

But as he was aiming among the throng he did not es-

Ἀσιάδην, ὅ οἱ οὖτα μέσον σάκος ὀξέι χαλκῷ
ἐγγύθεν ὁρμηθείς· ἀμενήνωσεν δέ οἱ αἰχμὴν
κυανοχαῖτα Ποσειδάων, βιότοιο μεγήρας.
καὶ τὸ μὲν αὐτοῦ μεῖν᾽ ὥς τε σκῶλος πυρίκαυστος,
ἐν σάκει Ἀντιλόχοιο, τὸ δ᾽ ἥμισυ κεῖτ᾽ ἐπὶ γαίης·
ἂψ δ᾽ ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ᾽ ἀλεείνων·
Μηριόνης δ᾽ ἀπιόντα μετασπόμενος βάλε δουρὶ
αἰδοίων τε μεσηγὺ καὶ ὀμφαλοῦ, ἔνθα μάλιστα
γίγνετ᾽ Ἄρης ἀλεγεινὸς ὀιζυροῖσι βροτοῖσιν.
ἔνθα οἱ ἔγχος ἔπηξεν· ὁ δ᾽ ἑσπόμενος περὶ δουρὶ
ἤσπαιρ᾽ ὡς ὅτε βοῦς, τόν τ᾽ οὔρεσι βουκόλοι ἄνδρες
ἰλλάσιν οὐκ ἐθέλοντα βίῃ δήσαντες ἄγουσιν·
ὣς ὁ τυπεὶς ἤσπαιρε μίνυνθά περ, οὔ τι μάλα δήν,
ὄφρα οἱ ἐκ χροὸς ἔγχος ἀνεσπάσατ᾽ ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν
ἥρως Μηριόνης· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψε.
 Δηίπυρον δ᾽ Ἕλενος ξίφεϊ σχεδὸν ἤλασε κόρσην
Θρηικίῳ μεγάλῳ, ἀπὸ δὲ τρυφάλειαν ἄραξεν.
ἡ μὲν ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα χαμαὶ πέσε, καί τις Ἀχαιῶν
μαρναμένων μετὰ ποσσὶ κυλινδομένην ἐκόμισσε·
τὸν δὲ κατ᾽ ὀφθαλμῶν ἐρεβεννὴ νὺξ ἐκάλυψεν.
 Ἀτρεΐδην δ᾽ ἄχος εἷλε, βοὴν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον·
βῆ δ᾽ ἐπαπειλήσας Ἑλένῳ ἥρωι ἄνακτι,
ὀξὺ δόρυ κραδάων· ὁ δὲ τόξου πῆχυν ἄνελκε.
τὼ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὁμαρτήδην ὁ μὲν ἔγχεϊ ὀξυόεντι
ἵετ᾽ ἀκοντίσσαι, ὁ δ᾽ ἀπὸ νευρῆφιν ὀιστῷ.
Πριαμίδης μὲν ἔπειτα κατὰ στῆθος βάλεν ἰῷ
θώρηκος γύαλον, ἀπὸ δ᾽ ἔπτατο πικρὸς ὀιστός.

cape the notice of Adamas, son of Asius, who struck him square on the shield with a thrust of the sharp sword, setting on him from near at hand. But the spear point was deprived of force by Poseidon, the dark-haired god, who grudged it the life of Antilochus. And half of the spear remained there like a charred stake in the shield of Antilochus, and half lay on the ground; and back shrank Adamas into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate. But Meriones followed after him as he went and cast with his spear, and struck him midway between the genitals and the navel, where Ares is especially painful to wretched mortals. There he fixed his spear, and the other, doubled over the shaft that pierced him, writhed like a bull that herdsmen among the mountains have bound with ropes and drag with them by force against its will; so he, when he was struck, writhed a little while, but not for long, till the warrior Meriones came up and drew the spear out of his flesh; and darkness enfolded his eyes.

Then in close fight Helenus struck Deïpyrus on the temple with a great Thracian sword, and tore away his helmet, and the helmet, dashed from his head, fell to the ground, and one of the Achaeans gathered it up as it rolled among the feet of the fighters; and down on the eyes of Deïpyrus came the darkness of night and enfolded him.

But the son of Atreus was seized with grief, Menelaus, good at the war cry, and he strode out with a threat against the lord, the warrior Helenus, brandishing his sharp spear, while the other drew back the centerpiece of his bow. So the two at the same instant let fly, the one with his sharp spear, and the other with an arrow from the string. Then the son of Priam struck Menelaus on the chest with his arrow, on the plate of his corselet, and off it glanced the bit-

ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ πλατέος πτυόφιν μεγάλην κατ' ἀλωὴν
θρῴσκωσιν κύαμοι μελανόχροες ἢ ἐρέβινθοι,
πνοιῇ ὕπο λιγυρῇ καὶ λικμητῆρος ἐρωῇ,
ὣς ἀπὸ θώρηκος Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο
πολλὸν ἀποπλαγχθεὶς ἑκὰς ἔπτατο πικρὸς ὀιστός.
Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἄρα χεῖρα, βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος,
τὴν βάλεν ᾗ ῥ' ἔχε τόξον ἐΰξοον· ἐν δ' ἄρα τόξῳ
ἀντικρὺ διὰ χειρὸς ἐλήλατο χάλκεον ἔγχος.
ἂψ δ' ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων,
χεῖρα παρακρεμάσας· τὸ δ' ἐφέλκετο μείλινον ἔγχος.
καὶ τὸ μὲν ἐκ χειρὸς ἔρυσεν μεγάθυμος Ἀγήνωρ,
αὐτὴν δὲ ξυνέδησεν ἐϋστρεφεῖ οἰὸς ἀώτῳ,
σφενδόνῃ, ἣν ἄρα οἱ θεράπων ἔχε ποιμένι λαῶν.
    Πείσανδρος δ' ἰθὺς Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο
ἤιε· τὸν δ' ἄγε μοῖρα κακὴ θανάτοιο τέλοσδε,
σοί, Μενέλαε, δαμῆναι ἐν αἰνῇ δηιοτῆτι.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
Ἀτρεΐδης μὲν ἅμαρτε, παραὶ δέ οἱ ἐτράπετ' ἔγχος,
Πείσανδρος δὲ σάκος Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο
οὔτασεν, οὐδὲ διαπρὸ δυνήσατο χαλκὸν ἐλάσσαι·
ἔσχεθε γὰρ σάκος εὐρύ, κατεκλάσθη δ' ἐνὶ καυλῷ
ἔγχος· ὁ δὲ φρεσὶν ᾗσι χάρη καὶ ἐέλπετο[20] νίκην.
Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον[21]
ἆλτ' ἐπὶ Πεισάνδρῳ· ὁ δ' ὑπ' ἀσπίδος εἵλετο καλὴν
ἀξίνην εὔχαλκον, ἐλαΐνῳ ἀμφὶ πελέκκῳ,
μακρῷ ἐυξέστῳ· ἅμα δ' ἀλλήλων ἐφίκοντο.
ἤ τοι ὁ μὲν κόρυθος φάλον ἤλασεν ἱπποδασείης

ter arrow. And as from a broad shovel in a great threshing floor the dark-skinned beans or chickpeas leap before the shrill wind and the might of the winnower, so from the corselet of glorious Menelaus glanced aside the bitter arrow and sped afar. But the son of Atreus, Menelaus, good at the war cry, cast and struck Helenus on the hand with which he was holding the polished bow, and into the bow clean through the hand was driven the spear of bronze. Then back he shrank into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate, letting his hand hang down by his side; and the ashen spear trailed after him. This then great-hearted Agenor drew out of his hand, and bound the hand with a strip of twisted sheep's wool, a sling that his attendant carried for him, the shepherd of men.

But Peisander went straight for glorious Menelaus; but an evil fate was leading him to the end of death, to be slain by you, Menelaus, in the dread conflict. And when they had come near as they advanced one against the other, the son of Atreus missed, and his spear was turned aside; but Peisander thrust and struck the shield of glorious Menelaus, but was unable to drive the bronze clean through, for the wide shield stayed it and the spear broke in the socket; yet he rejoiced at heart, and hoped for victory. But the son of Atreus drew his silver-studded sword and leapt on Peisander; and he from beneath his shield grasped a noble axe of fine bronze set on a haft of olive wood, long and well-polished; and at the same moment they set on one another. Peisander struck Menelaus on the ridge of his helmet with crest of horsehair on the topmost

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20 καὶ ἐέλπετο: μέγα δ' ἤλπετο Zenodotus.

21 ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον: χείρεσσι μάχαιραν Zenodotus.

ἄκρον ὑπὸ λόφον αὐτόν, ὁ δὲ προσιόντα μέτωπον
ῥινὸς ὕπερ πυμάτης· λάκε δ' ὀστέα, τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε
πὰρ ποσὶν αἱματόεντα χαμαὶ πέσον ἐν κονίῃσιν,
ἰδνώθη δὲ πεσών· ὁ δὲ λὰξ ἐν στήθεσι βαίνων
τεύχεά τ' ἐξενάριξε καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·
"λείψετέ θην οὕτω γε νέας Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων,
Τρῶες ὑπερφίαλοι, δεινῆς ἀκόρητοι ἀυτῆς,
ἄλλης μὲν λώβης τε καὶ αἴσχεος οὐκ ἐπιδευεῖς,
ἣν ἐμὲ λωβήσασθε, κακαὶ κύνες, οὐδέ τι θυμῷ
Ζηνὸς ἐριβρεμέτεω χαλεπὴν ἐδείσατε μῆνιν
ξεινίου, ὅς τέ ποτ' ὔμμι διαφθέρσει πόλιν αἰπήν·
οἵ μευ κουριδίην ἄλοχον καὶ κτήματα πολλὰ
μὰψ οἴχεσθ' ἀνάγοντες, ἐπεὶ φιλέεσθε παρ' αὐτῇ·
νῦν αὖτ' ἐν νηυσὶν μενεαίνετε ποντοπόροισι
πῦρ ὀλοὸν βαλέειν, κτεῖναι δ' ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς.
ἀλλά ποθι σχήσεσθε καὶ ἐσσύμενοί περ Ἄρηος.
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ τέ σέ φασι περὶ φρένας ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,
ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ θεῶν· σέο δ' ἐκ τάδε πάντα πέλονται·
οἷον δὴ ἄνδρεσσι χαρίζεαι ὑβριστῇσι,
Τρωσίν, τῶν μένος αἰὲν ἀτάσθαλον, οὐδὲ δύνανται
φυλόπιδος κορέσασθαι ὁμοιίου πτολέμοιο.
πάντων μὲν κόρος ἐστί, καὶ ὕπνου καὶ φιλότητος
μολπῆς τε γλυκερῆς καὶ ἀμύμονος ὀρχηθμοῖο,[22]
τῶν πέρ τις καὶ μᾶλλον ἐέλδεται ἐξ ἔρον εἶναι
ἢ πολέμου· Τρῶες δὲ μάχης ἀκόρητοι ἔασιν."
Ὣς εἰπὼν τὰ μὲν ἔντε' ἀπὸ χροὸς αἱματόεντα
συλήσας ἑτάροισι δίδου Μενέλαος ἀμύμων,

part beneath the very plume; but Menelaus struck him as he came against him on the forehead above the base of the nose; and the bones snapped loudly, and his eyeballs, all bloody, fell in front of his feet in the dust, and he doubled up and fell; and Menelaus set his foot on his chest, and stripped him of his arms, and exulted, saying: "This indeed is the way you will leave the ships of the Danaans, drivers of swift horses, you rash Trojans, insatiate of the dread din of battle. And other outrage and shame you do not lack, with which you have done outrage to me, you treacherous cowards, and had no fear in your heart of the harsh wrath of loud-thundering Zeus, the god of hospitality, who will one day destroy your high city. For you carried away willfully over the sea my wedded wife and with her much treasure, when it was with her that you had found hospitality; and now again you are eager to fling consuming fire on the seafaring ships and to slay the Achaean warriors. But you will yet be stayed from your fighting, no matter how eager you are! Father Zeus, men say that in wisdom you are above all others, both men and gods, yet it is from you that all these things come; in such a way now you favor men of violence, the Trojans, whose might is always ungoverned, nor can they ever have their fill of the din of evil war. Of all things is there satiety, of sleep, and love, and sweet song, and the incomparable dance; of these things surely a man hopes to have his fill rather than of war; but the Trojans are insatiate of battle."

With this, incomparable Menelaus stripped from the body the bloody armor and gave it to his comrades, and he

[22] Line 637 was rejected by some ancient critics.

αὐτὸς δ᾽ αὖτ᾽ ἐξαῦτις ἰὼν προμάχοισιν ἐμίχθη.
Ἔνθα οἱ υἱὸς ἐπᾶλτο Πυλαιμένεος[23] βασιλῆος,
Ἁρπαλίων, ὅ ῥα πατρὶ φίλῳ ἕπετο πτολεμίξων
ἐς Τροίην, οὐδ᾽ αὖτις ἀφίκετο πατρίδα γαῖαν·
ὅς ῥα τότ᾽ Ἀτρεΐδαο μέσον σάκος οὔτασε δουρὶ
ἐγγύθεν, οὐδὲ διαπρὸ δυνήσατο χαλκὸν ἐλάσσαι,
ἂψ δ᾽ ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ᾽ ἀλεείνων,
πάντοσε παπταίνων, μή τις χρόα χαλκῷ ἐπαύρῃ.
Μηριόνης δ᾽ ἀπιόντος ἵει χαλκήρε᾽ ὀϊστόν,
καί ῥ᾽ ἔβαλε γλουτὸν κάτα δεξιόν· αὐτὰρ ὀϊστὸς
ἀντικρὺ κατὰ κύστιν ὑπ᾽ ὀστέον ἐξεπέρησεν.
ἑζόμενος δὲ κατ᾽ αὖθι φίλων ἐν χερσὶν ἑταίρων
θυμὸν ἀποπνείων, ὥς τε σκώληξ ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κεῖτο ταθείς· ἐκ δ᾽ αἷμα μέλαν ῥέε, δεῦε δὲ γαῖαν.
τὸν μὲν Παφλαγόνες μεγαλήτορες ἀμφεπένοντο,
ἐς δίφρον δ᾽ ἀνέσαντες ἄγον προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
ἀχνύμενοι· μετὰ δέ σφι πατὴρ κίε δάκρυα λείβων,[24]
ποινὴ δ᾽ οὔ τις παιδὸς ἐγίγνετο τεθνηῶτος.
Τοῦ δὲ Πάρις μάλα θυμὸν ἀποκταμένοιο χολώθη·
ξεῖνος γάρ οἱ ἔην πολέσιν μετὰ Παφλαγόνεσσι·
τοῦ ὅ γε χωόμενος προΐει χαλκήρε᾽ ὀϊστόν.
ἦν δέ τις Εὐχήνωρ, Πολυΐδου μάντιος υἱός,
ἀφνειός τ᾽ ἀγαθός τε, Κορινθόθι οἰκία ναίων,

[23] Πυλαιμένεος: Κυλαιμένεος.
[24] Lines 658 f were rejected by Aristarchus and Aristophanes.

[2] The slaying of Harpalion's father, Pylaemenes, is narrated in

himself went back again, and mixed with the foremost fighters.

Then there leapt out against him the son of king Pylaemenes, Harpalion, who followed his dear father to Troy to the war, but came not back again to his native land. He then thrust with his spear square on the shield of the son of Atreus, from close at hand, yet was unable to drive the bronze clean through, and back he shrank into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate, glancing warily on every side, lest some man should graze his flesh with the bronze. But as he drew back, Meriones let fly at him a bronze-tipped arrow, and struck him on the right buttock, and the arrow passed clean through to the bladder beneath the bone. And sinking down on the spot in the arms of his dear comrades he breathed out his life, and lay stretched out like a worm on the ground; and the dark blood flowed out and wetted the ground. Him the great-hearted Paphlagonians tended, and setting him in a chariot they took him to sacred Ilios, sorrowing, and with them went his father,[2] shedding tears; but there was no compensation for his son who had been killed.

And for his slaying was Paris mightily angry at heart, for among the many Paphlagonians Harpalion had been his host; and in wrath for his sake he let fly a bronze-tipped arrow. There was a certain Euchenor, son of Polyidus the seer, a rich man and brave, and his home was in Corinth.

5.576, so we have here a curious, if unimportant, slip on the part of the poet. Zenodotus avoided this by reading Κυλαιμένεος in line 643. In 659 the statement that no vengeance, or blood money, was exacted for the slain man enhances the pathos, or the disgrace, of his fate. M.

ὅς ῥ' εὖ εἰδὼς κῆρ' ὀλοὴν ἐπὶ νηὸς ἔβαινε·
πολλάκι γάρ οἱ ἔειπε γέρων ἀγαθὸς Πολύιδος
νούσῳ ὑπ' ἀργαλέῃ φθίσθαι οἷς ἐν μεγάροισιν,
ἢ μετ' Ἀχαιῶν νηυσὶν ὑπὸ Τρώεσσι δαμῆναι·
τῶ ῥ' ἅμα τ' ἀργαλέην θωὴν ἀλέεινεν Ἀχαιῶν
νοῦσόν τε στυγερήν, ἵνα μὴ πάθοι ἄλγεα θυμῷ.
τὸν βάλ' ὑπὸ γναθμοῖο καὶ οὔατος· ὦκα δὲ θυμὸς
ᾤχετ' ἀπὸ μελέων, στυγερὸς δ' ἄρα μιν σκότος εἷλεν.
  Ὣς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο·
Ἕκτωρ δ' οὐκ ἐπέπυστο διίφιλος, οὐδέ τι ᾔδη
ὅττι ῥά οἱ νηῶν ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ δηιόωντο
λαοὶ ὑπ' Ἀργείων· τάχα δ' ἂν καὶ κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν
ἔπλετο· τοῖος γὰρ γαιήοχος Ἐννοσίγαιος
ὄτρυν' Ἀργείους, πρὸς δὲ σθένει αὐτὸς ἄμυνεν·
ἀλλ' ἔχεν ᾗ τὰ πρῶτα πύλας καὶ τεῖχος ἐσᾶλτο,
ῥηξάμενος Δαναῶν πυκινὰς στίχας ἀσπιστάων,
ἔνθ' ἔσαν Αἴαντός τε νέες καὶ Πρωτεσιλάου
θῖν' ἔφ' ἁλὸς πολιῆς εἰρυμέναι· αὐτὰρ ὕπερθε
τεῖχος ἐδέδμητο χθαμαλώτατον, ἔνθα μάλιστα
ζαχρηεῖς γίγνοντο μάχῃ αὐτοί τε καὶ ἵπποι.
  Ἔνθα δὲ Βοιωτοὶ καὶ Ἰάονες ἑλκεχίτωνες,
Λοκροὶ καὶ Φθῖοι καὶ φαιδιμόεντες Ἐπειοί,
σπουδῇ ἐπαΐσσοντα νεῶν ἔχον, οὐδὲ δύναντο
ὦσαι ἀπὸ σφείων φλογὶ εἴκελον Ἕκτορα δῖον,
οἱ μὲν Ἀθηναίων προλελεγμένοι· ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσιν
ἦρχ' υἱὸς Πετεῶο Μενεσθεύς, οἱ δ' ἅμ' ἕποντο
Φείδας τε Στιχίος τε Βίας τ' ἐύς· αὐτὰρ Ἐπειῶν

He embarked on his ship knowing full well his deadly fate, for often had the old man, good Polyidus, told him that he must either perish of dire disease in his own halls, or among the ships of the Achaeans be slain by the Trojans; at the same time he avoided the heavy fine of the Achaeans and the hateful disease, so that he might not suffer woes at heart. Him Paris struck beneath the jaw under the ear, and swiftly his spirit went away from his limbs, and hateful darkness seized him.

So they fought like blazing fire; but Hector, dear to Zeus, had not heard and did not know that on the left of the ships his men were being slain by the Argives; and soon would the Achaeans have gained glory, such a mighty helper was the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth who urged on the Argives and also aided them himself by his strength. But Hector pressed on where at the first he had leapt inside the gate and the wall and had broken the close ranks of the Danaan shield men, at the place where the ships of Aias and Protesilaus were drawn up along the beach of the gray sea, and beyond them the wall was built lowest;[3] there the men and their horses were especially furious in fight.

There the Boeotians, and the Ionians with trailing tunics, and the Locrians, and Phthians, and glorious Epeians had with much difficulty stayed his onset on the ships, and were unable to thrust back from themselves noble Hector, who was like a flame of fire—there were picked men of the Athenians, and among them Menestheus, son of Peteos, was leader, and there followed with him Pheidas and Stichius and valiant Bias, while the Epeians were led

[3] The well-known prowess of Aias was regarded as an adequate defense, so that a low wall was thought to be sufficient. M.

Φυλεΐδης τε Μέγης Ἀμφίων τε Δρακίος τε,
πρὸ Φθίων δὲ Μέδων τε μενεπτόλεμός τε Ποδάρκης.
ἤ τοι ὁ μὲν νόθος υἱὸς Ὀιλῆος θείοιο
ἔσκε Μέδων, Αἴαντος ἀδελφεός· αὐτὰρ ἔναιεν
ἐν Φυλάκῃ, γαίης ἄπο πατρίδος, ἄνδρα κατακτάς,
γνωτὸν μητρυιῆς Ἐριώπιδος, ἣν ἔχ' Ὀιλεύς·
αὐτὰρ ὁ Ἰφίκλοιο πάις τοῦ Φυλακίδαο.
οἱ μὲν πρὸ Φθίων μεγαθύμων θωρηχθέντες
ναῦφιν ἀμυνόμενοι μετὰ Βοιωτῶν ἐμάχοντο·
Αἴας δ' οὐκέτι πάμπαν, Ὀιλῆος ταχὺς υἱός,
ἵστατ'[25] ἀπ' Αἴαντος Τελαμωνίου οὐδ' ἠβαιόν,
ἀλλ' ὥς τ' ἐν νειῷ βόε οἴνοπε πηκτὸν ἄροτρον
ἶσον θυμὸν ἔχοντε τιταίνετον· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφι
πρυμνοῖσιν κεράεσσι πολὺς ἀνακηκίει ἱδρώς·
τὼ μέν τε ζυγὸν οἶον ἐΰξοον ἀμφὶς ἐέργει
ἱεμένω κατὰ ὦλκα, τέμει δέ τε τέλσον ἀρούρης·
ὣς τὼ παρβεβαῶτε μάλ' ἕστασαν ἀλλήλοιιν.
ἀλλ' ἤ τοι Τελαμωνιάδῃ πολλοί τε καὶ ἐσθλοὶ
λαοὶ ἕπονθ' ἕταροι, οἵ οἱ σάκος ἐξεδέχοντο,
ὁππότε μιν κάματός τε καὶ ἱδρὼς γούναθ' ἵκοιτο.
οὐδ' ἄρ' Ὀιλιάδῃ[26] μεγαλήτορι Λοκροὶ ἕποντο·
οὐ γάρ σφι σταδίῃ ὑσμίνῃ μίμνε φίλον κῆρ·
οὐ γὰρ ἔχον κόρυθας χαλκήρεας ἱπποδασείας,
οὐδ' ἔχον ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους καὶ μείλινα δοῦρα,
ἀλλ' ἄρα τόξοισιν καὶ ἐυστρεφεῖ οἰὸς ἀώτῳ
Ἴλιον εἰς ἅμ' ἕποντο πεποιθότες, οἷσιν ἔπειτα
ταρφέα βάλλοντες Τρώων ῥήγνυντο φάλαγγας.

by Meges, son of Phyleus, and Amphion and Dracius, and in the forefront of the Phthians were Medon and Podarces, firm in the fight. The one, Medon, in fact was a bastard son of godlike Oïleus and brother of Aias, but he lived in Phylace, far from his native land, since he had slain a kinsman of his stepmother Eriopis, whom Oïleus had as wife; and the other, Podarces, was the son of Iphiclus, son of Phylacus. These, in the forefront of the great-hearted Phthians, were fighting clad in their armor in defense of the ships together with the Boeotians. And Aias, the swift son of Oïleus, would no longer by any means stand apart from Aias, son of Telamon, not even a little; but just as in fallow land two wine-dark oxen with one accord strain at the jointed plough, and about the roots of their horns wells up the sweat in streams—the polished yoke alone holds the two apart as they labor through the furrow, till the plough cuts to the limit of the field—just so these two came together and stood close by each other's side. After the son of Telamon in fact there followed many mighty men, his comrades, who would take from him his shield whenever weariness and sweat came on his limbs. But the Locrians did not follow the great-hearted son of Oïleus, for their hearts did not remain firm in close fight, since they had no brazen helmets with thick plumes of horsehair, nor round shields, nor spears of ash, but trusting in bows and well-twisted slings of sheep's wool they followed with him to Ilios; with these then they shot thick and fast, and attempted to break the battalions of the Trojans. Then in-

25 ἵστατ': χάζετ' Zenodotus.
26 οὐδ' ἄρ' Ὀιλιάδῃ: ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἰλιάδῃ Zenodotus.

δή ῥα τόθ᾽ οἱ μὲν πρόσθε σὺν ἔντεσι δαιδαλέοισι
μάρναντο Τρωσίν τε καὶ Ἕκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ,
οἱ δ᾽ ὄπιθεν βάλλοντες ἐλάνθανον· οὐδέ τι χάρμης
Τρῶες μιμνήσκοντο· συνεκλόνεον γὰρ ὀιστοί.
Ἔνθα κε λευγαλέως νηῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων
Τρῶες ἐχώρησαν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν,
εἰ μὴ Πουλυδάμας θρασὺν Ἕκτορα εἶπε παραστάς·
“Ἕκτορ, ἀμήχανός ἐσσι παραρρητοῖσι πιθέσθαι.
οὕνεκά τοι περὶ δῶκε θεὸς πολεμήια ἔργα,
τοὔνεκα καὶ βουλῇ ἐθέλεις περιίδμεναι ἄλλων·
ἀλλ᾽ οὔ πως ἅμα πάντα δυνήσεαι αὐτὸς ἑλέσθαι.
ἄλλῳ μὲν γὰρ δῶκε θεὸς πολεμήια ἔργα,
ἄλλῳ δ᾽ ὀρχηστύν, ἑτέρῳ κίθαριν καὶ ἀοιδήν,[27]
ἄλλῳ δ᾽ ἐν στήθεσσι τιθεῖ νόον εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
ἐσθλόν, τοῦ δέ τε πολλοὶ[28] ἐπαυρίσκοντ᾽ ἄνθρωποι,
καί τε πολέας ἐσάωσε, μάλιστα δὲ καὐτὸς ἀνέγνω.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐρέω ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα·
πάντῃ γάρ σε περὶ στέφανος πολέμοιο δέδηε·
Τρῶες δὲ μεγάθυμοι, ἐπεὶ κατὰ τεῖχος ἔβησαν,
οἱ μὲν ἀφεστᾶσιν σὺν τεύχεσιν, οἱ δὲ μάχονται
παυρότεροι πλεόνεσσι, κεδασθέντες κατὰ νῆας.
ἀλλ᾽ ἀναχασσάμενος κάλει ἐνθάδε πάντας ἀρίστους·
ἔνθεν δ᾽ ἂν μάλα πᾶσαν ἐπιφρασσαίμεθα βουλήν,
ἤ κεν ἐνὶ νήεσσι πολυκλήισι πέσωμεν,
αἴ κ᾽ ἐθέλῃσι θεὸς δόμεναι κράτος, ἦ κεν ἔπειτα
πὰρ νηῶν ἔλθωμεν ἀπήμονες. ἦ γὰρ ἐγώ γε
δείδω μὴ τὸ χθιζὸν ἀποστήσωνται[29] Ἀχαιοὶ

deed those in front with their elaborate war gear fought with the Trojans and with Hector armored in bronze, and those behind kept shooting from their cover; and the Trojans no longer took thought of war, for the arrows threw them into confusion.

Then miserably would the Trojans have given ground from the ships and huts to windy Ilios, if Polydamas had not come up to bold Hector and said: "Hector, you are a hard man to convince with words of persuasion. Because a god has given you deeds of war as to no other, for that reason in counsel too you are minded to have wisdom beyond all; but there is no way you will be able by yourself to compass all things. To one man has god given deeds of war, to another the dance, to another the lyre and song, and in the breast of another man Zeus, whose voice resounds afar, puts an understanding mind from which many men get profit, and many he saves; but he realizes it best himself. So I will speak what seems to me to be best. For all about you blazes a ring of war, and the great-hearted Trojans, now that they have passed over the wall, are some of them standing aside with their arms, and others are fighting, fewer men against more, scattered among the ships. But draw back, and call here all the best men. Then we shall take thought of all manner of counsel, whether we shall fall on the many-benched ships, to see if the god wills to give us victory, or shall then return unscathed back from the ships. For I myself, at least, fear that the Achaeans may pay

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[27] Line 731, rejected by Aristarchus, is omitted in the best MSS.

[28] πολλοὶ: πολλὸν Aristophanes.

[29] ἀποστήσωνται: ἀποτίσωνται.

χρεῖος, ἐπεὶ παρὰ νηυσὶν ἀνὴρ ἆτος πολέμοιο
μίμνει, ὃν οὐκέτι πάγχυ μάχης σχήσεσθαι ὀίω."
Ὣς φάτο Πουλυδάμας, ἅδε δ' Ἕκτορι μῦθος ἀπήμων,
αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἆλτο χαμᾶζε[30]
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Πουλυδάμα, σὺ μὲν αὐτοῦ ἐρύκακε πάντας ἀρίστους,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κεῖσ' εἶμι καὶ ἀντιόω πολέμοιο·
αἶψα δ' ἐλεύσομαι αὖτις, ἐπὴν εὖ τοῖς ἐπιτείλω."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ὁρμήθη ὄρεϊ νιφόεντι ἐοικώς,
κεκλήγων, διὰ δὲ Τρώων πέτετ' ἠδ' ἐπικούρων.
οἱ δ' ἐς Πανθοΐδην ἀγαπήνορα Πουλυδάμαντα
πάντες ἐπεσσεύοντ', ἐπεὶ Ἕκτορος ἔκλυον αὐδήν.
αὐτὰρ ὁ Δηίφοβόν τε βίην θ' Ἑλένοιο ἄνακτος
Ἀσιάδην τ' Ἀδάμαντα καὶ Ἄσιον, Ὑρτάκου υἱόν,
φοίτα ἀνὰ προμάχους διζήμενος, εἴ που ἐφεύροι.
τοὺς δ' εὗρ' οὐκέτι πάμπαν ἀπήμονας οὐδ' ἀνολέθρους,
ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν δὴ νηυσὶν ἔπι πρυμνῇσιν Ἀχαιῶν
χερσὶν ὑπ' Ἀργείων κέατο ψυχὰς ὀλέσαντες,
οἱ δ' ἐν τείχει ἔσαν βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοί τε.
τὸν δὲ τάχ' εὗρε μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ δακρυοέσσης
δῖον Ἀλέξανδρον, Ἑλένης πόσιν ἠυκόμοιο,
θαρσύνονθ' ἑτάρους καὶ ἐποτρύνοντα μάχεσθαι,
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος προσέφη αἰσχροῖς ἐπέεσσι·
"Δύσπαρι, εἶδος ἄριστε, γυναιμανές, ἠπεροπευτά,
ποῦ τοι Δηίφοβός τε βίη θ' Ἑλένοιο ἄνακτος
Ἀσιάδης τ' Ἀδάμας ἠδ' Ἄσιος, Ὑρτάκου υἱός;

back the debt of yesterday, since there remains by the ships a man insatiate of war, who no longer, I suspect, will hold back utterly from battle."

So spoke Polydamas, and his prudent words were well pleasing to Hector, and immediately he leapt in his armor from his chariot to the ground; and he spoke and addressed him with winged words: "Polydamas, you hold back all the best men here, but I will go there and confront the war, and quickly will I come again when I have well laid my charge on them."

So he spoke, and set out like a snowy mountain, and with loud shouting he sped through the Trojans and allies. And they rushed one and all toward the kindly Polydamas, son of Panthous, when they heard the voice of Hector. But he ranged through the foremost fighters in quest of Deïphobus, and the mighty lord Helenus, and Adamas, son of Asius, and Asius, son of Hyrtacus, in the hope that he might find them. But he found them no longer completely unscathed or free from harm; some were lying at the sterns of the Achaean ships having lost their life at the hands of the Argives, and some were inside the wall, struck by missiles or wounded with spear-thrusts. But one he soon found on the left of the tearful battle, noble Alexander, the husband of fair-haired Helen, encouraging his comrades and urging them to fight; and he came up and spoke to him with reproachful words: "Evil Paris, most fair to look on, you who are mad after women, you deceiver, where, I ask you, is Deïphobus, and the mighty lord Helenus, and Adamas, son of Asius, and Asius, son of

[30] Line 749 is omitted in many MSS.

ποῦ δέ τοι Ὀθρυονεύς; νῦν ὤλετο πᾶσα κατ' ἄκρης
Ἴλιος αἰπεινή· νῦν τοι σῶς αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής·
""Ἕκτορ, ἐπεί τοι θυμὸς ἀναίτιον αἰτιάασθαι,
ἄλλοτε δή ποτε μᾶλλον ἐρωῆσαι πολέμοιο
μέλλω, ἐπεὶ οὐδ' ἐμὲ πάμπαν ἀνάλκιδα γείνατο μήτηρ·
ἐξ οὗ γὰρ παρὰ νηυσὶ μάχην ἤγειρας ἑταίρων,
ἐκ τοῦ δ' ἐνθάδ' ἐόντες ὁμιλέομεν Δαναοῖσι
νωλεμέως· ἕταροι δὲ κατέκταθεν, οὓς σὺ μεταλλᾷς.
οἴω Δηίφοβός τε βίη θ' Ἑλένοιο ἄνακτος
οἴχεσθον, μακρῇσι τετυμμένω ἐγχείῃσιν
ἀμφοτέρω κατὰ χεῖρα· φόνον δ' ἤμυνε Κρονίων.
νῦν δ' ἄρχ', ὅππῃ σε κραδίη θυμός τε κελεύει·
ἡμεῖς δ' ἐμμεμαῶτες ἅμ' ἑψόμεθ', οὐδέ τί φημι
ἀλκῆς δευήσεσθαι, ὅση δύναμίς γε πάρεστι.
πὰρ δύναμιν δ' οὐκ ἔστι καὶ ἐσσύμενον πολεμίζειν."
Ὣς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀδελφειοῦ φρένας ἥρως·
βὰν δ' ἴμεν ἔνθα μάλιστα μάχη καὶ φύλοπις ἦεν,
ἀμφί τε Κεβριόνην καὶ ἀμύμονα Πουλυδάμαντα,
Φάλκην Ὀρθαῖόν τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Πολυφήτην
Πάλμυν τ' Ἀσκάνιόν τε Μόρυν θ', υἷ' Ἱπποτίωνος,
οἵ ῥ' ἐξ Ἀσκανίης ἐριβώλακος ἦλθον ἀμοιβοὶ
ἠοῖ τῇ προτέρῃ· τότε δὲ Ζεὺς ὦρσε μάχεσθαι.
οἱ δ' ἴσαν ἀργαλέων ἀνέμων ἀτάλαντοι ἀέλλῃ,
ἥ ῥά θ' ὑπὸ βροντῆς πατρὸς Διὸς εἶσι πέδονδε,
θεσπεσίῳ δ' ὁμάδῳ ἁλὶ μίσγεται, ἐν δέ τε πολλὰ
κύματα παφλάζοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,
κυρτὰ φαληριόωντα, πρὸ μέν τ' ἄλλ', αὐτὰρ ἐπ' ἄλλα·

Hyrtacus? And where, I ask you, is Othryoneus? Now is all steep Ilios utterly destroyed; now is sheer destruction sure."

Then spoke to him in turn godlike Alexander: "Hector, since it is in your heart to blame one in whom is no blame, at some other time rather than now I am likely to withdraw from war, since my mother did not bear me wholly a weakling. For from the time you roused the battle of your comrades beside the ships, from that time we have been here, joined with the Danaans ceaselessly; but the comrades of whom you ask are dead. Only Deïphobus and the mighty lord Helenus have gone, both of them struck in the arm with long spears; yet the son of Cronos warded off death. But now lead on wherever your heart and spirit tell you, and as for us, we will follow with you eagerly, nor, I think, will we be at all lacking in valor, so long as we have strength; but beyond his strength may no man fight, no matter how eager he may be."

So spoke the warrior, and turned his brother's mind; and they set out to go where the battle and the din were fiercest, around Cebriones and incomparable Polydamas, and Phalces, and Orthaeus, and godlike Polyphetes, and Palmys, and Ascanius, and Morys, son of Hippotion, who had come from deep-soiled Ascania on the morning before as a relieving force for their fellows, and now Zeus roused them to fight. And they came on like the blast of dire winds that rushes on the earth beneath the thunder of father Zeus, and with wondrous din mixes with the sea, and in its track are many surging waves of the loud-resounding sea, high-arched and white with foam, some ahead and behind

ὣς Τρῶες πρὸ μὲν ἄλλοι ἀρηρότες, αὐτὰρ ἐπ᾽ ἄλλοι,
χαλκῷ μαρμαίροντες ἅμ᾽ ἡγεμόνεσσιν ἕποντο.
Ἕκτωρ δ᾽ ἡγεῖτο, βροτολοιγῷ ἶσος Ἄρηι,
Πριαμίδης· πρόσθεν δ᾽ ἔχεν ἀσπίδα πάντοσ᾽ ἐίσην,
ῥινοῖσιν πυκινήν, πολλὸς δ᾽ ἐπελήλατο χαλκός·
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κροτάφοισι φαεινὴ σείετο πήληξ.
πάντῃ δ᾽ ἀμφὶ φάλαγγας ἐπειρᾶτο προποδίζων,
εἴ πώς οἱ εἴξειαν ὑπασπίδια προβιβῶντι·
ἀλλ᾽ οὐ σύγχει θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.
Αἴας δὲ πρῶτος προκαλέσσατο, μακρὰ βιβάσθων·
"δαιμόνιε, σχεδὸν ἐλθέ· τίη δειδίσσεαι αὔτως[31]
Ἀργείους; οὔ τοί τι μάχης ἀδαήμονές εἰμεν,
ἀλλὰ Διὸς μάστιγι κακῇ ἐδάμημεν Ἀχαιοί.
ἦ θήν πού τοι θυμὸς ἐέλπεται ἐξαλαπάξειν
νῆας· ἄφαρ δέ τε χεῖρες ἀμύνειν εἰσὶ καὶ ἡμῖν.
ἦ κε πολὺ φθαίη εὖ ναιομένη πόλις ὑμὴ
χερσὶν ὑφ᾽ ἡμετέρῃσιν ἁλοῦσά τε περθομένη τε.
σοὶ δ᾽ αὐτῷ φημὶ σχεδὸν ἔμμεναι, ὁππότε φεύγων
ἀρήσῃ Διὶ πατρὶ καὶ ἄλλοις ἀθανάτοισι
θάσσονας ἰρήκων ἔμεναι καλλίτριχας ἵππους,
οἵ σε πόλινδ᾽ οἴσουσι κονίοντες πεδίοιο."
    Ὣς ἄρα οἱ εἰπόντι ἐπέπτατο δεξιὸς ὄρνις,
αἰετὸς ὑψιπέτης· ἐπὶ δ᾽ ἴαχε λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν
θάρσυνος οἰωνῷ· ὁ δ᾽ ἀμείβετο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·
"Αἶαν ἁμαρτοεπές, βουγάιε, ποῖον ἔειπες.
εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼν οὕτω γε Διὸς πάις αἰγιόχοιο

them others; so the Trojans in close array, some ahead and behind them others, flashing with bronze, followed their leaders. And Hector, son of Priam, was their leader, the peer of man-destroying Ares. Before him he held his shield that was well-balanced on every side, his shield thick with hides, on which abundant bronze had been welded, and about his temples waved the crest of his shining helmet. And everywhere he made trial of the battalions, moving forward step by step, to see if they would perhaps give way before him as he advanced under cover of his shield; yet he could not upset the heart in the breast of the Achaeans. And Aias came on with long strides, and was first to challenge him: "You are mad! Come close; why do you seek vainly to frighten the Argives? In no way, I tell you, are we ignorant of battle, but by the evil lash of Zeus were we Achaeans subdued. Your heart hopes, I suppose, to destroy our ships, but be sure we too have hands to defend them. In fact before that your well-peopled city is likely to be taken and sacked at our hands. And for yourself I declare that the day is near when in flight you will pray to father Zeus and the other immortals that swifter than falcons may your fair-maned horses be that will carry you cityward, raising the dust of the plain."

Just as he spoke, a bird flew by on the right hand, an eagle of lofty flight; and at that the army of the Achaeans shouted aloud, heartened by the omen; but glorious Hector made answer: "Aias, witless in speech, you braggart, what a thing you have said! For my part I would wish that I were all my days as surely the son of Zeus who bears the

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31 *αὔτως*: *οὔτως*.

εἴην ἤματα πάντα, τέκοι δέ με πότνια Ἥρη,
τιοίμην δ' ὡς τίετ' Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπόλλων,
ὡς νῦν ἡμέρη ἥδε κακὸν φέρει Ἀργείοισι
πᾶσι μάλ', ἐν δὲ σὺ τοῖσι πεφήσεαι, αἴ κε ταλάσσῃς
μεῖναι ἐμὸν δόρυ μακρόν, ὅ τοι χρόα λειριόεντα
δάψει· ἀτὰρ Τρώων κορέεις κύνας ἠδ' οἰωνοὺς
δημῷ καὶ σάρκεσσι, πεσὼν ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἡγήσατο· τοὶ δ' ἅμ' ἕποντο
ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ, ἐπὶ δ' ἴαχε λαὸς ὄπισθεν.
Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐπίαχον, οὐδὲ λάθοντο
ἀλκῆς, ἀλλ' ἔμενον Τρώων ἐπιόντας ἀρίστους.
ἠχὴ δ' ἀμφοτέρων ἵκετ' αἰθέρα καὶ Διὸς αὐγάς.

aegis, and my mother were the queenly Hera, and that I might be honored like Athene and Apollo, as now this day surely brings evil on the Argives, one and all; and among them will you too be slain, if you have the heart to await my long spear that will rend your lily-like skin; and you will glut the dogs and birds of the Trojans with your fat and your flesh when you have fallen at the ships of the Achaeans."

So he spoke, and led the way; and they followed after with a wondrous din, and the army shouted aloud behind him. And the Argives from the other side shouted in answer and forgot not their valor, but awaited the best of the Trojans as they came on; and the clamor of the two armies went up to the aether and the splendor of Zeus.

Ξ

Νέστορα δ' οὐκ ἔλαθεν ἰαχὴ πίνοντά περ ἔμπης,
ἀλλ' Ἀσκληπιάδην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"φράζεο, δῖε Μαχᾶον, ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα·
μείζων δὴ παρὰ νηυσὶ βοὴ θαλερῶν αἰζηῶν.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν πῖνε καθήμενος αἴθοπα οἶνον,
εἰς ὅ κε θερμὰ λοετρὰ ἐυπλόκαμος Ἑκαμήδη
θερμήνῃ καὶ λούσῃ ἄπο βρότον αἱματόεντα·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐλθὼν τάχα εἴσομαι ἐς περιωπήν."
Ὣς εἰπὼν σάκος εἷλε τετυγμένον υἷος ἑοῖο,[1]
κείμενον ἐν κλισίῃ, Θρασυμήδεος ἱπποδάμοιο,
χαλκῷ παμφαῖνον· ὁ δ' ἔχ' ἀσπίδα πατρὸς ἑοῖο.
εἵλετο δ' ἄλκιμον ἔγχος, ἀκαχμένον ὀξέι χαλκῷ,
στῆ δ' ἐκτὸς κλισίης, τάχα δ' εἴσιδεν ἔργον ἀεικές,
τοὺς μὲν ὀρινομένους, τοὺς δὲ κλονέοντας ὄπισθε,
Τρῶας ὑπερθύμους· ἐρέριπτο δὲ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν.
ὡς δ' ὅτε πορφύρῃ πέλαγος μέγα κύματι κωφῷ,[2]
ὀσσόμενον λιγέων ἀνέμων λαιψηρὰ κέλευθα,
αὔτως, οὐδ' ἄρα τε προκυλίνδεται οὐδ' ἑτέρωσε
πρίν τινα κεκριμένον καταβήμεναι ἐκ Διὸς οὖρον,
ὣς ὁ γέρων ὥρμαινε δαϊζόμενος κατὰ θυμὸν
διχθάδι', ἢ μεθ' ὅμιλον ἴοι Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων,

BOOK 14

And the cry of battle did not escape the notice of Nestor, even though he was drinking, but he spoke winged words to the son of Asclepius: "Take thought, noble Machaon, how these things are to be; louder now by the ships grows the cry of vigorous young men. But you now sit where you are and drink your ruddy wine, until fair-tressed Hecamede heats for you a warm bath and washes from you the clotted blood, but I will go quickly to a place of outlook and see what is going on."

So he spoke and took the well-made shield of his son, horse-taming Thrasymedes, that was lying in the hut all gleaming with bronze; but the son had his father's shield. And he grasped a valiant spear, tipped with sharp bronze, and stood outside the hut, and immediately saw a shameful act, the Achaeans in rout and the Trojans high of heart behind them driving them on; and the wall of the Achaeans was broken down. And as the great sea heaves darkly with a soundless swell, foreboding the swift passage of shrill winds, though but vaguely, nor do its waves roll forward or aside until some settled gale comes down from Zeus, so the old man pondered, his heart divided in two ways, whether he should go into the throng of the Danaans of

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[1] *ἑοῖο: ἑῆος.* [2] *κωφῷ: πηγῷ.*

ἦε μετ᾽ Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα, ποιμένα λαῶν.
ὧδε δέ οἱ φρονέοντι δοάσσατο κέρδιον εἶναι,
βῆναι ἐπ᾽ Ἀτρεΐδην. οἱ δ᾽ ἀλλήλους ἐνάριζον
μαρνάμενοι· λάκε δέ σφι περὶ χροῒ χαλκὸς ἀτειρὴς
νυσσομένων ξίφεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισι.
Νέστορι δὲ ξύμβληντο διοτρεφέες βασιλῆες
πὰρ νηῶν ἀνιόντες, ὅσοι βεβλήατο χαλκῷ,
Τυδεΐδης Ὀδυσεύς τε καὶ Ἀτρεΐδης Ἀγαμέμνων.
πολλὸν γάρ ῥ᾽ ἀπάνευθε μάχης εἰρύατο νῆες
θῖν᾽ ἔφ᾽ ἁλὸς πολιῆς· τὰς γὰρ πρώτας πεδίονδε
εἴρυσαν, αὐτὰρ τεῖχος ἐπὶ πρυμνῇσιν ἔδειμαν.
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ᾽ εὐρύς περ ἐὼν ἐδυνήσατο πάσας
αἰγιαλὸς νῆας χαδέειν, στείνοντο δὲ λαοί·
τῶ ῥα προκρόσσας ἔρυσαν, καὶ πλῆσαν ἁπάσης
ἠιόνος στόμα μακρόν,[3] ὅσον συνεέργαθον ἄκραι.
τῶ ῥ᾽ οἵ γ᾽ ὀψείοντες[4] ἀϋτῆς καὶ πολέμοιο
ἔγχει ἐρειδόμενοι κίον ἀθρόοι· ἄχνυτο δέ σφι
θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν. ὁ δὲ ξύμβλητο γεραιός,
Νέστωρ, πτῆξε δὲ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.[5]
τὸν καὶ φωνήσας προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·
"ὦ Νέστορ Νηληιάδη, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
τίπτε λιπὼν πόλεμον φθισήνορα δεῦρ᾽ ἀφικάνεις;
δείδω μὴ δή μοι τελέσῃ ἔπος ὄβριμος Ἕκτωρ,
ὥς ποτ᾽ ἐπηπείλησεν ἐνὶ Τρώεσσ᾽ ἀγορεύων,
μὴ πρὶν πὰρ νηῶν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονέεσθαι,
πρὶν πυρὶ νῆας ἐνιπρῆσαι, κτεῖναι δὲ καὶ αὐτούς.

[3] *μακρόν*: *πολλόν* Zenodotus, Aristophanes, and Aristarchus.

swift steeds, or go find Agamemnon, son of Atreus, shepherd of men. And as he pondered, this thing seemed to him the better—to go find the son of Atreus. But the others meanwhile were fighting on and slaying one another, and about their bodies rang the stubborn bronze as they thrust at one another with swords and two-edged spears.

And Nestor was met by the kings, nurtured by Zeus, as they went up from the ships, all those who had been struck with the bronze—the son of Tydeus, and Odysseus, and Atreus' son, Agamemnon. Far from the battle were their ships drawn up on the shore of the gray sea; for these they had drawn up to land closest to the shore, but had built the wall close to the farthest. For though the beach was wide, yet it could in no way hold all the ships, and the men were confined; so they had drawn up the ships row behind row, and had filled up the wide mouth of all the shore that the headlands shut in between them. The kings, then, were going all in one body, leaning each on his spear, to look on the war and the combat, and grieved was the heart in their breasts. And old Nestor met them, and made the heart to quail in the breasts of the Achaeans. Then lord Agamemnon spoke to him and said: "Nestor, son of Neleus, great glory of the Achaeans, why have you left the war, the man-destroyer, and come here? I fear that mighty Hector may really make good his word and the threats with which once he menaced us as he spoke among the Trojans, that he would not return to Ilios from the ships till he had burned the ships with fire and slain the men as well. So

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[4] *ὀψείοντες*: *ὄψ' ἀίοντες* Zenodotus.

[5] Line 40 was rejected by Aristarchus. In the same line for *Ἀχαιῶν* Zenodotus read *ἑταίρων*.

κεῖνος τὼς ἀγόρευε· τὰ δὴ νῦν πάντα τελεῖται.
ὢ πόποι, ἦ ῥα καὶ ἄλλοι ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐν θυμῷ βάλλονται ἐμοὶ χόλον, ὥς περ Ἀχιλλεύς,
οὐδ᾽ ἐθέλουσι μάχεσθαι ἐπὶ πρυμνῇσι νέεσσι."
    Τὸν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
"ἦ δὴ ταῦτά γ᾽ ἑτοῖμα τετεύχαται, οὐδέ κεν ἄλλως
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης αὐτὸς παρατεκτήναιτο.
τεῖχος μὲν γὰρ δὴ κατερήριπεν, ᾧ ἐπέπιθμεν
ἄρρηκτον νηῶν τε καὶ αὐτῶν εἶλαρ ἔσεσθαι·
οἱ δ᾽ ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσι μάχην ἀλίαστον ἔχουσι
νωλεμές· οὐδ᾽ ἂν ἔτι γνοίης μάλα περ σκοπιάζων
ὁπποτέρωθεν Ἀχαιοὶ ὀρινόμενοι κλονέονται,
ὡς ἐπιμὶξ κτείνονται, ἀυτὴ δ᾽ οὐρανὸν ἵκει.
ἡμεῖς δὲ φραζώμεθ᾽ ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα,
εἴ τι νόος ῥέξει. πόλεμον δ᾽ οὐκ ἄμμε κελεύω
δύμεναι· οὐ γάρ πως βεβλημένον ἔστι μάχεσθαι."
    Τὸν δ᾽ αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
"Νέστορ, ἐπεὶ δὴ νηυσὶν ἔπι πρυμνῇσι μάχονται,
τεῖχος δ᾽ οὐκ ἔχραισμε τετυγμένον, οὐδέ τι τάφρος,
ᾗ ἔπι πολλὰ πάθον Δαναοί, ἔλποντο δὲ θυμῷ
ἄρρηκτον νηῶν τε καὶ αὐτῶν εἶλαρ ἔσεσθαι·
οὕτω που Διὶ μέλλει ὑπερμενέι φίλον εἶναι,
νωνύμνους ἀπολέσθαι ἀπ᾽ Ἄργεος ἐνθάδ᾽ Ἀχαιούς.[6]
ᾔδεα μὲν γὰρ ὅτε[7] πρόφρων Δαναοῖσιν ἄμυνεν,
οἶδα δὲ νῦν ὅτε τοὺς μὲν ὁμῶς μακάρεσσι θεοῖσι
κυδάνει, ἡμέτερον δὲ μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἔδησεν.

[6] Line 70 is omitted in the best MSS.

he spoke, and now indeed all this is coming to pass. Well now! Surely the other well-greaved Achaeans are laying up wrath against me in their hearts, just as does Achilles, and have no mind to fight by the sterns of the ships."

Then made answer to him the horseman Nestor of Gerenia: "Yes, indeed, these things have now come to pass and are here at hand, nor could Zeus himself, who thunders on high, fashion them otherwise. For the wall has already been thrown down, in which we put our trust that it would be an unbreakable bulwark for our ships and ourselves. And the foe at the swift ships maintains a ceaseless fight, and makes no end; nor could you any more tell, even though you look very closely, from which direction the Achaeans are driven in rout, so confusedly are they slain, and the shouting goes up to heaven. But as for us, let us take thought how these things are to be, if planning will accomplish anything. But I urge that we should not enter into the war; in no way may a wounded man do battle."

And to him did the lord of men, Agamemnon, make answer: "Nestor, since indeed they are fighting at the sterns of the ships and the well-built wall has not provided protection, nor the trench, over which the Danaans labored much, and hoped at heart that it would be an unbreakable bulwark for their ships and for themselves—such, I suppose, must be the pleasure of Zeus, supreme in might, that the Achaeans should perish here far from Argos, and have no name. I knew it when he was eagerly aiding the Danaans, and I know it now when to the foe he is giving glory as he does to the blessed gods, but our might and our

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[7] ὅτε Aristarchus: ὅτι.

ἀλλ᾽ ἄγεθ᾽, ὡς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.
νῆες ὅσαι πρῶται εἰρύαται ἄγχι θαλάσσης,
ἕλκωμεν, πάσας δὲ ἐρύσσομεν εἰς ἅλα δῖαν,
ὕψι δ᾽ ἐπ᾽ εὐνάων ὁρμίσσομεν, εἰς ὅ κεν ἔλθῃ
νὺξ ἀβρότη, ἢν καὶ τῇ ἀπόσχωνται πολέμοιο
Τρῶες· ἔπειτα δέ κεν ἐρυσαίμεθα νῆας ἁπάσας.
οὐ γάρ τις νέμεσις φυγέειν κακόν, οὐδ᾽ ἀνὰ νύκτα.
βέλτερον ὃς φεύγων προφύγῃ κακὸν ἠὲ ἁλώῃ."
Τὸν δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
"Ἀτρεΐδη, ποῖόν σε ἔπος φύγεν ἕρκος ὀδόντων·
οὐλόμεν᾽, αἴθ᾽ ὤφελλες ἀεικελίου στρατοῦ ἄλλου
σημαίνειν, μηδ᾽ ἄμμιν ἀνασσέμεν, οἷσιν ἄρα Ζεὺς
ἐκ νεότητος ἔδωκε καὶ ἐς γῆρας τολυπεύειν
ἀργαλέους πολέμους, ὄφρα φθιόμεσθα ἕκαστος.
οὕτω δὴ μέμονας Τρώων πόλιν εὐρυάγυιαν
καλλείψειν,[8] ἧς εἵνεκ᾽ ὀϊζύομεν κακὰ πολλά;
σίγα, μή τίς τ᾽ ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν τοῦτον ἀκούσῃ
μῦθον, ὃν οὔ κεν ἀνήρ γε διὰ στόμα πάμπαν ἄγοιτο,
ὅς τις ἐπίσταιτο ᾗσι φρεσὶν ἄρτια βάζειν
σκηπτοῦχός τ᾽ εἴη, καί οἱ πειθοίατο λαοὶ
τοσσοίδ᾽ ὅσσοισιν σὺ μετ᾽ Ἀργείοισιν ἀνάσσεις.
νῦν δέ σευ ὠνοσάμην πάγχυ φρένας, οἷον ἔειπες·[9]
ὃς κέλεαι πολέμοιο συνεσταότος καὶ ἀυτῆς
νῆας ἐυσσέλμους ἅλαδ᾽ ἑλκέμεν, ὄφρ᾽ ἔτι μᾶλλον
Τρωσὶ μὲν εὐκτὰ γένηται ἐπικρατέουσί περ ἔμπης,
ἡμῖν δ᾽ αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος ἐπιρρέπῃ. οὐ γὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
σχήσουσιν πόλεμον νηῶν ἅλαδ᾽ ἑλκομενάων,

hands he has bound. But come, just as I shall say, let us all obey. Let us drag down the ships that are drawn up in the first line hard by the sea, and let us draw them all out into the bright sea, and moor them afloat with anchor stones till immortal night comes, if even then the Trojans refrain from war; and then might we drag down all the ships. For it is no shame to flee from ruin, even by night. Better it is if one flees from ruin and escapes than if he be taken."

Then with an angry glance Odysseus of many wiles addressed him: "Son of Atreus, what a word has escaped the barrier of your teeth! Accursed man, I wish that you were in command of some other, inglorious army, and not king over us, to whom Zeus has given, from youth right up to age, to wind the skein of gruesome wars till we perish, every man of us. Are you in truth so eager to leave behind you the broad-wayed city of the Trojans, for the sake of which we suffer many hardships? Be silent, lest some other of the Achaeans hear those words that no man would in any way allow to pass through his mouth at all, no man who has understanding in his senses to utter things that are right, and who is a sceptered king whom so many men obey as are the Argives among whom you are lord. But now I have altogether scorn for your mind, such a thing have you said, who tell us, when war and battle are engaged, to launch our well-benched ships on the sea, so that even more than before the Trojans may have their desired result, though they are victors even now, and so that on us sheer destruction may fall. For the Achaeans will not maintain the war once they see ships being drawn down to the sea, but will ever

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[8] *καλλείψειν*: *ἐκπέρσειν* Zenodotus.

[9] Line 95 was rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

ἀλλ᾽ ἀποπαπτανέουσιν, ἐρωήσουσι δὲ χάρμης.
ἔνθα κε σὴ βουλὴ δηλήσεται, ὄρχαμε λαῶν."
Τὸν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
"ὦ Ὀδυσεῦ, μάλα πώς με καθίκεο θυμὸν ἐνιπῇ
ἀργαλέῃ· ἀτὰρ οὐ μὲν ἐγὼν ἀέκοντας ἄνωγα
νῆας ἐυσσέλμους ἅλαδ᾽ ἑλκέμεν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν.
νῦν δ᾽ εἴη ὃς τῆσδέ γ᾽ ἀμείνονα μῆτιν ἐνίσποι,
ἢ νέος ἠὲ παλαιός· ἐμοὶ δέ κεν ἀσμένῳ εἴη."
Τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
"ἐγγὺς ἀνήρ, οὐ δηθὰ ματεύσομεν, αἴ κ᾽ ἐθέλητε
πείθεσθαι, καὶ μή τι κότῳ ἀγάσησθε ἕκαστος
οὕνεκα δὴ γενεῆφι νεώτατός εἰμι μεθ᾽ ὑμῖν·
πατρὸς δ᾽ ἐξ ἀγαθοῦ καὶ ἐγὼ γένος εὔχομαι εἶναι,
Τυδέος, ὃν Θήβῃσι χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα καλύπτει.[10]
Πορθεῖ γὰρ τρεῖς παῖδες ἀμύμονες ἐξεγένοντο,
οἴκεον δ᾽ ἐν Πλευρῶνι καὶ αἰπεινῇ Καλυδῶνι,
Ἄγριος ἠδὲ Μέλας, τρίτατος δ᾽ ἦν ἱππότα Οἰνεύς,
πατρὸς ἐμοῖο πατήρ· ἀρετῇ δ᾽ ἦν ἔξοχος αὐτῶν.
ἀλλ᾽ ὁ μὲν αὐτόθι μεῖνε, πατὴρ δ᾽ ἐμὸς Ἄργεϊ νάσθη
πλαγχθείς· ὣς γάρ που Ζεὺς ἤθελε καὶ θεοὶ ἄλλοι.
Ἀδρήστοιο δ᾽ ἔγημε θυγατρῶν, ναῖε δὲ δῶμα
ἀφνειὸν βιότοιο, ἅλις δέ οἱ ἦσαν ἄρουραι
πυροφόροι, πολλοὶ δὲ φυτῶν ἔσαν ὄρχατοι ἀμφίς,
πολλὰ δέ οἱ πρόβατ᾽ ἔσκε· κέκαστο δὲ πάντας
Ἀχαιοὺς
ἐγχείῃ· τὰ δὲ μέλλετ᾽ ἀκουέμεν, εἰ[11] ἐτεόν περ.
τῶ οὐκ ἄν με γένος γε κακὸν καὶ ἀνάλκιδα φάντες

be looking away, and will withdraw from battle. Then will your counsel prove destructive, leader of armies."

To him then made answer Agamemnon, lord of men: "Odysseus, you have stung my heart with harsh reproach; yet I do not urge that against their will the sons of the Achaeans should launch their well-benched ships on the sea. But now I wish there were one who might utter counsel better than this one, whether young man or old; welcome it would be to me."

Then among them spoke also Diomedes, good at the war cry: "Near by is that man; not long shall we seek him, if you are minded to give ear, and be in no way indignant with resentment, each one of you, because in years I am the youngest among you. But of a noble father I too declare that I am come by lineage, of Tydeus, whom in Thebes the heaped-up earth conceals. For to Portheus were born three incomparable sons, and they lived in Pleuron and steep Calydon, Agrius and Melas, and the third was the horseman Oeneus, who was father to my father, and in valor was preeminent among them. Though he remained there, my father went wandering to Argos and settled there, for so, I suppose, was Zeus minded and the other gods. And he wed one of the daughters of Adrastus, and dwelt in a house rich in substance, and abundance was his of wheat-bearing fields, and many orchards of trees were round about, and many sheep as well; and with his spear he excelled all the Achaeans. Of these things you must have heard, whether I speak the truth. So you will not say that by lineage I am a coward and a weakling, and so despise the

[10] Line 114 was rejected by Zenodotus and Aristophanes.

[11] εἰ Aristarchus: ὡς.

μῦθον ἀτιμήσαιτε πεφασμένον, ὅν κ᾽ ἐὺ εἴπω.
δεῦτ᾽ ἴομεν πόλεμόνδε καὶ οὐτάμενοί περ ἀνάγκῃ.
ἔνθα δ᾽ ἔπειτ᾽ αὐτοὶ μὲν ἐχώμεθα δηιοτῆτος
ἐκ βελέων, μή πού τις ἐφ᾽ ἕλκεϊ ἕλκος ἄρηται·
ἄλλους δ᾽ ὀτρύνοντες ἐνήσομεν, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ
θυμῷ ἦρα φέροντες ἀφεστᾶσ᾽ οὐδὲ μάχονται."
Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, οἱ δ᾽ ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδ᾽ ἐπίθοντο·
βὰν δ᾽ ἴμεν, ἦρχε δ᾽ ἄρα σφιν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων.
Οὐδ᾽ ἀλαοσκοπιὴν εἶχε κλυτὸς Ἐννοσίγαιος,
ἀλλὰ μετ᾽ αὐτοὺς ἦλθε παλαιῷ φωτὶ ἐοικώς,[12]
δεξιτερὴν δ᾽ ἕλε χεῖρ᾽ Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ἀτρεΐδη, νῦν δή που Ἀχιλλῆος ὀλοὸν κῆρ
γηθεῖ ἐνὶ στήθεσσι, φόνον καὶ φύζαν Ἀχαιῶν
δερκομένῳ, ἐπεὶ οὔ οἱ ἔνι φρένες, οὐδ᾽ ἠβαιαί.
ἀλλ᾽ ὁ μὲν ὣς ἀπόλοιτο, θεὸς δέ ἑ σιφλώσειε·
σοὶ δ᾽ οὔ πω μάλα πάγχυ θεοὶ μάκαρες κοτέουσιν,
ἀλλ᾽ ἔτι που Τρώων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες
εὐρὺ κονίσουσιν πεδίον, σὺ δ᾽ ἐπόψεαι αὐτὸς
φεύγοντας προτὶ ἄστυ νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων."
Ὣς εἰπὼν μέγ᾽ ἄυσεν, ἐπεσσύμενος πεδίοιο.
ὅσσον τ᾽ ἐννεάχιλοι ἐπίαχον ἢ δεκάχιλοι
ἀνέρες ἐν πολέμῳ, ἔριδα ξυνάγοντες Ἄρηος,
τόσσην ἐκ στήθεσφιν ὄπα κρείων Ἐνοσίχθων
ἧκεν· Ἀχαιοῖσιν δὲ μέγα σθένος ἔμβαλ᾽ ἑκάστῳ

words I speak, whatever I speak rightly. Come, let us go down to battle, wounded though we are, since we must. Then we will hold ourselves apart from the fight, beyond the range of missiles, lest perhaps one of us take wound on wound; but the others we will spur on and send into battle, even those who up till now have given in to their resentment and stand apart and fight not."

So he spoke, and they readily heard him and obeyed. So they set out to go, and it was the lord of men, Agamemnon, who led them.

And no blind watch did the famed Shaker of Earth keep, but went with them in the likeness of an old man, and he took hold of the right hand of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, and spoke, and addressed him with winged words: "Son of Atreus, now indeed, I think, does the destructive heart of Achilles rejoice in his breast as he looks upon the slaughter and rout of the Achaeans, since he has no understanding, no, not a trace. But so may he perish, and a god bring him low. But with you are the blessed gods in no way utterly angry; but even now, I think, will the leaders and rulers of the Trojans raise the dust of the wide plain, and you yourself will look on them fleeing to the city from the ships and huts."

So saying, he shouted mightily as he sped over the plain. As loud as nine thousand warriors, or ten thousand, cry in battle when they join in the strife of the War god, so mighty a shout did the lord, the Shaker of Earth, send out from his breast, and in the heart of each man of the

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[12] After 136 Zenodotus added the line
ἀντιθέῳ Φοίνικι ὀπάονι Πηλείωνος.

καρδίῃ, ἄλληκτον πολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι.
  Ἥρη δ' εἰσεῖδε χρυσόθρονος ὀφθαλμοῖσι
στᾶσ' ἐξ Οὐλύμποιο ἀπὸ ῥίου· αὐτίκα δ' ἔγνω
τὸν μὲν ποιπνύοντα μάχην ἀνὰ κυδιάνειραν
αὐτοκασίγνητον καὶ δαέρα, χαῖρε δὲ θυμῷ·
Ζῆνα δ' ἐπ' ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς πολυπίδακος Ἴδης
ἥμενον εἰσεῖδε, στυγερὸς δέ οἱ ἔπλετο θυμῷ.
μερμήριξε δ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη
ὅππως ἐξαπάφοιτο Διὸς νόον αἰγιόχοιο.
ἥδε δέ οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλή,
ἐλθεῖν εἰς Ἴδην εὖ ἐντύνασαν ἕ αὐτήν,
εἴ πως ἱμείραιτο παραδραθέειν φιλότητι
ᾗ χροιῇ, τῷ δ' ὕπνον ἀπήμονά τε λιαρόν τε
χεύῃ ἐπὶ βλεφάροισιν ἰδὲ φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι.
βῆ δ' ἴμεν ἐς θάλαμον, τόν οἱ φίλος υἱὸς ἔτευξεν
Ἥφαιστος, πυκινὰς δὲ θύρας σταθμοῖσιν ἐπῆρσε
κληῖδι κρυπτῇ, τὴν δ' οὐ θεὸς ἄλλος ἀνῷγεν·
ἔνθ' ἥ γ' εἰσελθοῦσα θύρας ἐπέθηκε φαεινάς.
ἀμβροσίῃ μὲν πρῶτον ἀπὸ χροὸς ἱμερόεντος
λύματα πάντα κάθηρεν, ἀλείψατο δὲ λίπ' ἐλαίῳ
ἀμβροσίῳ ἑδανῷ, τό ῥά οἱ τεθυωμένον ἦεν·
τοῦ καὶ κινυμένοιο Διὸς κατὰ χαλκοβατὲς δῶ
ἔμπης ἐς γαῖάν τε καὶ οὐρανὸν ἵκετ' ἀυτμή.
τῷ ῥ' ἥ γε χρόα καλὸν ἀλειψαμένη ἰδὲ χαίτας
πεξαμένη χερσὶ πλοκάμους ἔπλεξε φαεινοὺς
καλοὺς ἀμβροσίους[13] ἐκ κράατος ἀθανάτοιο.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀμβρόσιον ἑανὸν ἕσαθ', ὅν οἱ Ἀθήνη
ἔξυσ' ἀσκήσασα, τίθει δ' ἐνὶ δαίδαλα πολλά·

Achaeans he roused great strength to war and to battle without ceasing.

Now Hera of the golden throne was standing on a peak of Olympus and looked down on him, and immediately recognized him as he went busily about in the battle where men win glory, her own brother and her brother-in-law; and she rejoiced at heart. And Zeus she noticed seated on the topmost peak of many-fountained Ida, and hateful was he to her heart. Then she took thought, the ox-eyed queenly Hera, how she might distract the mind of Zeus who bears the aegis. And this plan seemed to her mind the best, to go to Ida, when she had beauteously adorned herself, to see if he might long to lie by her side and embrace her body in love, and she might shed a warm and gentle sleep on his eyelids and his cunning mind. So she set out to go to her chamber that her dear son Hephaestus had fashioned for her, fitting strong doors to the doorposts with a secret bolt that no other god could open. There she entered in, and closed the bright doors. With ambrosia first did she cleanse every stain from her lovely body, and anointed herself richly with oil, ambrosial, soft, and of rich fragrance; if this were but shaken in the palace of Zeus with threshold of bronze, its scent would reach to earth and heaven. With this she anointed her lovely body, and she combed her hair, and with her hands plaited the bright tresses, fair and ambrosial, that streamed from her immortal head. Then she clothed herself in an ambrosial robe which Athene had worked and smoothed for her, and had

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[13] *ἀμβροσίους: καὶ μεγάλους.*

χρυσείῃς δ' ἐνετῇσι κατὰ στῆθος περονᾶτο.
ζώσατο δὲ ζώνῃ ἑκατὸν θυσάνοις ἀραρυίῃ,
ἐν δ' ἄρα ἕρματα ἧκεν ἐυτρήτοισι λοβοῖσι
τρίγληνα μορόεντα· χάρις δ' ἀπελάμπετο πολλή.
κρηδέμνῳ δ' ἐφύπερθε καλύψατο δῖα θεάων
καλῷ νηγατέῳ· λευκὸν δ' ἦν ἠέλιος ὥς·
ποσσὶ δ' ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ πάντα περὶ χροῒ θήκατο κόσμον,
βῆ ῥ' ἴμεν ἐκ θαλάμοιο, καλεσσαμένη δ' Ἀφροδίτην
τῶν ἄλλων ἀπάνευθε θεῶν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπε·
"ἦ ῥά νύ μοί τι πίθοιο, φίλον τέκος, ὅττι κεν εἴπω,
ἦέ κεν ἀρνήσαιο, κοτεσσαμένη τό γε θυμῷ,
οὕνεκ' ἐγὼ Δαναοῖσι, σὺ δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἀρήγεις;"
Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη·
"Ἥρη, πρέσβα θεά, θύγατερ μεγάλοιο Κρόνοιο,
αὔδα ὅ τι φρονέεις· τελέσαι δέ με θυμὸς ἄνωγεν,
εἰ δύναμαι τελέσαι γε καὶ εἰ τετελεσμένον ἐστίν."
Τὴν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνια Ἥρη·
"δὸς νῦν μοι φιλότητα καὶ ἵμερον, ᾧ τε σὺ πάντας
δαμνᾷ ἀθανάτους ἠδὲ θνητοὺς ἀνθρώπους.
εἶμι γὰρ ὀψομένη πολυφόρβου πείρατα γαίης,
Ὠκεανόν τε, θεῶν γένεσιν, καὶ μητέρα Τηθύν,
οἵ με σφοῖσι δόμοισιν ἐὺ τρέφον ἠδ' ἀτίταλλον,
δεξάμενοι Ῥείας, ὅτε τε Κρόνον εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
γαίης νέρθε καθεῖσε καὶ ἀτρυγέτοιο θαλάσσης·
τοὺς εἶμ' ὀψομένη, καί σφ' ἄκριτα νείκεα λύσω·
ἤδη γὰρ δηρὸν χρόνον ἀλλήλων ἀπέχονται
εὐνῆς καὶ φιλότητος, ἐπεὶ χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.

set on it many embroideries; and she pinned it at the breast with brooches of gold, and she girt about her a belt set with one hundred tassels, and in her pierced ears she put earrings with three clustering drops; and abundant grace shone from them. And with a veil over all did the fair goddess veil herself, a veil fair and bright, all glistening, and it was white as the sun; and beneath her shining feet she bound her fair sandals. But when she had decked her body with all adornment, she went out from her chamber and, calling Aphrodite to her apart from the other gods, she spoke to her, saying: "Will you now heed me, dear child, in what I shall say? Or will you refuse me, being resentful at heart because I give aid to the Danaans and you to the Trojans?"

Then made answer to her Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus: "Hera, honored goddess, daughter of great Cronos, speak what is in your mind; my heart commands me to fulfill it, if fulfill it I can, and it is a thing that has fulfillment."

Then with crafty thought spoke to her queenly Hera: "Give me now love and desire, with which you subdue all immortals and mortal men. For I am going to visit the limits of the all-nurturing earth, and Oceanus, from whom the gods are sprung, and mother Tethys, who lovingly nursed and cherished me in their halls when they had taken me from Rhea, when Zeus, whose voice resounds afar, thrust Cronos down to live beneath earth and the unresting sea. Them I am going to visit, and will loose for them their endless strife, for now for a long time they have been holding aloof from one another, from the marriage bed and from love, since wrath has fallen on their hearts. If by words I

εἰ κείνω γ᾽ ἐπέεσσι παραιπεπιθοῦσα φίλον κῆρ
εἰς εὐνὴν ἀνέσαιμι ὁμωθῆναι φιλότητι,
αἰεί κέ σφι φίλη τε καὶ αἰδοίη καλεοίμην."
Τὴν δ᾽ αὖτε προσέειπε φιλομμειδὴς Ἀφροδίτη·
"οὐκ ἔστ᾽ οὐδὲ ἔοικε τεὸν ἔπος ἀρνήσασθαι·
Ζηνὸς γὰρ τοῦ ἀρίστου ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσιν ἰαύεις."[14]
Ἦ, καὶ ἀπὸ στήθεσφιν ἐλύσατο κεστὸν ἱμάντα
ποικίλον, ἔνθα τέ οἱ θελκτήρια πάντα τέτυκτο·
ἔνθ᾽ ἔνι μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ᾽ ἵμερος, ἐν δ᾽ ὀαριστὺς
πάρφασις, ἥ τ᾽ ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων.
τόν ῥά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσὶν ἔπος τ᾽ ἔφατ᾽ ἔκ τ᾽ ὀνόμαζε·
"τῆ νῦν, τοῦτον ἱμάντα τεῷ ἐγκάτθεο κόλπῳ,
ποικίλον, ᾧ ἔνι πάντα τετεύχαται· οὐδέ σέ φημι
ἄπρηκτόν γε νέεσθαι, ὅ τι φρεσὶ σῇσι μενοινᾷς."
Ὣς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη,
μειδήσασα δ᾽ ἔπειτα ἑῷ[15] ἐγκάτθετο κόλπῳ.
Ἡ μὲν ἔβη πρὸς δῶμα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη,
Ἥρη δ᾽ ἀΐξασα λίπεν ῥίον Οὐλύμποιο,
Πιερίην δ᾽ ἐπιβᾶσα καὶ Ἠμαθίην ἐρατεινὴν
σεύατ᾽ ἐφ᾽ ἱπποπόλων Θρῃκῶν ὄρεα νιφόεντα,
ἀκροτάτας κορυφάς, οὐδὲ χθόνα μάρπτε ποδοῖιν·
ἐξ Ἀθόω δ᾽ ἐπὶ πόντον ἐβήσετο κυμαίνοντα,
Λῆμνον δ᾽ εἰσαφίκανε, πόλιν θείοιο Θόαντος.
ἔνθ᾽ Ὕπνῳ ξύμβλητο, κασιγνήτῳ Θανάτοιο,
ἔν τ᾽ ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ᾽ ἔφατ᾽ ἔκ τ᾽ ὀνόμαζεν·
"Ὕπνε, ἄναξ πάντων τε θεῶν πάντων τ᾽ ἀνθρώπων,
ἠμὲν δή ποτ᾽ ἐμὸν ἔπος ἔκλυες, ἠδ᾽ ἔτι καὶ νῦν
πείθευ· ἐγὼ δέ κέ τοι ἰδέω χάριν ἤματα πάντα.

were to persuade the hearts of these two, and bring them back to bed to be joined together in love, ever should I be called dear by them and honored."

To her again spoke in answer laughter-loving Aphrodite: "It cannot be, nor is it right, that I should refuse your words; for you sleep in the arms of mightiest Zeus."

She spoke, and loosed from her bosom the embroidered strap, inlaid, in which are fashioned all manner of allurements; in it is love, in it desire, in it dalliance—persuasion that steals the senses even of the wise. This she placed in her hands, and spoke and addressed her: "Take now and place in your bosom this strap, inlaid, in which all things are fashioned: I say you will not return with that unaccomplished, whatever in your heart you desire."

So she spoke, and ox-eyed queenly Hera smiled, and smiling placed the strap in her bosom.

She then went to her house, the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, but Hera darted down and left the peak of Olympus; on Pieria she stepped and lovely Emathia, and sped over the snowy mountains of the Thracian horsemen, over their topmost peaks, and grazed not the ground with her feet; and from Athos she stepped on to the billowy sea, and so came to Lemnos, the city of godlike Thoas. There she met Sleep, the brother of Death; and she clasped him by the hand, and spoke and addressed him: "Sleep, lord of all gods and all men, if ever you heard a word of mine, so even now obey, and I will owe you thanks all my days. Lull to

[14] Line 213 was rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.
[15] ἑῷ: μέσῳ Zenodotus.

κοίμησόν μοι Ζηνὸς ὑπ᾽ ὀφρύσιν ὄσσε φαεινώ,
αὐτίκ᾽ ἐπεί κεν ἐγὼ παραλέξομαι ἐν φιλότητι.
δῶρα δέ τοι δώσω καλὸν θρόνον, ἄφθιτον αἰεί,
χρύσεον· Ἥφαιστος δέ κ᾽ ἐμὸς πάις ἀμφιγυήεις
τεύξει᾽ ἀσκήσας, ὑπὸ δὲ θρῆνυν ποσὶν ἥσει,
τῷ κεν ἐπισχοίης λιπαροὺς πόδας εἰλαπινάζων."
Τὴν δ᾽ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσεφώνεε νήδυμος Ὕπνος·
"Ἥρη, πρέσβα θεά, θύγατερ μεγάλοιο Κρόνοιο,
ἄλλον μέν κεν ἐγώ γε θεῶν αἰειγενετάων
ῥεῖα κατευνήσαιμι, καὶ ἂν ποταμοῖο ῥέεθρα
Ὠκεανοῦ, ὅς περ γένεσις πάντεσσι τέτυκται·
Ζηνὸς δ᾽ οὐκ ἂν ἐγώ γε Κρονίονος ἆσσον ἱκοίμην,
οὐδὲ κατευνήσαιμ᾽, ὅτε μὴ αὐτός γε κελεύοι.
ἤδη γάρ με καὶ ἄλλο τεὴ ἐπίνυσσεν ἐφετμή,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε κεῖνος ὑπέρθυμος Διὸς υἱὸς
ἔπλεεν Ἰλιόθεν, Τρώων πόλιν ἐξαλαπάξας.
ἦ τοι ἐγὼ μὲν ἔθελξα Διὸς νόον αἰγιόχοιο
νήδυμος ἀμφιχυθείς· σὺ δέ οἱ κακὰ μήσαο θυμῷ,
ὄρσασ᾽ ἀργαλέων ἀνέμων ἐπὶ πόντον ἀήτας,
καί μιν ἔπειτα Κόωνδ᾽ εὖ ναιομένην ἀπένεικας,
νόσφι φίλων πάντων. ὁ δ᾽ ἐπεγρόμενος χαλέπαινε,
ῥιπτάζων κατὰ δῶμα θεούς, ἐμὲ δ᾽ ἔξοχα πάντων
ζήτει· καί κέ μ᾽ ἄιστον ἀπ᾽ αἰθέρος ἔμβαλε πόντῳ,
εἰ μὴ Νὺξ δμήτειρα[16] θεῶν ἐσάωσε καὶ ἀνδρῶν·

[16] δμήτειρα Aristarchus: μήτειρα Zenodotus and Aristophanes.

sleep the gleaming eyes of Zeus beneath his brows for me, as soon as I shall have lain down by his side in love. And gifts will I give you, a fair throne, ever imperishable, of gold, that Hephaestus, my own son, the god of the two lame legs, will fashion for you with skill, and beneath it will he set a stool for the feet, on which you may rest your shining feet when you quaff your wine."

Then sweet Sleep made answer to her, saying: "Hera, honored goddess, daughter of great Cronos, another of the gods who are for ever would I lightly lull to sleep, even if it were the streams of the river Oceanus from whom they all are sprung; but to Zeus, son of Cronos, will I neither draw near, nor lull him to slumber, unless he himself orders me. For before now on another occasion did a command of yours teach me a lesson, on the day when the glorious son of Zeus, high of heart, sailed out from Ilios, when he had sacked the city of the Trojans.[1] I distracted the mind of Zeus who bears the aegis, being shed in sweetness round about him, and you devised evil in your heart against his son when you had roused the blasts of cruel winds over the face of the deep, and then carried him away to well-peopled Cos, far from all his comrades. But Zeus, when he awakened, was angry, and flung the gods about his halls, and me above all he sought, and would have hurled me from heaven into the deep to be seen no more, if Night had not saved me—Night who subdues both gods and men. To

[1] The story of the sacking of Troy by Heracles is told in brief in 5.638-651. The events recorded in the present passage occurred as the hero was returning from Troy to Argos. In 15.18 ff we are told of the punishment meted out to Hera by Zeus, when he awakened from slumber, and in 1.590 ff of the fate of Hephaestus, who sought to bear aid to his mother. M.

τὴν ἱκόμην φεύγων, ὁ δὲ παύσατο χωόμενός περ.
ἅζετο γὰρ μὴ Νυκτὶ θοῇ ἀποθύμια ἕρδοι.
νῦν αὖ τοῦτό μ' ἄνωγας ἀμήχανον ἄλλο τελέσσαι."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη·
"Ὕπνε, τίη δὲ σὺ ταῦτα μετὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι μενοινᾷς;
ἦ φῂς ὣς Τρώεσσιν ἀρηξέμεν εὐρύοπα Ζῆν
ὡς Ἡρακλῆος περιχώσατο παῖδος ἑοῖο;
ἀλλ' ἴθ', ἐγὼ δέ κέ τοι Χαρίτων μίαν ὁπλοτεράων
δώσω ὀπυιέμεναι καὶ σὴν κεκλῆσθαι ἄκοιτιν,
Πασιθέην, ἧς αἰὲν ἱμείρεαι ἤματα πάντα."[17]
Ὣς φάτο, χήρατο δ' Ὕπνος, ἀμειβόμενος δὲ προσηύδα·
"ἄγρει νῦν μοι ὄμοσσον ἀάατον Στυγὸς ὕδωρ,
χειρὶ δὲ τῇ ἑτέρῃ μὲν ἕλε χθόνα πουλυβότειραν,
τῇ δ' ἑτέρῃ ἅλα μαρμαρέην, ἵνα νῶιν ἅπαντες
μάρτυροι ὦσ' οἱ ἔνερθε θεοὶ Κρόνον ἀμφὶς ἐόντες,
ἦ μὲν ἐμοὶ δώσειν Χαρίτων μίαν ὁπλοτεράων,
Πασιθέην, ἧς τ' αὐτὸς ἐέλδομαι ἤματα πάντα."
Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
ὄμνυε δ' ὡς ἐκέλευε, θεοὺς δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἅπαντας
τοὺς ὑποταρταρίους, οἳ Τιτῆνες καλέονται.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥ' ὄμοσέν τε τελεύτησέν τε τὸν ὅρκον,
τὼ βήτην Λήμνου τε καὶ Ἴμβρου ἄστυ λιπόντε,
ἠέρα ἑσσαμένω, ῥίμφα πρήσσοντε κέλευθον.
Ἴδην δ' ἱκέσθην πολυπίδακα, μητέρα θηρῶν,
Λεκτόν, ὅθι πρῶτον λιπέτην ἅλα· τὼ δ' ἐπὶ χέρσου
βήτην, ἀκροτάτη δὲ ποδῶν ὕπο σείετο ὕλη.
ἔνθ' Ὕπνος μὲν ἔμεινε πάρος Διὸς ὄσσε ἰδέσθαι,

her I came in my flight, and Zeus checked himself, though he was angry, for he hesitated to do anything displeasing to swift Night. And now again you command me to fulfill this, another impossible task."

To him then spoke again ox-eyed queenly Hera: "Sleep, why is it you ponder these things in your heart? Do you think that Zeus, whose voice resounds afar, will aid the Trojans in the same way he grew angry for the sake of Heracles, his own son? But come, I will give you one of the youthful Graces to wed and to be called your wife, Pasithea, for whom you have been longing all your days."

So she spoke, and Sleep rejoiced, and made answer saying: "Come now, swear to me by the inviolable water of Styx, and with one hand lay hold of the bounteous earth, and with the other the shimmering sea, so that all the gods who are below with Cronos may be witnesses for us two, that you truly will give me one of the youthful Graces, Pasithea, for whom I have been longing all my days."

So he spoke, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, failed not to obey, but swore as he said, and invoked by name all the gods below Tartarus, who are called Titans. But when she had sworn and made an end of the oath, the two of them left the cities of Lemnos and Imbros, and clothed about in mist went out, speeding lightly on their way. To many-fountained Ida they came, mother of wild beasts, to Lectum, where first they left the sea; and they went on to the dry land, and the topmost forest quivered beneath their feet. There Sleep halted, before the eyes of

[17] Line 269 is omitted in most MSS.

εἰς ἐλάτην ἀναβὰς περιμήκετον, ἣ τότ᾽ ἐν Ἴδῃ
μακροτάτη πεφυυῖα δι᾽ ἠέρος αἰθέρ᾽ ἵκανεν·
ἔνθ᾽ ἧστ᾽ ὄζοισιν πεπυκασμένος εἰλατίνοισιν,
ὄρνιθι λιγυρῇ ἐναλίγκιος, ἥν τ᾽ ἐν ὄρεσσι
χαλκίδα κικλήσκουσι θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ κύμινδιν.
Ἥρη δὲ κραιπνῶς προσεβήσετο Γάργαρον ἄκρον
Ἴδης ὑψηλῆς· ἴδε δὲ νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς.
ὡς δ᾽ ἴδεν, ὥς μιν ἔρως πυκινὰς φρένας ἀμφεκάλυψεν,
οἷον ὅτε πρῶτόν περ ἐμισγέσθην φιλότητι,
εἰς εὐνὴν φοιτῶντε, φίλους λήθοντε τοκῆας.
στῆ δ᾽ αὐτῆς προπάροιθεν ἔπος τ᾽ ἔφατ᾽ ἔκ τ᾽ ὀνόμαζεν·
"Ἥρη, πῇ μεμαυῖα κατ᾽ Οὐλύμπου τόδ᾽ ἱκάνεις;
ἵπποι δ᾽ οὐ παρέασι καὶ ἅρματα, τῶν κ᾽ ἐπιβαίης."
Τὸν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνια Ἥρη·
"ἔρχομαι ὀψομένη πολυφόρβου πείρατα γαίης,
Ὠκεανόν τε, θεῶν γένεσιν, καὶ μητέρα Τηθύν,
οἵ με σφοῖσι δόμοισιν ἐὺ τρέφον ἠδ᾽ ἀτίταλλον·
τοὺς εἶμ᾽ ὀψομένη, καί σφ᾽ ἄκριτα νείκεα λύσω·[18]
ἤδη γὰρ δηρὸν χρόνον ἀλλήλων ἀπέχονται
εὐνῆς καὶ φιλότητος, ἐπεὶ χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.
ἵπποι δ᾽ ἐν πρυμνωρείῃ πολυπίδακος Ἴδης
ἑστᾶσ᾽, οἵ μ᾽ οἴσουσιν ἐπὶ τραφερήν τε καὶ ὑγρήν.
νῦν δὲ σεῦ εἵνεκα δεῦρο κατ᾽ Οὐλύμπου τόδ᾽ ἱκάνω,
μή πώς μοι μετέπειτα χολώσεαι, αἴ κε σιωπῇ
οἴχωμαι πρὸς δῶμα βαθυρρόου Ὠκεανοῖο."
Τὴν δ᾽ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·

Zeus saw him, and mounted up on an exceedingly tall fir tree, the highest that then grew in Ida; and it reached up through the mists into heaven. On it he sat, hidden by the branches of the fir, in the likeness of a clear-voiced mountain bird that the gods call chalcis, but men call cymindis.

But Hera swiftly came up to topmost Gargarus, the peak of lofty Ida, and Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, saw her. And when he saw her, then love engulfed his shrewd mind, just as when they first had joined in love, going off to bed unbeknownst to their dear parents. And he stood before her, and spoke, and addressed her: "Hera, where are you off to, coming down here from Olympus in this way? Your horses are not at hand, nor your chariot, on which you might mount."

Then with crafty mind the queenly Hera spoke to him: "I am going to visit the limits of the all-nurturing earth, and Oceanus, from whom the gods are sprung, and mother Tethys, who lovingly nursed me and cherished me in their halls. Them I am going to visit, and will loose for them their endless strife, for now for a long time they have been holding aloof from one another, from the marriage bed and from love, since wrath has fallen on their hearts. And my horses stand at the foot of many-fountained Ida, my horses that will carry me both over the solid land and the waters of the sea. But now it is because of you that I have come here down from Olympus, lest perhaps you may be angry with me in future, if without telling you I go to the house of deep-flowing Oceanus."

In answer spoke to her Zeus, the cloud-gatherer:

[18] Lines 304–306 were rejected by Zenodotus and Aristophanes.

"Ἥρη, κεῖσε μὲν ἔστι καὶ ὕστερον ὁρμηθῆναι,
νῶι δ' ἄγ' ἐν φιλότητι τραπείομεν εὐνηθέντε.
οὐ γάρ πώ ποτέ μ' ὧδε θεᾶς ἔρος οὐδὲ γυναικὸς
θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι περιπροχυθεὶς ἐδάμασσεν,
οὐδ' ὁπότ' ἠρασάμην Ἰξιονίης ἀλόχοιο,[19]
ἣ τέκε Πειρίθοον, θεόφιν μήστωρ' ἀτάλαντον·
οὐδ' ὅτε περ Δανάης καλλισφύρου Ἀκρισιώνης,
ἣ τέκε Περσῆα, πάντων ἀριδείκετον ἀνδρῶν·
οὐδ' ὅτε Φοίνικος κούρης τηλεκλειτοῖο,
ἣ τέκε μοι Μίνων τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Ῥαδάμανθυν·
οὐδ' ὅτε περ Σεμέλης οὐδ' Ἀλκμήνης ἐνὶ Θήβῃ,
ἥ ῥ' Ἡρακλῆα κρατερόφρονα γείνατο παῖδα·
ἡ δὲ Διώνυσον Σεμέλη τέκε, χάρμα βροτοῖσιν·
οὐδ' ὅτε Δήμητρος καλλιπλοκάμοιο ἀνάσσης,
οὐδ' ὁπότε Λητοῦς ἐρικυδέος, οὐδὲ σεῦ αὐτῆς,
ὡς σέο νῦν ἔραμαι καί με γλυκὺς ἵμερος αἱρεῖ."
Τὸν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνια Ἥρη·
"αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες.
εἰ νῦν ἐν φιλότητι λιλαίεαι εὐνηθῆναι
Ἴδης ἐν κορυφῇσι, τὰ δὲ προπέφανται ἅπαντα·
πῶς κ' ἔοι, εἴ τις νῶι θεῶν αἰειγενετάων
εὕδοντ' ἀθρήσειε, θεοῖσι δὲ πᾶσι μετελθὼν
πεφράδοι; οὐκ ἂν ἐγώ γε τεὸν πρὸς δῶμα νεοίμην
ἐξ εὐνῆς ἀνστᾶσα, νεμεσσητὸν δέ κεν εἴη.
ἀλλ' εἰ δή ῥ' ἐθέλεις καί τοι φίλον ἔπλετο θυμῷ,
ἔστιν τοι θάλαμος, τόν τοι φίλος υἱὸς ἔτευξεν
Ἥφαιστος, πυκινὰς δὲ θύρας σταθμοῖσιν ἐπῆρσεν·
ἔνθ' ἴομεν κείοντες, ἐπεί νύ τοι εὔαδεν εὐνή."

"Hera, you may go there later. But for us two, come, let us take our joy bedded together in love; for never yet has desire for goddess or mortal woman so shed itself about me and overmastered the heart within my breast—not even when I was seized with love of Ixion's wife, who bore Peirithous, the peer of the gods in counsel; nor of Danaë of the fair ankles, Acrisius' daughter, who bore Perseus, preeminent above all warriors; nor of the daughter of far-famed Phoenix, who bore me Minos and godlike Rhadamanthys; nor of Semele, nor of Alcmene in Thebes, and she brought forth Heracles, her son stout of heart, and Semele bore Dionysus, the joy of mortals; nor of Demeter, the fair-tressed queen; nor of glorious Leto; nor yet of yourself, as now I love you, and sweet desire lays hold of me."

Then with crafty mind the queenly Hera spoke to him: "Most dread son of Cronos, what a word you have said! If now you are eager to be bedded in love on the peaks of Ida and everything is plain to view, what if some one of the gods who are for ever should look on us two as we sleep, and should go and tell it to all the gods? Then I at least could not arise from the bed and go again to your house; that would be a shameful thing. But if you really are so minded, and it is your heart's pleasure, you have a chamber that your dear son Hephaestus fashioned for you, fitting strong doors to the door posts. There let us go and lie down, since the bed is clearly your desire."

[19] Lines 317–327 were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"Ἥρη, μήτε θεῶν τό γε δείδιθι μήτε τιν' ἀνδρῶν
ὄψεσθαι· τοῖόν τοι ἐγὼ νέφος ἀμφικαλύψω
χρύσεον· οὐδ' ἂν νῶι διαδράκοι Ἠέλιός περ,
οὗ τε καὶ ὀξύτατον πέλεται φάος εἰσοράασθαι."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀγκὰς ἔμαρπτε Κρόνου παῖς ἣν παράκοιτιν·
τοῖσι δ' ὑπὸ χθὼν δῖα φύεν νεοθηλέα ποίην,
λωτόν θ' ἑρσήεντα ἰδὲ κρόκον ἠδ' ὑάκινθον
πυκνὸν καὶ μαλακόν, ὃς ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὑψόσ' ἔεργε.[20]
τῷ ἔνι λεξάσθην, ἐπὶ δὲ νεφέλην ἕσσαντο
καλὴν χρυσείην· στιλπναὶ δ' ἀπέπιπτον ἔερσαι.
Ὣς ὁ μὲν ἀτρέμας εὗδε πατὴρ ἀνὰ Γαργάρῳ ἄκρῳ,
ὕπνῳ καὶ φιλότητι δαμείς, ἔχε δ' ἀγκὰς ἄκοιτιν·
βῆ δὲ θέειν ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν νήδυμος Ὕπνος
ἀγγελίην ἐρέων γαιηόχῳ Ἐννοσιγαίῳ·
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"πρόφρων νῦν Δαναοῖσι, Ποσείδαον, ἐπάμυνε,
καί σφιν κῦδος ὄπαζε μίνυνθά περ, ὄφρ' ἔτι εὕδει
Ζεύς, ἐπεὶ αὐτῷ ἐγὼ μαλακὸν περὶ κῶμα κάλυψα·
Ἥρη δ' ἐν φιλότητι παρήπαφεν εὐνηθῆναι."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν ᾤχετ' ἐπὶ κλυτὰ φῦλ' ἀνθρώπων,
τὸν δ' ἔτι μᾶλλον ἀνῆκεν ἀμυνέμεναι Δαναοῖσιν.
αὐτίκα δ' ἐν πρώτοισι μέγα προθορὼν ἐκέλευσεν·
"Ἀργεῖοι, καὶ δὴ αὖτε μεθίεμεν Ἕκτορι νίκην
Πριαμίδῃ, ἵνα νῆας ἕλῃ καὶ κῦδος ἄρηται;
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν οὕτω φησὶ καὶ εὔχεται,[21] οὕνεκ' Ἀχιλλεὺς

In answer to her spoke Zeus, the cloud-gatherer: "Hera, fear not in this that any god or man will see, with such a cloud shall I enfold you, a cloud of gold. Through it not even Helios could discern us, though his sight is the keenest of all for seeing."

At that the son of Cronos clasped his wife in his arms, and beneath them the bright earth made fresh-sprung grass to grow, and dewy lotus, and crocus, and hyacinth thick and soft that kept them from the ground. On this they lay, and were clothed about with a cloud, fair and golden, from which fell drops of glistening dew.

Thus in quiet slept the father on topmost Gargarus, by sleep and love subdued, and clasped his wife in his arms. But sweet Sleep set out to run to the ships of the Argives to bring word to the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth. And he came up to him, and spoke winged words, saying: "Eagerly now, Poseidon, assist the Danaans, and grant them glory, though it be for a little time, while yet Zeus sleeps; since over him I have shed soft slumber, and Hera has tricked him to bed with her in love."

So he spoke and went away to the glorious tribes of men, but Poseidon he set on even more to assist the Danaans. Immediately then he leapt out among the foremost, and cried aloud: "Argives, are we to yield victory to Hector, son of Priam, so that he may take the ships and win glory for himself? But so he says, and boasts that it will be,

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20 ὃς ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὑψόσ' ἔεργε: ἵν' ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἀγκαζέσθην Zenodotus.

21 εὔχεται: ἔλπεται Zenodotus.

νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσι μένει κεχολωμένος ἦτορ·
κείνου δ᾽ οὔ τι λίην ποθὴ ἔσσεται, εἴ κεν οἱ ἄλλοι
ἡμεῖς ὀτρυνώμεθ᾽ ἀμυνέμεν ἀλλήλοισιν.
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγεθ᾽, ὡς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες·
ἀσπίδες ὅσσαι ἄρισται ἐνὶ στρατῷ ἠδὲ μέγισται
ἑσσάμενοι, κεφαλὰς δὲ παναίθῃσιν κορύθεσσι
κρύψαντες, χερσίν τε τὰ μακρόταត᾽ ἔγχε᾽ ἑλόντες,
ἴομεν· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἡγήσομαι, οὐδ᾽ ἔτι φημὶ
Ἕκτορα Πριαμίδην μενέειν μάλα περ μεμαῶτα.
ὃς δέ κ᾽ ἀνὴρ μενέχαρμος, ἔχει δ᾽ ὀλίγον σάκος ὤμῳ,[22]
χείρονι φωτὶ δότω, ὁ δ᾽ ἐν ἀσπίδι μείζονι δύτω."
  Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, οἱ δ᾽ ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδὲ πίθοντο·
τοὺς δ᾽ αὐτοὶ βασιλῆες ἐκόσμεον οὐτάμενοί περ,
Τυδεΐδης Ὀδυσεύς τε καὶ Ἀτρεΐδης Ἀγαμέμνων·
οἰχόμενοι δ᾽ ἐπὶ πάντας ἀρήια τεύχε᾽ ἄμειβον·
ἐσθλὰ μὲν ἐσθλὸς ἔδυνε, χέρεια δὲ χείρονι δόσκον.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥ᾽ ἕσσαντο περὶ χροῒ νώροπα χαλκόν,
βάν ῥ᾽ ἴμεν· ἦρχε δ᾽ ἄρα σφι Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
δεινὸν ἄορ τανύηκες ἔχων ἐν χειρὶ παχείῃ,
εἴκελον ἀστεροπῇ· τῷ δ᾽ οὐ θέμις ἐστὶ μιγῆναι
ἐν δαῒ λευγαλέῃ, ἀλλὰ δέος ἰσχάνει ἄνδρας.
Τρῶας δ᾽ αὖθ᾽ ἑτέρωθεν ἐκόσμει φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ.
δή ῥα τότ᾽ αἰνοτάτην ἔριδα πτολέμοιο τάνυσσαν
κυανοχαῖτα Ποσειδάων καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ,
ἤτοι ὁ μὲν Τρώεσσιν, ὁ δ᾽ Ἀργείοισιν ἀρήγων.
ἐκλύσθη δὲ θάλασσα ποτὶ κλισίας τε νέας τε
Ἀργείων· οἱ δὲ ξύνισαν μεγάλῳ ἀλαλητῷ.

because Achilles remains by the hollow ships, filled with wrath in his heart. But him shall we in no way miss very much if we others rouse ourselves and assist one another. But come, just as I shall say, let us all obey. The shields that are best in the army and largest let us take up, and our heads let us cover with helmets all-gleaming, and in our hands take the longest spears, and so go out. And I will lead the way, and, I think, Hector, son of Priam, will not remain longer, no matter how eager he is. And whoever is a man firm in the fight, but has a small shield on his shoulder, let him give it to a lesser man, and cover himself with a large shield."

So he spoke, and they readily heard him, and obeyed. And the kings themselves, though they were wounded, marshalled them, the son of Tydeus, and Odysseus, and Atreus' son Agamemnon. And going through all the army they made exchange of battle gear. Good armor did the good warrior put on, and the worse they gave to the worse. Then when they had clothed their bodies in gleaming bronze, they set out to go, and Poseidon, the shaker of earth, led them, holding in his heavy hand a terrible sword, long of edge, like the lightning, and with him no men may mix in dreadful war, but terror holds them from it. But the Trojans opposite them was glorious Hector marshalling. Then indeed were strained the cords of war's most dreadful strife by dark-haired Poseidon and glorious Hector, assisting the one the Trojans, the other the Argives. And the sea surged up to the huts and ships of the Argives, and the two sides clashed with loud cries. Not so loudly roars

[22] Lines 376 f. were rejected by Zenodotus, Aristophanes, and Aristarchus.

οὔτε θαλάσσης κῦμα τόσον βοάᾳ ποτὶ χέρσον,[23]
ποντόθεν ὀρνύμενον πνοιῇ Βορέω ἀλεγεινῇ·
οὔτε πυρὸς τόσσος γε ποτὶ βρόμος αἰθομένοιο
οὔρεος ἐν βήσσῃς, ὅτε τ᾽ ὤρετο καιέμεν ὕλην·
οὔτ᾽ ἄνεμος τόσσον γε περὶ δρυσὶν ὑψικόμοισι
ἠπύει, ὅς τε μάλιστα μέγα βρέμεται χαλεπαίνων,
ὅσση ἄρα Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἔπλετο φωνὴ
δεινὸν ἀυσάντων, ὅτ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἀλλήλοισιν ὄρουσαν.
Αἴαντος δὲ πρῶτος ἀκόντισε φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
ἔγχει, ἐπεὶ τέτραπτο πρὸς ἰθύ οἱ, οὐδ᾽ ἀφάμαρτε,
τῇ ῥα δύω τελαμῶνε περὶ στήθεσσι τετάσθην,
ἦ τοι ὁ μὲν σάκεος, ὁ δὲ φασγάνου ἀργυροήλου·
τώ οἱ ῥυσάσθην τέρενα χρόα. χώσατο δ᾽ Ἕκτωρ,
ὅττι ῥά οἱ βέλος ὠκὺ ἐτώσιον ἔκφυγε χειρός,
ἂψ δ᾽ ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ᾽ ἀλεείνων.
τὸν μὲν ἔπειτ᾽ ἀπιόντα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας
χερμαδίῳ, τά ῥα πολλά, θοάων ἔχματα νηῶν,
πὰρ ποσὶ μαρναμένων ἐκυλίνδετο, τῶν ἓν ἀείρας
στῆθος βεβλήκει ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος ἀγχόθι δειρῆς,
στρόμβον δ᾽ ὣς ἔσσευε βαλών, περὶ δ᾽ ἔδραμε πάντῃ.
ὡς δ᾽ ὅθ᾽ ὑπὸ πληγῆς πατρὸς Διὸς ἐξερίπῃ δρῦς
πρόρριζος, δεινὴ δὲ θεείου γίγνεται ὀδμὴ
ἐξ αὐτῆς, τὸν δ᾽ οὔ περ ἔχει θράσος ὅς κεν ἴδηται
ἐγγὺς ἐών, χαλεπὸς δὲ Διὸς μεγάλοιο κεραυνός,
ὣς ἔπεσ᾽ Ἕκτορος ὦκα χαμαὶ μένος ἐν κονίῃσι·
χειρὸς δ᾽ ἔκβαλεν ἔγχος, ἐπ᾽ αὐτῷ δ᾽ ἀσπὶς ἑάφθη
καὶ κόρυς, ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ βράχε τεύχεα ποικίλα χαλκῷ.[24]
οἱ δὲ μέγα ἰάχοντες ἐπέδραμον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,

the wave of the sea on the shore, driven up from the deep by the dread blast of the North Wind, nor so loud is the roar of blazing fire in the glades of a mountain when it leaps to burn the forest, nor does the wind shriek so loud among the high crests of the oaks—the wind that roars the loudest in its rage—as then was the cry of Trojans and Achaeans raising a terrible shout as they leapt on each other.

At Aias did glorious Hector first cast his spear, as he was turned fully toward him, and missed him not, but struck him where the two baldrics—one of his shield and one of his silver-studded sword—were stretched across his chest; and they guarded his tender flesh. And Hector was angry because the swift shaft had flown vainly from his hand, and back he shrank into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate. But as he was drawing back, great Telamonian Aias struck him with a stone; for many there were, props of the swift ships, that were set rolling among their feet as they fought; of these he lifted one on high and struck Hector on the chest over the shield rim, hard by the neck, and set him whirling like a top with the blow; and he spun round and round. And just as when beneath the blast of father Zeus an oak falls uprooted, and a terrible reek of brimstone arises from it—then truly courage no longer possesses him who sees it from near by, for terrifying is the bolt of great Zeus—so fell mighty Hector quickly to the ground in the dust. And the spear dropped from his hand, and the shield fell on him, and the helmet, and round about him rang his armor inlaid with bronze. Then with loud shouts the sons

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23 Lines 394 f. were placed by Zenodotus after 399.

24 Line 420 is omitted in some MSS.

ἐλπόμενοι ἐρύεσθαι, ἀκόντιζον δὲ θαμειὰς
αἰχμάς· ἀλλ᾽ οὔ τις ἐδυνήσατο ποιμένα λαῶν
οὐτάσαι οὐδὲ βαλεῖν· πρὶν γὰρ περίβησαν ἄριστοι,
Πουλυδάμας τε καὶ Αἰνείας καὶ δῖος Ἀγήνωρ
Σαρπηδών τ᾽, ἀρχὸς Λυκίων, καὶ Γλαῦκος ἀμύμων·
τῶν δ᾽ ἄλλων οὔ τίς εὑ ἀκήδεσεν, ἀλλὰ πάροιθεν
ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους σχέθον αὐτοῦ. τὸν δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἑταῖροι
χερσὶν ἀείραντες φέρον ἐκ πόνου, ὄφρ᾽ ἵκεθ᾽ ἵππους
ὠκέας, οἵ οἱ ὄπισθε μάχης ἠδὲ πτολέμοιο
ἕστασαν ἡνίοχόν τε καὶ ἅρματα ποικίλ᾽ ἔχοντες·
οἳ τόν γε προτὶ ἄστυ φέρον βαρέα στενάχοντα.
    Ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἷξον ἐυρρεῖος ποταμοῖο,
Ξάνθου δινήεντος, ὃν ἀθάνατος[25] τέκετο Ζεύς,
ἔνθα μιν ἐξ ἵππων πέλασαν χθονί, κὰδ δέ οἱ ὕδωρ
χεῦαν· ὁ δ᾽ ἐμπνύνθη καὶ ἀνέδρακεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
ἑζόμενος δ᾽ ἐπὶ γοῦνα κελαινεφὲς αἷμ᾽ ἀπέμεσσεν.
αὖτις δ᾽ ἐξοπίσω πλῆτο χθονί, τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε
νὺξ ἐκάλυψε μέλαινα· βέλος δ᾽ ἔτι θυμὸν ἐδάμνα.
    Ἀργεῖοι δ᾽ ὡς οὖν ἴδον Ἕκτορα νόσφι κιόντα,[26]
μᾶλλον ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι θόρον, μνήσαντο δὲ χάρμης.
ἔνθα πολὺ πρώτιστος Ὀιλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας
Σάτνιον οὔτασε δουρὶ μετάλμενος ὀξυόεντι
Ἠνοπίδην, ὃν ἄρα νύμφη τέκε νηὶς ἀμύμων
Ἤνοπι βουκολέοντι παρ᾽ ὄχθας Σατνιόεντος.
τὸν μὲν Ὀιλιάδης δουρικλυτὸς ἐγγύθεν ἐλθὼν
οὖτα κατὰ λαπάρην· ὁ δ᾽ ἀνετράπετ᾽, ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ αὐτῷ

[25] ἀθάνατος: ἀθάνατον Zenodotus.

of the Achaeans ran up, hoping to drag him off, and they hurled their spears thick and fast; but no one was able to wound the shepherd of men with thrust or with cast, for before that could be the best men surrounded him, Polydamas, and Aeneas, and noble Agenor, and Sarpedon, leader of the Lycians, and incomparable Glaucus, and of the rest no man failed to care for him, but in front of him they held their round shields; and his comrades lifted him up in their arms and carried him out of the toil of war until he came to the swift horses that stood waiting for him at the rear of the battle and the conflict with their charioteer and inlaid chariot. These carried him toward the city, groaning heavily.

But when they had come to the ford of the fair-flowing river, eddying Xanthus, that immortal Zeus begot, there they lifted him from the chariot to the ground and poured water over him. And he revived, and looked up with his eyes, and kneeling on his knees he vomited out black blood. Then again he sank back on the ground, and both his eyes were enfolded in black night; and the blow still overwhelmed his spirit.

But when the Argives saw Hector withdrawing, they leapt still more eagerly on the Trojans, and took thought of battle. Then far the first did swift Aias, son of Oïleus, leap on Satnius and wound him with a thrust of his sharp spear, Satnius the son of Enops, whom an incomparable Naiad nymph conceived to Enops as he tended his herds by the banks of Satnioeis. To him the son of Oïleus, famed for his spear, came near, and struck him on the flank; and he

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26 νόσφι κιόντα: νόσφιν ἐόντα.

Τρῶες καὶ Δαναοὶ σύναγον κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην.
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Πουλυδάμας ἐγχέσπαλος ἦλθεν ἀμύντωρ
Πανθοΐδης, βάλε δὲ Προθοήνορα δεξιὸν ὦμον,
υἱὸν Ἀρηιλύκοιο, δι' ὤμου δ' ὄβριμον ἔγχος
ἔσχεν, ὁ δ' ἐν κονίῃσι πεσὼν ἕλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ.
Πουλυδάμας δ' ἔκπαγλον ἐπεύξατο μακρὸν ἀύσας·
"οὐ μὰν αὖτ' ὀίω μεγαθύμου Πανθοΐδαο
χειρὸς ἄπο στιβαρῆς ἅλιον πηδῆσαι ἄκοντα,
ἀλλά τις Ἀργείων κόμισε χροΐ, καί μιν ὀίω
αὐτῷ σκηπτόμενον κατίμεν δόμον Ἄιδος εἴσω."
  Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀργείοισι δ' ἄχος γένετ' εὐξαμένοιο·
Αἴαντι δὲ μάλιστα δαΐφρονι θυμὸν ὄρινε,
τῷ Τελαμωνιάδῃ· τοῦ γὰρ πέσεν ἄγχι μάλιστα.
καρπαλίμως δ' ἀπιόντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.
Πουλυδάμας δ' αὐτὸς μὲν ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν
λικριφὶς ἀίξας, κόμισεν δ' Ἀντήνορος υἱὸς
Ἀρχέλοχος· τῷ γάρ ῥα θεοὶ βούλευσαν ὄλεθρον.
τόν ῥ' ἔβαλεν κεφαλῆς τε καὶ αὐχένος ἐν συνεοχμῷ,
νείατον ἀστράγαλον, ἀπὸ δ' ἄμφω κέρσε τένοντε·
τοῦ δὲ πολὺ πρότερον κεφαλὴ στόμα τε ῥῖνές τε
οὔδει πλῆντ' ἢ περ κνῆμαι καὶ γοῦνα πεσόντος.
Αἴας δ' αὖτ' ἐγέγωνεν ἀμύμονι Πουλυδάμαντι·
"φράζεο, Πουλυδάμα, καί μοι νημερτὲς ἐνίσπες·
ἦ ῥ' οὐχ οὗτος ἀνὴρ Προθοήνορος ἀντὶ πεφάσθαι
ἄξιος; οὐ μέν μοι κακὸς εἴδεται οὐδὲ κακῶν ἔξ,
ἀλλὰ κασίγνητος Ἀντήνορος ἱπποδάμοιο,
ἢ πάις· αὐτῷ γὰρ γενεὴν[27] ἄγχιστα ἐῴκει."

fell backward, and about him Trojans and Danaans joined in mighty combat. To him then came Polydamas, wielder of the spear, to protect him, the son of Panthous, and he cast and struck on the right shoulder Prothoënor, son of Areïlycus, and through the shoulder the mighty spear held its way; and he fell in the dust and clutched the earth with his hand. And Polydamas exulted over him terribly, and cried aloud: "Again from the stout hand of the great-hearted son of Panthous the spear has not leapt in vain, I think, but one of the Argives has taken it in his flesh, and leaning on it for a staff will, I think, go down into the house of Hades."

So he spoke, but on the Argives came sorrow through his exulting, and beyond all did he stir the heart of battle-minded Aias, the son of Telamon, for closest to him did the man fall. Swiftly then he cast with his bright spear at the other, just as he was drawing back. And Polydamas himself escaped black fate, springing to one side; but Archelochus, son of Antenor, received the spear, because for him the gods planned death. Him the spear struck at the joining of head and neck, the topmost joint of the spine, and it sheared off both the sinews. And far sooner did his head and mouth and nose reach the earth as he fell than his legs and knees. Then Aias in his turn called aloud to incomparable Polydamas: "Take thought, Polydamas, and tell me truly, is not this a worthy man to be slain in requital for Prothoënor? No mean man seems he to me, nor of mean descent, but a brother of Antenor, tamer of horses, or perhaps a son; for he is most like him in build."

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27 γενεὴν: ῥα φυὴν Aristophanes.

Ἦ ῥ' εὖ γιγνώσκων, Τρῶας δ' ἄχος ἔλλαβε θυμόν.
ἔνθ' Ἀκάμας Πρόμαχον Βοιώτιον οὔτασε δουρί,
ἀμφὶ κασιγνήτῳ βεβαώς· ὁ δ' ὕφελκε ποδοῖιν.
τῷ δ' Ἀκάμας ἔκπαγλον ἐπεύξατο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·
"Ἀργεῖοι ἰόμωροι, ἀπειλάων ἀκόρητοι,
οὔ θην οἴοισίν γε πόνος τ' ἔσεται καὶ ὀϊζὺς
ἡμῖν, ἀλλά ποθ' ὧδε κατακτενέεσθε καὶ ὔμμες.
φράζεσθ' ὡς ὑμῖν Πρόμαχος δεδμημένος εὕδει
ἔγχει ἐμῷ, ἵνα μή τι κασιγνήτοιό γε ποινὴ
δηρὸν ἄτιτος ἔῃ· τῶ καί τίς τ' εὔχεται ἀνὴρ
γνωτὸν ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἀρῆς ἀλκτῆρα λιπέσθαι."
Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀργείοισι δ' ἄχος γένετ' εὐξαμένοιο·
Πηνέλεῳ δὲ μάλιστα δαΐφρονι θυμὸν ὄρινεν·
ὡρμήθη δ' Ἀκάμαντος· ὁ δ' οὐχ ὑπέμεινεν ἐρωὴν
Πηνελέωο ἄνακτος· ὁ δ' οὔτασεν Ἰλιονῆα,
υἱὸν Φόρβαντος πολυμήλου, τόν ῥα μάλιστα
Ἑρμείας Τρώων ἐφίλει καὶ κτῆσιν ὄπασσε·
τῷ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ μήτηρ μοῦνον τέκεν Ἰλιονῆα.
τὸν τόθ' ὑπ' ὀφρύος οὖτα κατ' ὀφθαλμοῖο θέμεθλα,
ἐκ δ' ὦσε γλήνην· δόρυ δ' ὀφθαλμοῖο διαπρὸ
καὶ διὰ ἰνίου ἦλθεν, ὁ δ' ἕζετο χεῖρε πετάσσας
ἄμφω· Πηνέλεως δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ὀξὺ
αὐχένα μέσσον ἔλασσεν, ἀπήραξεν δὲ χαμᾶζε
αὐτῇ σὺν πήληκι κάρη· ἔτι δ' ὄβριμον ἔγχος
ἦεν ἐν ὀφθαλμῷ· ὁ δὲ φὴ κώδειαν ἀνασχὼν
πέφραδέ τε Τρώεσσι καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·[28]

[28] Line 500 was rejected by Aristarchus.

So he spoke, knowing the truth full well, and sorrow seized the hearts of the Trojans. Then Acamas, standing over his brother, struck with a thrust of his spear the Boeotian Promachus, who was trying to drag the body from beneath him by the feet. And over him Acamas exulted terribly, and cried aloud: "You Argives who rage with the bow, insatiate of threats, not for us alone, you see, will there be toil and woe, but some day in like manner you too will be slain. Consider how your Promachus sleeps, vanquished by my spear, so that the blood price of my brother will not be long unpaid. And for this reason a man prays that a kinsman be left him in his halls, to be a warder off of ruin."

So he spoke, and upon the Argives came sorrow through his boasting, and beyond all did he stir the heart of battle-minded Peneleos. He rushed on Acamas, but Acamas did not hold his ground at the attack of the lord Peneleos. But Peneleos thrust and struck Ilioneus, son of Phorbas rich in herds, whom Hermes loved above all the Trojans and gave him wealth; and to him the mother bore Ilioneus, an only child. Him then did Peneleos strike beneath the brow at the roots of the eyes, and drove out the eyeball, and the shaft went clean through the eye and through the nape of the neck, and he sank down stretching out both his hands. But Peneleos drawing his sharp sword let drive square on his neck, and struck off to the ground the head with the helmet, and still the mighty spear stayed in the eye; and holding it on high like a poppy head he showed it to the Trojans, and spoke a word exultingly: "Tro-

“εἰπέμεναί μοι, Τρῶες, ἀγαυοῦ Ἰλιονῆος
πατρὶ φίλῳ καὶ μητρὶ γοήμεναι ἐν μεγάροισιν·
οὐδὲ γὰρ ἡ Προμάχοιο δάμαρ Ἀλεγηνορίδαο
ἀνδρὶ φίλῳ ἐλθόντι γανύσσεται, ὁππότε κεν δὴ
ἐκ Τροίης σὺν νηυσὶ νεώμεθα κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν.”
Ὣς φάτο, τοὺς δ᾽ ἄρα πάντας ὑπὸ τρόμος ἔλλαβε γυῖα,
πάπτηνεν δὲ ἕκαστος ὅπῃ φύγοι αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον.
Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ᾽ ἔχουσαι,
ὅς τις δὴ πρῶτος βροτόεντ᾽ ἀνδράγρι᾽ Ἀχαιῶν[29]
ἤρατ᾽, ἐπεί ῥ᾽ ἔκλινε μάχην κλυτὸς Ἐννοσίγαιος.
Αἴας ῥα πρῶτος Τελαμώνιος Ὕρτιον οὖτα
Γυρτιάδην, Μυσῶν ἡγήτορα καρτεροθύμων·
Φάλκην δ᾽ Ἀντίλοχος καὶ Μέρμερον ἐξενάριξε·
Μηριόνης δὲ Μόρυν τε καὶ Ἱπποτίωνα κατέκτα,
Τεῦκρος δὲ Προθόωνά τ᾽ ἐνήρατο καὶ Περιφήτην·
Ἀτρεΐδης δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔπειθ᾽ Ὑπερήνορα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
οὖτα κατὰ λαπάρην, διὰ δ᾽ ἔντερα χαλκὸς ἄφυσσε
δῃώσας· ψυχὴ δὲ κατ᾽ οὐταμένην ὠτειλὴν
ἔσσυτ᾽ ἐπειγομένη, τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψε.
πλείστους δ᾽ Αἴας εἷλεν, Ὀιλῆος ταχὺς υἱός·
οὐ γάρ οἵ τις ὁμοῖος ἐπισπέσθαι ποσὶν ἦεν
ἀνδρῶν τρεσσάντων, ὅτε τε Ζεὺς ἐν φόβον ὄρσῃ.

[29] Line 509 was rejected by some ancient critics.

jans, do me a favor and tell the dear father and the mother of lordly Ilioneus to make wailing in their halls, for neither will the wife of Promachus, son of Alegenor, rejoice at the coming of her dear husband when we youths of the Achaeans return with our ships out of the land of Troy."

So he spoke, and trembling seized the limbs of them all, and each man peered about to see how he might escape sheer destruction.

Tell me now, you Muses who have dwellings on Olympus, who was first of the Achaeans to carry away the blood-stained spoils of warriors when once the famed Shaker of Earth had turned the battle. Aias was first, the son of Telamon. He struck Hyrtius, Gyrtius' son, leader of the Mysians stout of heart; and Antilochus stripped Phalces and Mermerus, and Meriones slew Morys and Hippotion, and Teucer laid low Prothoön and Periphetes; then Atreus' son struck with a thrust in the flank Hyperenor, shepherd of men, and the bronze let out the bowels as it cut through, and his soul sped hurrying through the stricken wound, and darkness enfolded his eyes. But most men did Aias slay, the swift son of Oïleus; for there was no other like him to pursue on foot among the rout of men, whenever Zeus roused them to flight.

Ο

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ διά τε σκόλοπας καὶ τάφρον ἔβησαν
φεύγοντες, πολλοὶ δὲ δάμεν Δαναῶν ὑπὸ χερσίν,
οἱ μὲν δὴ παρ᾽ ὄχεσφιν ἐρητύοντο μένοντες,
χλωροὶ ὑπαὶ δείους, πεφοβημένοι, ἔγρετο δὲ Ζεὺς
Ἴδης ἐν κορυφῇσι παρὰ χρυσοθρόνου Ἥρης,
στῆ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἀναΐξας, ἴδε δὲ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιούς,
τοὺς μὲν ὀρινομένους, τοὺς δὲ κλονέοντας ὄπισθεν
Ἀργείους, μετὰ δέ σφι Ποσειδάωνα ἄνακτα.
Ἕκτορα δ᾽ ἐν πεδίῳ ἴδε κείμενον, ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ἑταῖροι
ἥαθ᾽, ὁ δ᾽ ἀργαλέῳ ἔχετ᾽ ἄσθματι κῆρ ἀπινύσσων,
αἷμ᾽ ἐμέων, ἐπεὶ οὔ μιν ἀφαυρότατος βάλ᾽ Ἀχαιῶν.
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ἐλέησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε,
δεινὰ δ᾽ ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν Ἥρην πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·
“ἦ μάλα δὴ κακότεχνος, ἀμήχανε, σὸς δόλος, Ἥρη,
Ἕκτορα δῖον ἔπαυσε μάχης, ἐφόβησε δὲ λαούς.
οὐ μὰν οἶδ᾽ εἰ αὖτε κακορραφίης ἀλεγεινῆς
πρώτη ἐπαύρηαι καί σε πληγῇσιν ἱμάσσω.
ἦ οὐ μέμνῃ ὅτε τ᾽ ἐκρέμω ὑψόθεν, ἐκ δὲ ποδοῖιν[1]
ἄκμονας ἧκα δύω, περὶ χερσὶ δὲ δεσμὸν ἴηλα
χρύσεον ἄρρηκτον; σὺ δ᾽ ἐν αἰθέρι καὶ νεφέλῃσιν

BOOK 15

But when the Trojans in their flight had passed through stakes and trench, and many had been vanquished at the hands of the Danaans, then beside their chariots they halted, and remained there, pale with fear and terror-stricken; and Zeus awoke on the peaks of Ida beside Hera of the golden throne. Then he sprang up, and stood, and saw Trojans and Achaeans, these in rout, and the Argives behind them driving them on, and among them the lord Poseidon. And Hector he saw lying on the plain, while about him sat his comrades, and he was distressed with painful breathing, distraught in mind, and vomiting blood, since not the weakest of the Achaeans had struck him. At sight of him the father of men and gods had pity, and with a terrible glance he spoke to Hera, saying: "Hera, you are impossible; it is your crafty evil wiles that have stayed noble Hector from the fight and have driven the army in rout. I know not but that you may be the first to reap the fruits of your wretched ill-contriving, and I shall whip you with blows. Do you not remember when you were hung from on high, and from your feet I suspended two anvils, and about your wrists cast a band of gold that might not be broken? And in the air among the clouds you hung, and the gods

[1] Lines 18–31 were rejected by Zenodotus.

ἐκρέμω· ἠλάστεον δὲ θεοὶ κατὰ μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον,
λῦσαι δ᾽ οὐκ ἐδύναντο παρασταδόν· ὃν δὲ λάβοιμι
ῥίπτασκον τεταγὼν ἀπὸ βηλοῦ, ὄφρ᾽ ἂν ἵκηται
γῆν ὀλιγηπελέων. ἐμὲ δ᾽ οὐδ᾽ ὧς θυμὸν ἀνίει
ἀζηχὴς ὀδύνη Ἡρακλῆος θείοιο,
τὸν σὺ ξὺν Βορέῃ ἀνέμῳ πεπιθοῦσα θυέλλας
πέμψας ἐπ᾽ ἀτρύγετον πόντον, κακὰ μητιόωσα,
καί μιν ἔπειτα Κόωνδ᾽ εὖ ναιομένην ἀπένεικας.
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼν ἔνθεν ῥυσάμην καὶ ἀνήγαγον αὖτις
Ἄργος ἐς ἱππόβοτον, καὶ πολλά περ ἀθλήσαντα.
τῶν σ᾽ αὖτις μνήσω, ἵν᾽ ἀπολλήξῃς ἀπατάων,
ὄφρα ἴδῃ ἤν τοι χραίσμῃ φιλότης τε καὶ εὐνή,
ἣν ἐμίγης ἐλθοῦσα θεῶν ἄπο καί μ᾽ ἀπάτησας."[2]
Ὣς φάτο, ῥίγησεν δὲ βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη,
καί μιν φωνήσασ᾽ ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"ἴστω νῦν τόδε Γαῖα καὶ Οὐρανὸς εὐρὺς ὕπερθε
καὶ τὸ κατειβόμενον Στυγὸς ὕδωρ, ὅς τε μέγιστος
ὅρκος δεινότατός τε πέλει μακάρεσσι θεοῖσι,
σή θ᾽ ἱερὴ κεφαλὴ καὶ νωίτερον λέχος αὐτῶν
κουρίδιον, τὸ μὲν οὐκ ἂν ἐγώ ποτε μὰψ ὀμόσαιμι·
μὴ δι᾽ ἐμὴν ἰότητα Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων
πημαίνει Τρῶάς τε καὶ Ἕκτορα, τοῖσι δ᾽ ἀρήγει,
ἀλλά που αὐτὸν θυμὸς ἐποτρύνει καὶ ἀνώγει,
τειρομένους δ᾽ ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἰδὼν ἐλέησεν Ἀχαιούς.
αὐτάρ τοι καὶ κείνῳ ἐγὼ παραμυθησαίμην
τῇ ἴμεν ᾗ κεν δὴ σύ, κελαινεφές, ἡγεμονεύῃς."

[2] Line 33 was rejected by Zenodotus and Aristophanes.

were indignant throughout high Olympus; but they could not come near and loose you. But whomever I caught I would seize and hurl from the threshold until he reached the earth, his strength all spent. Yet not even so was my heart eased of its ceaseless pain for godlike Heracles, whom you together with the North Wind, whose blasts you had suborned, sent over the unresting sea, devising evil things for him, and then carried him away to well-peopled Cos. Him I saved from there, and brought again to horse-pasturing Argos, though he had labored much. Of these things will I remind you yet again, so that you may cease from your deceptions, so that you may see whether you are protected in any way by the love-making and the bed in which you lay with me when you had come from among the gods, and deceived me."

So he spoke, and the ox-eyed queenly Hera shuddered; and she spoke and addressed him with winged words: "Now let Earth be my witness and the broad Heaven above, and the down-flowing water of Styx, which is the greatest and most terrible oath for the blessed gods, and your own sacred head, and the bed of us two, bed of our wedded love, by which I surely would never forswear myself—not by my will does Poseidon, the shaker of earth, work harm to the Trojans and Hector, and assist their foes. But, I suppose, it is his own heart that urges and commands him, and he has seen the Achaeans distressed by their ships and taken pity on them. But I tell you, I would counsel even him to walk in whatever way you, lord of the dark cloud, lead him."

῝Ως φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε,
καί μιν ἀμειβόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"εἰ μὲν δὴ σύ γ᾽ ἔπειτα, βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη,
ἶσον ἐμοὶ φρονέουσα μετ᾽ ἀθανάτοισι καθίζοις,
τῶ κε Ποσειδάων γε, καὶ εἰ μάλα βούλεται ἄλλῃ,
αἶψα μεταστρέψειε νόον μετὰ σὸν καὶ ἐμὸν κῆρ.
ἀλλ᾽ εἰ δή ῥ᾽ ἐτεόν γε καὶ ἀτρεκέως ἀγορεύεις,
ἔρχεο νῦν μετὰ φῦλα θεῶν, καὶ δεῦρο κάλεσσον
Ἶρίν τ᾽ ἐλθέμεναι καὶ Ἀπόλλωνα κλυτότοξον,
ὄφρ᾽ ἡ μὲν μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων[3]
ἔλθῃ, καὶ εἴπῃσι Ποσειδάωνι ἄνακτι
παυσάμενον πολέμοιο τὰ ἃ πρὸς δώμαθ᾽ ἱκέσθαι,
Ἕκτορα δ᾽ ὀτρύνῃσι μάχην ἐς Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
αὖτις δ᾽ ἐμπνεύσῃσι μένος, λελάθῃ δ᾽ ὀδυνάων
αἳ νῦν μιν τείρουσι κατὰ φρένας, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
αὖτις ἀποστρέψῃσιν ἀνάλκιδα φύζαν ἐνόρσας,
φεύγοντες δ᾽ ἐν νηυσὶ πολυκλήισι πέσωσι
Πηλεΐδεω Ἀχιλῆος· ὁ δ᾽ ἀνστήσει ὃν ἑταῖρον[4]
Πάτροκλον· τὸν δὲ κτενεῖ ἔγχεϊ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
Ἰλίου προπάροιθε, πολέας ὀλέσαντ᾽ αἰζηοὺς
τοὺς ἄλλους, μετὰ δ᾽ υἱὸν ἐμὸν Σαρπηδόνα δῖον.
τοῦ δὲ χολωσάμενος κτενεῖ Ἕκτορα δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
ἐκ τοῦ δ᾽ ἄν τοι ἔπειτα παλίωξιν παρὰ νηῶν
αἰὲν ἐγὼ τεύχοιμι διαμπερές, εἰς ὅ κ᾽ Ἀχαιοὶ
Ἴλιον αἰπὺ ἕλοιεν Ἀθηναίης διὰ βουλάς.
τὸ πρὶν δ᾽ οὔτ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐγὼ παύω χόλον οὔτε τιν᾽ ἄλλον
ἀθανάτων Δαναοῖσιν ἀμυνέμεν ἐνθάδ᾽ ἐάσω,
πρίν γε τὸ Πηλεΐδαο τελευτηθῆναι ἐέλδωρ,

So she spoke, and the father of men and gods smiled, and made answer, and spoke to her with winged words: "If, ox-eyed queenly Hera, your thought hereafter were really to be one with my thought as you sit among the immortals, then would Poseidon, even though he strongly wishes otherwise, immediately bend his mind to follow your heart and mine. But if indeed you speak truly and sincerely, go now among the tribes of gods and call Iris to come here, and Apollo, famed for his bow, so that she may go among the army of the bronze-clad Achaeans, and say to the lord Poseidon that he is to cease from war and go to his own house; but let Phoebus Apollo rouse Hector to the fight, and breathe strength into him again, and make him forget the pains that now distress his heart; and let him drive the Achaeans back once more when he has roused cowardly panic in them and so they will flee and fall among the many-benched ships of Achilles, son of Peleus; and he will send out his comrade Patroclus, but him will glorious Hector slay with the spear before the walls of Ilios after he himself has slain many other youths, and among them my son, noble Sarpedon. And in wrath for Patroclus will noble Achilles slay Hector. Then from that time on will I cause a driving back of the Trojans from the ships constant and continuous, until the Achaeans take steep Ilion through the counsels of Athene. But until that time neither do I put a stop to my wrath, nor will I suffer any other of the immortals to assist the Danaans here until the wish of the son

[3] Lines 56–77 were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.
[4] Lines 64–77 were omitted by Zenodotus.

ὥς οἱ ὑπέστην πρῶτον, ἐμῷ δ᾽ ἐπένευσα κάρητι,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτ᾽ ἐμεῖο θεὰ Θέτις ἥψατο γούνων,
λισσομένη τιμῆσαι Ἀχιλλῆα πτολίπορθον."
Ὣς ἔφατ᾽, οὐδ᾽ ἀπίθησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
βῆ δ᾽ ἐξ Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἐς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον.
ὡς δ᾽ ὅτ᾽ ἂν ἀΐξῃ νόος ἀνέρος, ὅς τ᾽ ἐπὶ πολλὴν
γαῖαν ἐληλουθὼς φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι νοήσῃ,
"ἔνθ᾽ εἴην, ἢ ἔνθα," μενοινήῃσί τε πολλά,
ὣς κραιπνῶς μεμαυῖα διέπτατο πότνια Ἥρη·
ἵκετο δ᾽ αἰπὺν Ὄλυμπον, ὁμηγερέεσσι δ᾽ ἐπῆλθεν
ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι Διὸς δόμῳ· οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες
πάντες ἀνήιξαν καὶ δεικανόωντο δέπασσιν.[5]
ἡ δ᾽ ἄλλους μὲν ἔασε, Θέμιστι δὲ καλλιπαρῄῳ
δέκτο δέπας· πρώτη γὰρ ἐναντίη ἦλθε θέουσα,
καί μιν φωνήσασ᾽ ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ἥρη, τίπτε βέβηκας; ἀτυζομένῃ δὲ ἔοικας·
ἦ μάλα δή σε φόβησε Κρόνου πάις, ὅς τοι ἀκοίτης."
Τὴν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη·
"μή με, θεὰ Θέμι, ταῦτα διείρεο· οἶσθα καὶ αὐτή,
οἷος κείνου θυμὸς ὑπερφίαλος καὶ ἀπηνής.
ἀλλὰ σύ γ᾽ ἄρχε θεοῖσι δόμοις ἔνι δαιτὸς ἐίσης·
ταῦτα δὲ καὶ μετὰ πᾶσιν ἀκούσεαι ἀθανάτοισιν,
οἷα Ζεὺς κακὰ ἔργα πιφαύσκεται· οὐδέ τί φημι
πᾶσιν ὁμῶς θυμὸν κεχαρησέμεν, οὔτε βροτοῖσιν
οὔτε θεοῖς, εἴ πέρ τις ἔτι νῦν δαίνυται εὔφρων."
Ἡ μὲν ἄρ᾽ ὣς εἰποῦσα καθέζετο πότνια Ἥρη,
ὄχθησαν δ᾽ ἀνὰ δῶμα Διὸς θεοί· ἡ δὲ γέλασσε

of Peleus is fulfilled, just as I first promised and bowed my head to it on the day when the goddess Thetis clasped my knees, begging me to show honor to Achilles, sacker of cities."

So he spoke, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, failed not to obey, but went from the mountains of Ida to high Olympus. And just as swiftly darts the mind of a man who has traveled over far lands and thinks in his cunning mind, "Would I were here, or there," and many are the wishes he conceives, so swiftly sped on the queenly Hera in her eagerness; and she came to steep Olympus, and found the immortal gods gathered together in the house of Zeus, and at sight of her they all sprang up and greeted her with cups of welcome. She passed by the others, but took the cup from Themis of the fair cheeks, for she ran first to meet her, and spoke, and addressed her with winged words: "Hera, why have you come? You look like one distraught. Surely the son of Cronos must have frightened you, he who is your own husband."

Then made answer to her the goddess, white-armed Hera: "Question me not concerning this, goddess Themis; you yourself know what his heart is like, how over-haughty and unbending. But for the gods begin the equal feast in the halls, and this you will hear among all the immortals, what sort of evil deeds Zeus declares. I say that in no way will it delight alike the hearts of all, whether mortals or gods, if indeed anyone even now still feasts with a joyful mind."

So spoke the goddess queenly Hera and sat down, and the gods throughout the hall of Zeus were troubled. And

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5 δέπασσιν: ἐπέεσσι Zenodotus.

χείλεσιν, οὐδὲ μέτωπον ἐπ᾽ ὀφρύσι κυανέῃσιν
ἰάνθη· πᾶσιν δὲ νεμεσσηθεῖσα μετηύδα·
"νήπιοι, οἳ Ζηνὶ μενεαίνομεν ἀφρονέοντες·
ἦ ἔτι μιν μέμαμεν καταπαυσέμεν ἆσσον ἰόντες
ἢ ἔπει ἠὲ βίῃ· ὁ δ᾽ ἀφήμενος οὐκ ἀλεγίζει
οὐδ᾽ ὄθεται· φησὶν γὰρ ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι
κάρτεΐ τε σθένεΐ τε διακριδὸν εἶναι ἄριστος.
τῶ ἔχεθ᾽ ὅττι κεν ὔμμι κακὸν πέμπῃσιν ἑκάστῳ.
ἤδη γὰρ νῦν ἔλπομ᾽ Ἄρηΐ γε πῆμα τετύχθαι·
υἱὸς γάρ οἱ ὄλωλε μάχῃ ἔνι, φίλτατος ἀνδρῶν,
Ἀσκάλαφος, τόν φησιν ὃν ἔμμεναι ὄβριμος Ἄρης."
Ὣς ἔφατ᾽, αὐτὰρ Ἄρης θαλερὼ πεπλήγετο μηρὼ
χερσὶ καταπρηνέσσ᾽, ὀλοφυρόμενος δ᾽ ἔπος ηὔδα·
"μὴ νῦν μοι νεμεσήσετ᾽, Ὀλύμπια δώματ᾽ ἔχοντες,
τίσασθαι φόνον υἷος ἰόντ᾽ ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
εἴ πέρ μοι καὶ μοῖρα Διὸς πληγέντι κεραυνῷ
κεῖσθαι ὁμοῦ νεκύεσσι μεθ᾽ αἵματι καὶ κονίῃσιν."
Ὣς φάτο, καί ῥ᾽ ἵππους κέλετο Δεῖμόν τε Φόβον τε
ζευγνύμεν, αὐτὸς δ᾽ ἔντε᾽ ἐδύσετο παμφανόωντα.
ἔνθα κ᾽ ἔτι μείζων τε καὶ ἀργαλεώτερος ἄλλος
πὰρ Διὸς ἀθανάτοισι χόλος καὶ μῆνις ἐτύχθη,
εἰ μὴ Ἀθήνη πᾶσι περιδείσασα θεοῖσιν
ὦρτο διὲκ προθύρου, λίπε δὲ θρόνον ἔνθα θάασσε,
τοῦ δ᾽ ἀπὸ μὲν κεφαλῆς κόρυθ᾽ εἵλετο καὶ σάκος ὤμων,
ἔγχος δ᾽ ἔστησε στιβαρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἑλοῦσα
χάλκεον· ἣ δ᾽ ἐπέεσσι καθάπτετο θοῦρον Ἄρηα·
"μαινόμενε, φρένας ἠλέ, διέφθορας· ἦ νύ τοι αὔτως
οὔατ᾽ ἀκουέμεν ἐστί, νόος δ᾽ ἀπόλωλε καὶ αἰδώς.

she laughed with her lips, but her forehead above her dark brows relaxed not and, moved with indignation, she spoke among them all: "Fools, who in our foolishness are angry with Zeus! We are even eager to come up to him and thwart him of his will by word or by force, but he sits apart and cares not, nor is he concerned; for he says that among the immortal gods he is decidedly best in might and strength. So content yourselves with whatever evil thing he sends to each. Even now I expect that sorrow has been fashioned for Ares, since his son, dearest of men to him, has perished in battle, Ascalaphus, whom mighty Ares says is his own."

So she spoke, but Ares struck his vigorous thighs with the flat of his hands, and with wailing spoke, and said: "Do not blame me now, you who have dwellings on Olympus, if I go to the ships of the Achaeans and avenge the slaying of my son, even though it be my fate to be struck with the bolt of Zeus and to lie low in blood and dust among the dead."

So he spoke and ordered Terror and Rout to yoke his horses, and he himself put on his gleaming armor. Then would still greater and more painful wrath and anger have been fashioned between Zeus and the immortals, if Athene had not been seized with fear for all the gods and sped out through the doorway, and left the throne on which she sat, and taken the helmet from the head of Ares and the shield from his shoulders; she took from his stout hand the spear of bronze, and set it down, and with words rebuked furious Ares: "You madman, deranged in mind, you are doomed! Surely it is for nothing that you have ears for hearing, and your understanding and shame are gone

οὐκ ἀίεις ἅ τέ φησι θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
ἣ δὴ νῦν πὰρ Ζηνὸς Ὀλυμπίου εἰλήλουθεν;
ἦ ἐθέλεις αὐτὸς μὲν ἀναπλήσας κακὰ πολλὰ
ἂψ ἴμεν Οὔλυμπόνδε καὶ ἀχνύμενός περ ἀνάγκῃ,
αὐτὰρ τοῖς ἄλλοισι κακὸν μέγα πᾶσι[6] φυτεῦσαι;
αὐτίκα γὰρ Τρῶας μὲν ὑπερθύμους καὶ Ἀχαιοὺς
λείψει, ὁ δ' ἡμέας εἶσι κυδοιμήσων ἐς Ὄλυμπον,
μάρψει δ' ἑξείης ὅς τ' αἴτιος ὅς τε καὶ οὐκί.
τῶ σ' αὖ νῦν κέλομαι μεθέμεν χόλον υἷος ἑοῖο.[7]
ἤδη γάρ τις τοῦ γε βίην καὶ χεῖρας ἀμείνων
ἢ πέφατ', ἢ καὶ ἔπειτα πεφήσεται· ἀργαλέον δὲ
πάντων ἀνθρώπων ῥῦσθαι γενεήν τε τόκον τε."
  Ὣς εἰποῦσ' ἵδρυσε θρόνῳ ἔνι θοῦρον Ἄρηα.
Ἥρη δ' Ἀπόλλωνα καλέσσατο δώματος ἐκτὸς
Ἶρίν θ', ἥ τε θεοῖσι μετάγγελος ἀθανάτοισι,
καί σφεας φωνήσασ' ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ζεὺς σφὼ εἰς Ἴδην κέλετ' ἐλθέμεν ὅττι τάχιστα·
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν ἔλθητε, Διός τ' εἰς ὦπα ἴδησθε,[8]
ἕρδειν ὅττι κε κεῖνος ἐποτρύνῃ καὶ ἀνώγῃ."
  Ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰποῦσα πάλιν κίε πότνια Ἥρη,
ἕζετο δ' εἰνὶ θρόνῳ· τὼ δ' ἀΐξαντε πετέσθην.
Ἴδην δ' ἵκανον πολυπίδακα, μητέρα θηρῶν,
εὗρον δ' εὐρύοπα Κρονίδην ἀνὰ Γαργάρῳ ἄκρῳ
ἥμενον· ἀμφὶ δέ μιν θυόεν νέφος ἐστεφάνωτο.
τὼ δὲ πάροιθ' ἐλθόντε Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο
στήτην· οὐδέ σφωε ἰδὼν ἐχολώσατο θυμῷ,

[6] κακὸν μέγα πᾶσι Aristophanes: θεοῖς μέγα πῆμα Zenodotus.

from you. Do you not hear what the goddess, white-armed Hera, says, who has just now come from Olympian Zeus? Are you minded yourself to fill up the measure of manifold woes, and so be forced to return to Olympus—though in great distress—and for all the rest sow the seeds of great evil? For he will immediately leave the Trojans high of heart, and the Achaeans, and will come to Olympus to wreak havoc among us, and will lay hands on each in turn, the guilty and him also in whom there is no guilt. So now I ask you to put away your wrath for your son. For before now many a one more excellent than he in might and strength of hand has been slain, or will yet be slain; and a difficult thing it is to preserve the lineage and offspring of all men."

So she spoke, and made furious Ares sit down on his throne. But Hera called Apollo out of the hall, and Iris, who is the messenger of the immortal gods; and she spoke and addressed them with winged words: "Zeus asks the two of you to go to Ida as quickly as possible; and when you have come and looked on the face of Zeus, then do whatever he may urge and command."

So spoke the goddess queenly Hera and returned again and sat down on her throne; and the two sprang up and sped on their way. To many-fountained Ida they came, mother of wild beasts, and found Zeus, whose voice resounds afar, seated on topmost Gargarus; and about him a fragrant cloud was wreathed. They then came and stood before the face of Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, and at sight of

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[7] ἑοῖο Zenodotus: ἑῆος.

[8] Lines 147 f. were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

ὅττι οἱ ὦκ' ἐπέεσσι φίλης ἀλόχοιο πιθέσθην·
Ἶριν δὲ προτέρην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"βάσκ' ἴθι, Ἶρι ταχεῖα, Ποσειδάωνι ἄνακτι
πάντα τάδ' ἀγγεῖλαι, μηδὲ ψευδάγγελος εἶναι.
παυσάμενόν μιν ἄνωχθι μάχης ἠδὲ πτολέμοιο
ἔρχεσθαι μετὰ φῦλα θεῶν ἢ εἰς ἅλα δῖαν.
εἰ δέ μοι οὐκ ἐπέεσσ' ἐπιπείσεται, ἀλλ' ἀλογήσει,
φραζέσθω δὴ ἔπειτα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,
μή μ' οὐδὲ κρατερός περ ἐὼν ἐπιόντα ταλάσσῃ
μεῖναι, ἐπεί ἑο φημὶ βίῃ πολὺ φέρτερος εἶναι
καὶ γενεῇ πρότερος· τοῦ δ' οὐκ ὄθεται φίλον ἦτορ[9]
ἶσον ἐμοὶ φάσθαι, τόν τε στυγέουσι καὶ ἄλλοι."
    Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις,
βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἐς Ἴλιον ἱρήν.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἐκ νεφέων πτῆται νιφὰς ἠὲ χάλαζα
ψυχρὴ ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς αἰθρηγενέος Βορέαο,
ὣς κραιπνῶς μεμαυῖα διέπτατο ὠκέα Ἶρις,
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη προσέφη κλυτὸν Ἐννοσίγαιον·
"ἀγγελίην τινά τοι, Γαιήοχε κυανοχαῖτα,
ἦλθον δεῦρο φέρουσα παραὶ Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.
παυσάμενόν σε κέλευσε μάχης ἠδὲ πτολέμοιο
ἔρχεσθαι μετὰ φῦλα θεῶν ἢ εἰς ἅλα δῖαν.
εἰ δέ οἱ οὐκ ἐπέεσσ' ἐπιπείσεαι, ἀλλ' ἀλογήσεις,
ἠπείλει καὶ κεῖνος ἐναντίβιον πολεμίξων
ἐνθάδ' ἐλεύσεσθαι· σὲ δ' ὑπεξαλέασθαι ἄνωγε
χεῖρας, ἐπεὶ σέο φησὶ βίῃ πολὺ φέρτερος εἶναι
καὶ γενεῇ πρότερος· σὸν δ' οὐκ ὄθεται φίλον ἦτορ
ἶσόν οἱ φάσθαι, τόν τε στυγέουσι καὶ ἄλλοι."

them he was not angered at heart, because they had speedily obeyed the words of his dear wife. And to Iris first he spoke winged words: "Up, go, swift Iris; to the lord Poseidon report all these things, and be not a false reporter. Command him to cease from war and battle and go to the tribes of gods or into the bright sea. And if he will not obey my words, but will disregard them, let him consider then in mind and heart lest, strong though he be, he has not the courage to face my reproach; since I say I am better far than he in might, and the elder by birth. Yet his heart does not hesitate at all to declare himself the equal of me, whom the other gods dread."

So he spoke, and wind-footed, swift Iris failed not to obey, but went down from the hills of Ida to sacred Ilios. And as when from the clouds there flies snow or chill hail, driven by the blast of the North Wind that is born in the bright heaven, so swiftly sped on in her eagerness swift Iris; and she came up and spoke to the glorious Shaker of Earth, saying: "A message for you, Earth Enfolder, dark-haired god, have I come here to bring from Zeus who bears the aegis. He tells you to cease from war and battle and go to the tribes of gods or into the bright sea. And if you will not obey his words, but disregard them, he threatens that he will himself come here to fight in open combat; and he commands you to avoid his hands; since he says he is far better than you in might, and the elder by birth. Yet your heart does not hesitate at all to declare yourself the equal of him, whom the other gods dread."

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[9] Lines 166 f. were rejected by Aristarchus.

Τὴν δὲ μέγ᾽ ὀχθήσας προσέφη κλυτὸς Ἐννοσί-
γαιος·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ ῥ᾽ ἀγαθός περ ἐὼν ὑπέροπλον ἔειπεν,
εἴ μ᾽ ὁμότιμον ἐόντα βίῃ ἀέκοντα καθέξει.
τρεῖς γάρ τ᾽ ἐκ Κρόνου εἰμὲν ἀδελφεοί, οὓς τέκετο Ῥέα,
Ζεὺς καὶ ἐγώ, τρίτατος δ᾽ Ἀΐδης, ἐνέροισιν ἀνάσσων.
τριχθὰ δὲ πάντα δέδασται, ἕκαστος δ᾽ ἔμμορε τιμῆς·
ἦ τοι ἐγὼν ἔλαχον πολιὴν ἅλα ναιέμεν αἰεὶ
παλλομένων, Ἀΐδης δ᾽ ἔλαχε ζόφον ἠερόεντα,
Ζεὺς δ᾽ ἔλαχ᾽ οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν[10] ἐν αἰθέρι καὶ νεφέλῃσι·
γαῖα δ᾽ ἔτι ξυνὴ πάντων καὶ μακρὸς Ὄλυμπος.
τῷ ῥα καὶ οὔ τι Διὸς βέομαι φρεσίν, ἀλλὰ ἕκηλος
καὶ κρατερός περ ἐὼν μενέτω τριτάτῃ ἐνὶ μοίρῃ.
χερσὶ δὲ μή τί με πάγχυ κακὸν ὣς δειδισσέσθω·
θυγατέρεσσιν γάρ τε καὶ υἱάσι βέλτερον[11] εἴη
ἐκπάγλοις ἐπέεσσιν ἐνισσέμεν, οὓς τέκεν αὐτός,
οἵ ἑθεν ὀτρύνοντος ἀκούσονται καὶ ἀνάγκῃ."
Τὸν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις·
"οὕτω γὰρ δή τοι, Γαιήοχε κυανοχαῖτα,
τόνδε φέρω Διὶ μῦθον ἀπηνέα τε κρατερόν τε,
ἦ τι μεταστρέψεις; στρεπταὶ μέν τε φρένες ἐσθλῶν.
οἶσθ᾽ ὡς πρεσβυτέροισιν Ἐρινύες αἰὲν ἕπονται."
Τὴν δ᾽ αὖτε προσέειπε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·
"Ἶρι θεά, μάλα τοῦτο ἔπος κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες·[12]
ἐσθλὸν καὶ τὸ τέτυκται, ὅτ᾽ ἄγγελος αἴσιμα εἰδῇ.[13]
ἀλλὰ τόδ᾽ αἰνὸν ἄχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἱκάνει,

[10] εὐρὺν: αἰπὺν Zenodotus.

Then, greatly agitated, the glorious Shaker of Earth spoke to her: "Well now, surely, though he is noble, he has spoken arrogantly, if by force and against my will he will restrain me who have equal honor with himself. For three brothers are we, begotten by Cronos, and born of Rhea—Zeus, and myself, and the third is Hades, who is lord of the dead below. And in three ways have all things been divided, and to each has been apportioned his own domain. I indeed, when the lots were shaken, won the gray sea to be my home for ever, and Hades won the murky darkness, while Zeus won the broad heaven in the air and the clouds; but the earth and high Olympus still remain common to us all. So I will in no way walk according to the will of Zeus; but at his ease let him remain in his third portion, no matter how strong he may be. And with might of hand let him not seek to frighten me as though I were some coward. His daughters and his sons it would be better for him to threaten with violent words, those whom he himself begot, who of necessity will listen to whatever he may urge."

Then wind-footed swift Iris answered him: "Is it in fact so, Earth Enfolder, dark-haired god, that I am to carry to Zeus these words, unyielding and strong, or will you change a little; for the minds of the noble may be changed? You know how the Erinyes ever attend the elder-born."

Then answered her again Poseidon, the shaker of earth: "Goddess Iris, this word of yours is rightly spoken; and a good thing it is when a messenger knows what is right. But this dread grief comes over heart and soul when anyone is

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[11] *βέλτερον* Aristarchus: *κάλλιον* Aristophanes.

[12] Line 206 was rejected by Zenodotus.

[13] *εἰδῇ*: *εἴπῃ* Zenodotus.

ὁππότ᾽ ἂν ἰσόμορον καὶ ὁμῇ πεπρωμένον αἴσῃ
νεικείειν ἐθέλῃσι χολωτοῖσιν ἐπέεσσιν.
ἀλλ᾽ ἤ τοι νῦν μέν κε νεμεσσηθεὶς ὑποείξω·
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, καὶ ἀπειλήσω τό γε θυμῷ·[14]
αἴ κεν ἄνευ ἐμέθεν καὶ Ἀθηναίης ἀγελείης,
Ἥρης Ἑρμείω τε καὶ Ἡφαίστοιο ἄνακτος,
Ἰλίου αἰπεινῆς πεφιδήσεται, οὐδ᾽ ἐθελήσει
ἐκπέρσαι, δοῦναι δὲ μέγα κράτος Ἀργείοισιν,
ἴστω τοῦθ᾽, ὅτι νῶιν ἀνήκεστος χόλος ἔσται."
    Ὣς εἰπὼν λίπε λαὸν Ἀχαιικὸν Ἐννοσίγαιος,
δῦνε δὲ πόντον ἰών, πόθεσαν δ᾽ ἥρωες Ἀχαιοί.
    Καὶ τότ᾽ Ἀπόλλωνα προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"ἔρχεο νῦν, φίλε Φοῖβε, μεθ᾽ Ἕκτορα χαλκοκορυστήν·
ἤδη μὲν γάρ τοι γαιήοχος Ἐννοσίγαιος
οἴχεται εἰς ἅλα δῖαν, ἀλευάμενος χόλον αἰπὺν
ἡμέτερον· μάλα γάρ κε μάχης ἐπύθοντο καὶ ἄλλοι,
οἵ περ ἐνέρτεροί εἰσι θεοί, Κρόνον ἀμφὶς ἐόντες.
ἀλλὰ τόδ᾽ ἠμὲν ἐμοὶ πολὺ κέρδιον ἠδέ οἱ αὐτῷ
ἔπλετο, ὅττι πάροιθε νεμεσσηθεὶς ὑπόειξε
χεῖρας ἐμάς, ἐπεὶ οὔ κεν ἀνιδρωτί γε τελέσθη.
ἀλλὰ σύ γ᾽ ἐν χείρεσσι λάβ᾽ αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν,
τῇ μάλ᾽ ἐπισσείων φοβέειν ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς·
σοὶ δ᾽ αὐτῷ μελέτω, ἑκατηβόλε, φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·[15]
τόφρα γὰρ οὖν οἱ ἔγειρε μένος μέγα, ὄφρ᾽ ἂν Ἀχαιοὶ
φεύγοντες νῆάς τε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντον ἵκωνται.
κεῖθεν δ᾽ αὐτὸς ἐγὼ φράσομαι ἔργον τε ἔπος τε,

[14] Lines 212–217 were rejected by Aristarchus.

minded to rebuke with angry words one of like portion with himself, to whom fate has decreed an equal share. But in fact I will yield for now, despite my indignation; but another thing will I tell you, and make this threat in my wrath: if in despite of me, and of Athene, driver of the spoil, and of Hera, and Hermes, and lord Hephaestus, he spares steep Ilios, and is not minded to lay it waste, nor to give great might to the Argives, let him know this, that between us two there will be wrath that nothing can appease."

So saying, the Shaker of Earth left the army of the Achaeans and went to the sea and plunged into it; and the Achaean warriors longed for him.

Then to Apollo spoke Zeus, the cloud-gatherer: "Go now, dear Phoebus, to Hector, armed in bronze, for now has the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth gone into the bright sea, avoiding our sheer wrath; for others too would surely have heard of our fight, those gods who are in the world below with Cronos. But this was better for both, for me and for him himself, that before then he yielded to my hands despite his indignation, for not without sweat would the issue have been completed. But take in your hands the tasselled aegis, and shake it fiercely over the Achaean warriors to frighten them. And for you yourself, god who strikes from afar, let glorious Hector be your care, and rouse in him great might until the time that the Achaeans will come in flight to their ships and the Hellespont. From that moment will I myself contrive word and deed, so that

[15] Lines 231–235 were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

ὥς κε καὶ αὖτις Ἀχαιοὶ ἀναπνεύσωσι πόνοιο."
  Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἄρα πατρὸς ἀνηκούστησεν Ἀπόλλων,
βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων, ἴρηκι ἐοικὼς
ὠκέι φασσοφόνῳ, ὅς τ' ὤκιστος πετεηνῶν.
εὗρ' υἱὸν Πριάμοιο δαΐφρονος, Ἕκτορα δῖον,
ἥμενον, οὐδ' ἔτι κεῖτο, νέον δ' ἐσαγείρετο θυμόν,
ἀμφὶ ἓ γιγνώσκων ἑτάρους· ἀτὰρ ἆσθμα καὶ ἱδρὼς
παύετ', ἐπεί μιν ἔγειρε Διὸς νόος αἰγιόχοιο.
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος προσέφη ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·
"Ἕκτορ, υἱὲ Πριάμοιο, τίη δὲ σὺ νόσφιν ἀπ' ἄλλων
ἧσ' ὀλιγηπελέων; ἦ πού τί σε κῆδος ἱκάνει;"
  Τὸν δ' ὀλιγοδρανέων προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"τίς δὲ σύ ἐσσι, φέριστε θεῶν, ὅς μ' εἴρεαι ἄντην;
οὐκ ἀίες ὅ με νηυσὶν ἔπι πρυμνῇσιν Ἀχαιῶν
οὓς ἑτάρους ὀλέκοντα βοὴν ἀγαθὸς βάλεν Αἴας
χερμαδίῳ πρὸς στῆθος, ἔπαυσε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς;
καὶ δὴ ἐγώ γ' ἐφάμην νέκυας καὶ δῶμ' Ἀίδαο
ἤματι τῷδ' ὄψεσθαι,[16] ἐπεὶ φίλον ἄιον ἦτορ."
  Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·
"θάρσει νῦν· τοῖόν τοι ἀοσσητῆρα Κρονίων
ἐξ Ἴδης προέηκε παρεστάμεναι καὶ ἀμύνειν,
Φοῖβον Ἀπόλλωνα χρυσάορον, ὅς σε πάρος περ
ῥύομ', ὁμῶς αὐτόν τε καὶ αἰπεινὸν πτολίεθρον.
ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἱππεῦσιν ἐπότρυνον πολέεσσι
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐλαυνέμεν ὠκέας ἵππους·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ προπάροιθε κιὼν ἵπποισι κέλευθον

yet again the Achaeans may have respite from the toil of war."

So he spoke, nor did Apollo fail to heed his father, but went down from the hills of Ida like a fleet falcon, the slayer of doves, which is the swiftest of winged things. He found the son of battle-minded Priam, noble Hector, sitting up, for he lay no longer, and he was just now gathering back his spirit, and recognized his comrades around him, and his gasping and his sweat had ceased, for the mind of Zeus, who bears the aegis, revived him. And Apollo, who works from afar, came up to him, and said: "Hector, son of Priam, why is it that you sit here fainting apart from the rest? Is it perhaps that some pain has come on you?"

Then feebly spoke to him Hector of the flashing helmet: "Who of the gods are you, mightiest one, who make question of me to my face? Do you not know that at the sterns of the Achaeans' ships as I was destroying his comrades Aias, good at the war cry, struck me on the chest with a rock, and made me cease from my furious might? And I really thought that on this day I should look on the dead and the house of Hades, when I had gasped out my life."

Then spoke to him again the lord Apollo, who works from afar: "Be now of good cheer, so mighty a helper has the son of Cronos sent out from Ida to stand by your side and protect you, Phoebus Apollo of the golden sword, who have long protected you, yourself and the steep citadel alike. But come now, urge your many charioteers to drive their swift horses against the hollow ships, and I will go before and make smooth all the way for the chariots, and will

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16 ὄψεσθαι: ἵξεσθαι.

πᾶσαν λειανέω, τρέψω δ' ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς."
  Ὣς εἰπὼν ἔμπνευσε μένος μέγα ποιμένι λαῶν.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις στατὸς ἵππος, ἀκοστήσας ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,
δεσμὸν ἀπορρήξας θείῃ πεδίοιο κροαίνων,
εἰωθὼς λούεσθαι ἐυρρεῖος ποταμοῖο,[17]
κυδιόων· ὑψοῦ δὲ κάρη ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
ὤμοις ἀίσσονται· ὁ δ' ἀγλαΐηφι πεποιθώς,
ῥίμφα ἑ γοῦνα φέρει μετά τ' ἤθεα καὶ νομὸν ἵππων·
ὣς Ἕκτωρ λαιψηρὰ πόδας καὶ γούνατ' ἐνώμα
ὀτρύνων ἱππῆας, ἐπεὶ θεοῦ ἔκλυεν αὐδήν.
οἱ δ' ὥς τ' ἢ ἔλαφον κεραὸν ἢ ἄγριον αἶγα
ἐσσεύαντο κύνες τε καὶ ἀνέρες ἀγροιῶται·
τὸν μέν τ' ἠλίβατος πέτρη καὶ δάσκιος ὕλη
εἰρύσατ', οὐδ' ἄρα τέ σφι κιχήμεναι αἴσιμον ἦεν·
τῶν δέ θ' ὑπὸ ἰαχῆς ἐφάνη λὶς ἠυγένειος
εἰς ὁδόν, αἶψα δὲ πάντας ἀπέτραπε καὶ μεμαῶτας·
ὣς Δαναοὶ ἧος μὲν ὁμιλαδὸν αἰὲν ἕποντο,
νύσσοντες ξίφεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ἴδον Ἕκτορ' ἐποιχόμενον στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
τάρβησαν, πᾶσιν δὲ παραὶ ποσὶ κάππεσε θυμός.
  Τοῖσι δ' ἔπειτ' ἀγόρευε Θόας, Ἀνδραίμονος υἱός,
Αἰτωλῶν ὄχ' ἄριστος, ἐπιστάμενος μὲν ἄκοντι,
ἐσθλὸς δ' ἐν σταδίῃ· ἀγορῇ δέ ἑ παῦροι Ἀχαιῶν
νίκων, ὁππότε κοῦροι ἐρίσσειαν περὶ μύθων·
ὅ σφιν ἐὺ φρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ μέγα θαῦμα τόδ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρῶμαι,
οἷον δὴ αὖτ' ἐξαῦτις ἀνέστη κῆρας ἀλύξας
Ἕκτωρ· ἦ θήν μιν μάλα ἔλπετο θυμὸς ἑκάστου

turn in flight the Achaean warriors."

So saying, he breathed great might into the shepherd of men. And just as a stabled horse that has fed his fill at the manger breaks his halter and runs stamping over the plain—being accustomed to bathe in the fair-flowing river—and exults; on high he holds his head and about his shoulders his mane floats streaming, and as he glories in his splendor his legs nimbly bring him to the haunts and pastures of mares; so swiftly plied Hector his feet and legs, urging on his charioteers, since he had heard the voice of the god. But as dogs and country people pursue a horned stag or a wild goat, but a sheer rock or a shadowy thicket saves him from them, and it is not their lot to find him; and then at their clamor a bearded lion shows himself in the way, and immediately turns them all back despite their eagerness: so the Danaans for a time continued to follow on in throngs, thrusting with swords and two-edged spears, but when they saw Hector going up and down the ranks of men, then were they seized with fear, and the hearts of all men sank down to their feet.

Then among them spoke Thoas, Andraemon's son, far the best of the Aetolians, well skilled in throwing the javelin, but a good man too in close fight, and in the place of assembly could but few of the Achaeans surpass him when young men were contending in debate. He with good intent addressed their assembly, and spoke among them: "Well now, surely a great marvel is this that my eyes look upon, that now Hector has recovered and has avoided the fates. The heart of each man of us hoped that he had died

[17] Lines 265–268 (= 6. 508–511) were rejected by Aristarchus. Line 265 was omitted by Zenodotus.

χερσὶν ὑπ᾽ Αἴαντος θανέειν Τελαμωνιάδαο.
ἀλλά τις αὖτε θεῶν ἐρρύσατο καὶ ἐσάωσεν
Ἕκτορ᾽, ὃ δὴ πολλῶν Δαναῶν ὑπὸ γούνατ᾽ ἔλυσεν,
ὡς καὶ νῦν ἔσσεσθαι ὀίομαι· οὐ γὰρ ἄτερ γε
Ζηνὸς ἐριγδούπου πρόμος ἵσταται ὧδε μενοινῶν.
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγεθ᾽, ὡς ἂν ἐγὼν εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.
πληθὺν μὲν ποτὶ νῆας ἀνώξομεν ἀπονέεσθαι·
αὐτοὶ δ᾽, ὅσσοι ἄριστοι ἐνὶ στρατῷ εὐχόμεθ᾽ εἶναι,
στήομεν, εἴ κεν πρῶτον ἐρύξομεν ἀντιάσαντες,
δούρατ᾽ ἀνασχόμενοι· τὸν δ᾽ οἴω καὶ μεμαῶτα
θυμῷ δείσεσθαι Δαναῶν καταδῦναι ὅμιλον."
    Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, οἱ δ᾽ ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδ᾽ ἐπίθοντο·
οἱ μὲν ἄρ᾽ ἀμφ᾽ Αἴαντα καὶ Ἰδομενῆα ἄνακτα,
Τεῦκρον Μηριόνην τε Μέγην τ᾽, ἀτάλαντον Ἄρηι,
ὑσμίνην ἤρτυνον, ἀριστῆας καλέσαντες,
Ἕκτορι καὶ Τρώεσσιν ἐναντίον· αὐτὰρ ὀπίσσω
ἡ πληθὺς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἀπονέοντο.
    Τρῶες δὲ προὔτυψαν ἀολλέες, ἦρχε δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ Ἕκτωρ
μακρὰ βιβάς·[18] πρόσθεν δὲ κί᾽ αὐτοῦ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
εἱμένος ὤμοιιν νεφέλην, ἔχε δ᾽ αἰγίδα θοῦριν,
δεινὴν ἀμφιδάσειαν ἀριπρεπέ᾽, ἣν ἄρα χαλκεὺς
Ἥφαιστος Διὶ δῶκε φορήμεναι ἐς φόβον ἀνδρῶν·
τὴν ἄρ᾽ ὅ γ᾽ ἐν χείρεσσιν ἔχων ἡγήσατο λαῶν.
    Ἀργεῖοι δ᾽ ὑπέμειναν ἀολλέες, ὦρτο δ᾽ ἀυτὴ
ὀξεῖ᾽ ἀμφοτέρωθεν, ἀπὸ νευρῆφι δ᾽ ὀιστοὶ
θρῷσκον· πολλὰ δὲ δοῦρα θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν

at the hands of Aias, son of Telamon. But some one of the gods has again delivered and saved Hector, who has loosed the knees of many Danaans indeed, as, I think, will happen even now; for not without the will of loud-thundering Zeus does he stand forth so eagerly as a champion. But come, just as I shall say, let us all obey. The multitude let us command to return to the ships, but we, all we who declare ourselves to be the best in the army, let us take our stand facing him, in the hope that we can thrust him back first with our spears outstretched; I think that for all his eagerness he will fear at heart to enter into the throng of the Danaans."

So he spoke, and they readily heard him and obeyed. They who were in the company of Aias and lord Idomeneus, and Teucer, and Meriones, and Meges, peer of Ares, called to the chief men, and marshalled the fight, facing Hector and the Trojans, but behind them the multitude went back to the ships of the Achaeans.

Then the Trojans drove forward in close throng, and Hector led them, advancing with long strides, while before him went Phoebus Apollo, his shoulders wrapped in cloud, holding the furious aegis, shaggy fringed, terrible, gleaming bright, that the smith Hephaestus gave to Zeus to carry for the rout of warriors; this Apollo held in his hands as he led on the army.

And the Argives in close throng awaited their coming, and the war cry arose shrill from either side, and the arrows leapt from the bow string, and many spears, hurled by

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[18] *βιβάς*: *βοῶν* Zenodotus.

ἄλλα μὲν ἐν χροῒ πήγνυντ' ἀρηιθόων αἰζηῶν,
πολλὰ δὲ καὶ μεσσηγύ, πάρος χρόα λευκὸν ἐπαυρεῖν
ἐν γαίῃ ἵσταντο λιλαιόμενα χροὸς ἆσαι.
ὄφρα μὲν αἰγίδα χερσὶν ἔχ' ἀτρέμα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
τόφρα μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλε' ἥπτετο, πῖπτε δὲ λαός·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατ' ἐνῶπα ἰδὼν Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων
σεῖσ', ἐπὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἄυσε μάλα μέγα, τοῖσι δὲ θυμὸν
ἐν στήθεσσιν ἔθελξε, λάθοντο δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς.
οἵ δ' ὥς τ' ἠὲ βοῶν ἀγέλην ἢ πῶυ μέγ' οἰῶν
θῆρε δύω κλονέωσι μελαίνης νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ,
ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπίνης σημάντορος οὐ παρεόντος,
ὣς ἐφόβηθεν Ἀχαιοὶ ἀνάλκιδες· ἐν γὰρ Ἀπόλλων
ἧκε φόβον, Τρωσὶν δὲ καὶ Ἕκτορι κῦδος ὄπαζεν.
    Ἔνθα δ' ἀνὴρ ἕλεν ἄνδρα κεδασθείσης ὑσμίνης.
Ἕκτωρ μὲν Στιχίον τε καὶ Ἀρκεσίλαον ἔπεφνε,
τὸν μὲν Βοιωτῶν ἡγήτορα χαλκοχιτώνων,
τὸν δὲ Μενεσθῆος μεγαθύμου πιστὸν ἑταῖρον·
Αἰνείας δὲ Μέδοντα καὶ Ἴασον ἐξενάριξεν.
ἤ τοι ὁ μὲν νόθος υἱὸς Ὀιλῆος[19] θείοιο
ἔσκε Μέδων, Αἴαντος ἀδελφεός· αὐτὰρ ἔναιεν
ἐν Φυλάκῃ γαίης ἄπο πατρίδος, ἄνδρα κατακτάς,
γνωτὸν μητρυιῆς Ἐριώπιδος, ἣν ἔχ' Ὀιλεύς·
Ἴασος αὖτ' ἀρχὸς μὲν Ἀθηναίων ἐτέτυκτο,
υἱὸς δὲ Σφήλοιο καλέσκετο Βουκολίδαο.
Μηκιστῆ δ' ἕλε Πουλυδάμας, Ἐχίον δὲ Πολίτης
πρώτῃ ἐν ὑσμίνῃ, Κλονίον δ' ἕλε δῖος Ἀγήνωρ.
Δηίοχον δὲ Πάρις βάλε νείατον ὦμον ὄπισθε

bold hands, were some of them lodged in the flesh of youths swift in battle, and many before they reached the white flesh stood fixed midway in the earth, eager to glut themselves with flesh. Now so long as Phoebus Apollo held the aegis motionless in his hands, so long the missiles of either side reached their mark and the men kept falling; but when he looked full in the faces of the Danaans of swift horses and shook the aegis and himself shouted mightily, then he distracted their hearts in their breasts, and they forgot their furious valor. And as two wild beasts drive in confusion a herd of cattle or a great flock of sheep in the darkness of black night when they have come on them suddenly, and a herdsman is not by, so were the Achaeans driven in rout with no valor in them; for on them Apollo had sent panic, and to the Trojans and Hector was he giving glory.

Then man slew man as the battle line was scattered. Hector laid low Stichius and Arcesilaus, the one a leader of the bronze-clad Boeotians, and the other a trusty comrade of great-hearted Menestheus; and Aeneas slew Medon and Iasus. The one, Medon, in fact was a bastard son of godlike Oïleus and brother of Aias, but he dwelt in Phylace far from his native land, since he had slain a kinsman of his stepmother Eriopis, whom Oïleus had as wife; and Iasus was a leader of the Athenians, and was called the son of Sphelus, son of Bucolus. And Polydamas slew Mecisteus, and Polites slew Echius in the forefront of the fight, and Clonius was slain by noble Agenor. And Deïochus Paris struck from behind on the base of the shoulder, as he fled

19 Ὀιλῆος: ὁ Ἰλῆος Zenodotus.

φεύγοντ᾽ ἐν προμάχοισι, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσεν.
    Ὄφρ᾽ οἱ τοὺς ἐνάριζον ἀπ᾽ ἔντεα, τόφρα δ᾽ Ἀχαιοὶ
τάφρῳ καὶ σκολόπεσσιν ἐνιπλήξαντες ὀρυκτῇ
ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φέβοντο, δύοντο δὲ τεῖχος ἀνάγκῃ.
Ἕκτωρ δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀύσας·
"νηυσὶν ἐπισσεύεσθαι, ἐᾶν δ᾽ ἔναρα βροτόεντα·
ὃν δ᾽ ἂν ἐγὼν ἀπάνευθε νεῶν ἑτέρωθι νοήσω,
αὐτοῦ οἱ θάνατον μητίσομαι, οὐδέ νυ τόν γε
γνωτοί τε γνωταί τε πυρὸς λελάχωσι θανόντα,
ἀλλὰ κύνες ἐρύουσι πρὸ ἄστεος ἡμετέροιο."
    Ὣς εἰπὼν μάστιγι κατωμαδὸν ἤλασεν ἵππους,
κεκλόμενος Τρώεσσι κατὰ στίχας· οἱ δὲ σὺν αὐτῷ
πάντες ὁμοκλήσαντες ἔχον ἐρυσάρματας ἵππους
ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ· προπάροιθε δὲ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
ῥεῖ᾽ ὄχθας καπέτοιο βαθείης ποσσὶν[20] ἐρείπων
ἐς μέσσον κατέβαλλε, γεφύρωσεν δὲ κέλευθον
μακρὴν ἠδ᾽ εὐρεῖαν, ὅσον τ᾽ ἐπὶ δουρὸς ἐρωὴ
γίγνεται, ὁππότ᾽ ἀνὴρ σθένεος πειρώμενος ᾗσι.
τῇ ῥ᾽ οἵ γε προχέοντο φαλαγγηδόν, πρὸ δ᾽ Ἀπόλλων
αἰγίδ᾽ ἔχων ἐρίτιμον· ἔρειπε δὲ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν
ῥεῖα μάλ᾽, ὡς ὅτε τις ψάμαθον πάις ἄγχι θαλάσσης,
ὅς τ᾽ ἐπεὶ οὖν ποιήσῃ ἀθύρματα νηπιέῃσιν,
ἂψ αὖτις συνέχευε ποσὶν καὶ χερσὶν ἀθύρων.
ὥς ῥα σύ, ἤιε Φοῖβε, πολὺν κάματον καὶ ὀιζὺν
σύγχεας Ἀργείων, αὐτοῖσι δὲ φύζαν ἐνῶρσας.
    Ὣς οἱ μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐρητύοντο μένοντες,
ἀλλήλοισί τε κεκλόμενοι καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσι

among the foremost fighters, and drove the bronze clean through.

While they were stripping the armor from these men, meanwhile the Achaeans were flinging themselves into the trench they had dug and against the palisade, fleeing this way and that, and were being forced inside their wall. And Hector shouted aloud, and called to the Trojans: "Speed against the ships and leave the blood-stained armor. Whomever I see holding back from the ships elsewhere, on the very spot will I devise his death, nor will his kinsmen and kinswomen give him his due share of fire in death, but the dogs will rend him in front of our city."

So saying, with a downward sweep of his arm he struck his horses with the whip, and called aloud to the Trojans along the ranks; and they all raised a shout, and together with him drove the steeds that drew their chariots with a wondrous din; and before them Phoebus Apollo with his feet easily dashed down the banks of the deep trench, and cast them down into it, bridging for the men a pathway long and broad, just as far as a spear cast, when a man hurls, making trial of his strength. Through it they poured forward rank on rank, and before them went Apollo, holding the priceless aegis. And very easily did he cast down the wall of the Achaeans, just as a child scatters the sand by the sea, first making structures of sand in his childishness, and then again destroying it with hands and feet in his play: so did you, archer Phoebus, destroy the long toil and labor of the Achaeans, and on themselves send rout.

So then beside their ships the Danaans halted and stayed, calling to one another, and lifting up their hands to

20 ποσσὶν: χερσὶν Zenodotus.

χεῖρας ἀνίσχοντες μεγάλ᾿ εὐχετόωντο ἕκαστος·
Νέστωρ αὖτε μάλιστα Γερήνιος, οὖρος Ἀχαιῶν,
εὔχετο, χεῖρ᾿ ὀρέγων εἰς οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντα·
"Ζεῦ πάτερ, εἴ ποτέ τίς τοι ἐν Ἄργεΐ περ πολυπύρῳ
ἢ βοὸς ἢ οἰὸς κατὰ πίονα μηρία καίων
εὔχετο νοστῆσαι, σὺ δ᾿ ὑπέσχεο καὶ κατένευσας,
τῶν μνῆσαι καὶ ἄμυνον, Ὀλύμπιε, νηλεὲς ἦμαρ,
μηδ᾿ οὕτω Τρώεσσιν ἔα δάμνασθαι Ἀχαιούς."
Ὣς ἔφατ᾿ εὐχόμενος, μέγα δ᾿ ἔκτυπε[21] μητίετα Ζεύς,
ἀράων ἀίων Νηληιάδαο γέροντος.
Τρῶες δ᾿ ὡς ἐπύθοντο Διὸς κτύπον αἰγιόχοιο,
μᾶλλον ἐπ᾿ Ἀργείοισι θόρον, μνήσαντο δὲ χάρμης.
οἱ δ᾿ ὥς τε μέγα κῦμα θαλάσσης εὐρυπόροιο
νηὸς ὑπὲρ τοίχων καταβήσεται, ὁππότ᾿ ἐπείγῃ
ἲς ἀνέμου· ἡ γάρ τε μάλιστά γε κύματ᾿ ὀφέλλει·
ὣς Τρῶες μεγάλῃ ἰαχῇ κατὰ τεῖχος ἔβαινον,
ἵππους δ᾿ εἰσελάσαντες ἐπὶ πρύμνῃσι μάχοντο
ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοις αὐτοσχεδόν, οἱ μὲν ἀφ᾿ ἵππων,
οἱ δ᾿ ἀπὸ νηῶν ὕψι μελαινάων ἐπιβάντες
μακροῖσι ξυστοῖσι, τά ῥά σφ᾿ ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἔκειτο
ναύμαχα κολλήεντα, κατὰ στόμα εἱμένα χαλκῷ.
Πάτροκλος δ᾿ ἧος μὲν Ἀχαιοί τε Τρῶές τε
τείχεος ἀμφεμάχοντο θοάων ἔκτοθι νηῶν,
τόφρ᾿ ὅ γ᾿ ἐνὶ κλισίῃ ἀγαπήνορος Εὐρυπύλοιο
ἧστό τε καὶ τὸν ἔτερπε λόγοις, ἐπὶ δ᾿ ἕλκεϊ λυγρῷ
φάρμακ᾿ ἀκέσματ᾿ ἔπασσε μελαινάων ὀδυνάων.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ τεῖχος ἐπεσσυμένους ἐνόησε

all the gods they made fervent prayer, each man of them; and most of all prayed Nestor of Gerenia, guardian of the Achaeans, stretching out his hands to the starry heaven: "Father Zeus, if ever any man of us back in wheat-bearing Argos burned to you fat thigh pieces of bull or of ram with the prayer that he might return, and you promised and nodded your head to it, think on these things, and ward from us, Olympian god, the pitiless day of doom, and do not allow the Achaeans to be vanquished by the Trojans like this."

So he spoke in prayer, and Zeus the counselor thundered aloud, hearing the prayer of the aged son of Neleus.

But the Trojans, when they heard the thunder of Zeus who bears the aegis, leapt the more eagerly on the Argives and took thought of battle. And as a great billow of the broad-wayed sea sweeps down over the gunwales of a ship when it is driven on by the might of the wind, which especially makes the waves to swell, so did the Trojans with a great cry keep coming over the wall; they drove their chariots inside and fought at the ships' sterns with two-edged swords in close combat; they fought from their chariots, but the Achaeans fought from high on their black ships where they had climbed, with long pikes, jointed ship pikes that lay at hand for them on the ships, shod at the tip with bronze.

And Patroclus, while the Achaeans and Trojans were fighting about the wall away from the swift ships, sat in the hut of kindly Eurypylus, and was diverting him with talk, and on his painful wound was spreading herbs to assuage his dark pangs. But when he saw the Trojans rushing on the

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21 ἔκτυπε: ἔκλυε Zenodotus.

Τρῶας, ἀτὰρ Δαναῶν γένετο ἰαχή τε φόβος τε,
ᾤμωξέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα καὶ ὣ πεπλήγετο μηρὼ
χερσὶ καταπρηνέσσ', ὀλοφυρόμενος δ' ἔπος ηὔδα·
"Εὐρύπυλ', οὐκέτι τοι δύναμαι χατέοντί περ ἔμπης
ἐνθάδε παρμενέμεν· δὴ γὰρ μέγα νεῖκος ὄρωρεν·
ἀλλὰ σὲ μὲν θεράπων ποτιτερπέτω, αὐτὰρ ἐγώ γε
σπεύσομαι εἰς Ἀχιλῆα, ἵν' ὀτρύνω πολεμίζειν.
τίς δ' οἶδ' εἴ κέν οἱ σὺν δαίμονι θυμὸν ὀρίνω
παρειπών; ἀγαθὴ δὲ παραίφασίς ἐστιν ἑταίρου."
  Τὸν μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰπόντα πόδες φέρον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
Τρῶας ἐπερχομένους μένον ἔμπεδον, οὐδὲ δύναντο
παυροτέρους περ ἐόντας ἀπώσασθαι παρὰ νηῶν·
οὐδέ ποτε Τρῶες Δαναῶν ἐδύναντο φάλαγγας
ῥηξάμενοι κλισίῃσι μιγήμεναι ἠδὲ νέεσσιν.
ἀλλ' ὥς τε στάθμη δόρυ νήιον ἐξιθύνει
τέκτονος ἐν παλάμῃσι δαήμονος, ὅς ῥά τε πάσης
εὖ εἰδῇ σοφίης ὑποθημοσύνῃσιν Ἀθήνης,
ὣς μὲν τῶν ἐπὶ ἶσα μάχη τέτατο πτόλεμός τε.
ἄλλοι δ' ἀμφ' ἄλλῃσι μάχην ἐμάχοντο νέεσσιν,
Ἕκτωρ δ' ἄντ' Αἴαντος ἐείσατο κυδαλίμοιο.
τὼ δὲ μιῆς περὶ νηὸς ἔχον πόνον, οὐδὲ δύναντο
οὔθ' ὁ τὸν ἐξελάσαι καὶ ἐνιπρῆσαι πυρὶ νῆα
οὔθ' ὁ τὸν ἂψ ὤσασθαι, ἐπεί ῥ' ἐπέλασσέ γε δαίμων.
ἔνθ' υἷα Κλυτίοιο Καλήτορα φαίδιμος Αἴας,
πῦρ ἐς νῆα φέροντα, κατὰ στῆθος βάλε δουρί·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, δαλὸς δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε χειρός.
Ἕκτωρ δ' ὡς ἐνόησεν ἀνεψιὸν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
ἐν κονίῃσι πεσόντα νεὸς προπάροιθε μελαίνης,

wall, and the Danaans with loud cries turned in flight, then he uttered a groan, and struck both his thighs with the flat of his hands, and mournfully spoke and said: "Eurypylus, in no way can I remain longer with you here, though you need me; for great indeed is the conflict that has arisen. But as for you, let your attendant bring you comfort, but I will hurry to Achilles so that I may urge him on to do battle. Who knows but that with the aid of a god I may rouse his spirit with my persuading? A good thing is the persuasion of a comrade."

When he had thus spoken, his feet bore him on; but the Achaeans firmly awaited the Trojans as they advanced, yet were not able to thrust them back from the ships, though there were fewer of them, nor could the Trojans break the battalions of the Danaans and get among the huts and the ships. But as the carpenter's line makes straight a ship's timber in the hands of a skilled workman who knows well all manner of craft through the promptings of Athene, so evenly was strained their war and battle. And some fought their fight at one ship, others at another, but Hector made straight for glorious Aias. The two of them were laboring in the toil of war about the same ship, nor were they able, the one to drive back the other and burn the ship with fire, nor the other to thrust him back, since a god had brought him there. Then did glorious Aias cast his spear and strike Caletor, son of Clytius, in the chest as he was bringing fire against the ship; and he fell with a thud, and the torch dropped from his hand. But Hector, when he spied his cousin fallen in the dust in front of the black ship, called to

Τρωσί τε καὶ Λυκίοισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·
"Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,
μὴ δή πω χάζεσθε μάχης ἐν στεινεϊ τῷδε,
ἀλλ' υἷα Κλυτίοιο σαώσατε, μή μιν Ἀχαιοὶ
τεύχεα συλήσωσι νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι πεσόντα."
Ὣς εἰπὼν Αἴαντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.
τοῦ μὲν ἅμαρθ', ὁ δ' ἔπειτα Λυκόφρονα, Μάστορος υἱόν,
Αἴαντος θεράποντα Κυθήριον, ὅς ῥα παρ' αὐτῷ
ναῖ', ἐπεὶ ἄνδρα κατέκτα Κυθήροισι ζαθέοισι,
τόν ῥ' ἔβαλεν κεφαλὴν ὑπὲρ οὔατος ὀξέι χαλκῷ,
ἑσταότ' ἄγχ' Αἴαντος· ὁ δ' ὕπτιος ἐν κονίῃσι
νηὸς ἄπο πρυμνῆς χαμάδις πέσε, λύντο δὲ γυῖα.
Αἴας δὲ ῥίγησε, κασίγνητον δὲ προσηύδα·
"Τεῦκρε πέπον, δὴ νῶιν ἀπέκτατο πιστὸς ἑταῖρος
Μαστορίδης, ὃν νῶι Κυθηρόθεν ἔνδον ἐόντα
ἶσα φίλοισι τοκεῦσιν ἐτίομεν ἐν μεγάροισι·
τὸν δ' Ἕκτωρ μεγάθυμος ἀπέκτανε. ποῦ νύ τοι ἰοὶ
ὠκύμοροι καὶ τόξον, ὅ τοι πόρε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων;"
Ὣς φάθ', ὁ δὲ ξυνέηκε, θέων δέ οἱ ἄγχι παρέστη,
τόξον ἔχων ἐν χειρὶ παλίντονον ἠδὲ φαρέτρην
ἰοδόκον· μάλα δ' ὦκα βέλεα Τρώεσσιν ἐφίει.
καί ῥ' ἔβαλε Κλεῖτον, Πεισήνορος ἀγλαὸν υἱόν,
Πουλυδάμαντος ἑταῖρον, ἀγαυοῦ Πανθοΐδαο,
ἡνία χερσὶν ἔχοντα· ὁ μὲν πεπόνητο καθ' ἵππους·
τῇ γὰρ ἔχ' ᾗ ῥα πολὺ πλεῖσται κλονέοντο φάλαγγες,
Ἕκτορι καὶ Τρώεσσι χαριζόμενος· τάχα δ' αὐτῷ[22]
ἦλθε κακόν, τό οἱ οὔ τις ἐρύκακεν ἱεμένων περ.

the Trojans and Lycians with a loud shout: "Trojans and Lycians and Dardanians who fight in close combat, in no way give ground from battle in this strait: but save the son of Clytius, lest the Achaeans strip him of his armor now that he is fallen where the ships are gathered."

So saying, he hurled at Aias with his bright spear; him he missed, but then Lycophron, Mastor's son, an attendant of Aias from Cythera, who dwelt with him, since he had slain a man in sacred Cythera—him Hector struck on the head above the ear with the sharp sword as he stood beside Aias, and backward in the dust he fell to the ground from the stern of the ship, and his limbs were loosed. And Aias shuddered, and spoke to his brother: "Good Teucer, a true comrade of ours has been slain, the son of Mastor, whom while he was with us, having come from Cythera, we honored in our halls just like our dear parents. Him has great-hearted Hector slain. Where now are your arrows that bring swift death and the bow that Phoebus Apollo gave you?"

So he spoke, and the other understood, and ran, and stood close beside him, holding in his hand his bent-back bow and the quiver that held his arrows; and very swiftly did he let fly his shafts on the Trojans. And he struck Cleitus, Peisenor's glorious son, comrade of Polydamas, the lordly son of Panthous, as he was holding the reins in his hand, and was busy with his horses; for he was driving them there where the most battalions were being driven in rout, as a favor to Hector and the Trojans. But swiftly on himself came evil that not one of them could ward off, ea-

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[22] Lines 449–451 were rejected by Aristarchus.

αὐχένι γάρ οἱ ὄπισθε[23] πολύστονος ἔμπεσεν ἰός·
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, ὑπερώησαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι
κείν' ὄχεα κροτέοντες. ἄναξ δ' ἐνόησε τάχιστα
Πουλυδάμας, καὶ πρῶτος ἐναντίος ἤλυθεν ἵππων.
τοὺς μὲν ὅ γ' Ἀστυνόῳ Προτιάονος υἱέι δῶκε,
πολλὰ δ' ἐπότρυνε σχεδὸν ἴσχειν εἰσορόωντα
ἵππους· αὐτὸς δ' αὖτις ἰὼν προμάχοισιν ἐμίχθη.
Τεῦκρος δ' ἄλλον ὀιστὸν ἐφ' Ἕκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ
αἴνυτο, καί κεν ἔπαυσε μάχης ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν,
εἴ μιν ἀριστεύοντα βαλὼν ἐξείλετο θυμόν.
ἀλλ' οὐ λῆθε Διὸς πυκινὸν νόον, ὅς ῥ' ἐφύλασσεν
Ἕκτορ', ἀτὰρ Τεῦκρον Τελαμώνιον εὖχος ἀπηύρα,
ὅς οἱ ἐυστρεφέα νευρὴν ἐν ἀμύμονι τόξῳ
ῥῆξ' ἐπὶ τῷ ἐρύοντι· παρεπλάγχθη δέ οἱ ἄλλῃ
ἰὸς χαλκοβαρής, τόξον δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε χειρός.
Τεῦκρος δ' ἐρρίγησε, κασίγνητον δὲ προσηύδα·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ δὴ πάγχυ μάχης ἐπὶ μήδεα κείρει
δαίμων ἡμετέρης, ὅ τέ μοι βιὸν ἔκβαλε χειρός,
νευρὴν δ' ἐξέρρηξε νεόστροφον, ἣν ἐνέδησα
πρώιον, ὄφρ' ἀνέχοιτο θαμὰ θρῴσκοντας ὀιστούς."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
"ὦ πέπον, ἀλλὰ βιὸν μὲν ἔα καὶ ταρφέας ἰοὺς
κεῖσθαι, ἐπεὶ συνέχευε θεὸς Δαναοῖσι μεγήρας·
αὐτὰρ χερσὶν ἑλὼν δολιχὸν δόρυ καὶ σάκος ὤμῳ
μάρναό τε Τρώεσσι καὶ ἄλλους ὄρνυθι λαούς.
μὴ μὰν ἀσπουδί γε δαμασσάμενοί περ ἕλοιεν

[23] ὄπισθε: πρόσθε Aristophanes.

ger though they were. For on the back of his neck lighted the arrow that causes many groanings, and he fell from the chariot, and the horses swerved aside, rattling the empty chariot. And lord Polydamas quickly noticed it, and was first to come toward the horses. These he gave to Astynous, son of Protiaon, and urgently told him to hold them near at hand, and to watch him; and he himself went back and mixed with the foremost fighters.

Then Teucer drew out another arrow for Hector armored in bronze, and would have made him cease from battle by the ships of the Achaeans, had he struck him while he was showing his prowess and taken away his life. But he did not escape the wise mind of Zeus, who guarded Hector and took the glory from Teucer, son of Telamon. For Zeus broke the well-twisted string on the incomparable bow, just as he was drawing it against Hector, and his arrow heavy with bronze was turned aside, and the bow fell from his hand. Then Teucer shuddered, and spoke to his brother: "Well now! A god is utterly bringing to nothing the plans of our battle: he has struck the bow from my hand, and broken the newly twisted string that I bound fast this morning so that it might endure the arrows that would leap thick and fast from it."

Then great Telamonian Aias answered him: "Yes, friend, but leave your bow and your many arrows to lie where they are, since a god has destroyed them out of malice toward the Danaans; but take in your hand a long spear and a shield on your shoulder, and do battle with the Trojans, and urge on the rest of the men. May they not take our well-benched ships without a struggle, even if they over-

νῆας ἐυσσέλμους, ἀλλὰ μνησώμεθα χάρμης."
　　Ὣς φάθ', ὁ δ' αὖ τόξον μὲν ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἔθηκεν,
αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισι σάκος θέτο τετραθέλυμνον,
κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἰφθίμῳ κυνέην εὔτυκτον ἔθηκεν
ἵππουριν, δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἔνευεν·[24]
εἵλετο δ' ἄλκιμον ἔγχος, ἀκαχμένον ὀξέι χαλκῷ,
βῆ δ' ἰέναι, μάλα δ' ὦκα θέων Αἴαντι παρέστη.
　　Ἕκτωρ δ' ὡς εἶδεν Τεύκρου βλαφθέντα βέλεμνα,
Τρωσί τε καὶ Λυκίοισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀύσας·
"Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς
νῆας ἀνὰ γλαφυράς· δὴ γὰρ ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
ἀνδρὸς ἀριστῆος Διόθεν βλαφθέντα βέλεμνα.
ῥεῖα δ' ἀρίγνωτος Διὸς ἀνδράσι γίγνεται ἀλκή,
ἠμὲν ὁτέοισιν κῦδος ὑπέρτερον ἐγγυαλίξῃ,
ἠδ' ὅτινας μινύθῃ τε καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλῃσιν ἀμύνειν,
ὡς νῦν Ἀργείων μινύθει μένος, ἄμμι δ' ἀρήγει.
ἀλλὰ μάχεσθ' ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἀολλέες· ὃς δέ κεν ὑμέων
βλήμενος ἠὲ τυπεὶς θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπίσπῃ,
τεθνάτω· οὔ οἱ ἀεικὲς ἀμυνομένῳ περὶ πάτρης
τεθνάμεν· ἀλλ' ἄλοχός τε σόη καὶ παῖδες ὀπίσσω,
καὶ οἶκος καὶ κλῆρος ἀκήρατος, εἴ κεν Ἀχαιοὶ
οἴχωνται σὺν νηυσὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν."
　　Ὣς εἰπὼν ὤτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
Αἴας δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐκέκλετο οἷς ἑτάροισιν·
"αἰδώς, Ἀργεῖοι· νῦν ἄρκιον ἢ ἀπολέσθαι
ἠὲ σαωθῆναι καὶ ἀπώσασθαι κακὰ νηῶν.
ἦ ἔλπεσθ', ἢν νῆας ἕλῃ κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ,

power us, but let us take thought of battle."

So he spoke, and Teucer laid the bow again inside the hut, but about his shoulders put a fourfold shield, and on his mighty head set a well-made helmet with horsehair crest; and terribly did the plume nod from above; and he took a valiant spear, tipped with sharp bronze, and set out to go, and very swiftly ran and stood by the side of Aias.

But when Hector saw that Teucer's shafts had been disabled, to Trojans and Lycians he called with a loud shout: "Trojans and Lycians and Dardanians who fight in close combat, be men, my friends, and take thought of furious valor among the hollow ships; for surely my eyes have seen how Zeus has disabled the shafts of one of the chief men. Easy to discern is the aid Zeus gives to men, both those to whom he grants the greater glory, and those again whom he diminishes and is not minded to aid, just as now he diminishes the might of the Argives and assists us. But fight at the ships in close throngs, and if any one of you, struck by missile or thrust, meets death and fate, let him die. No unseemly thing is it for him to die while fighting for his country. But his wife is safe and his children after him, and his house and his portion of land are unharmed, if the Achaeans have gone with their ships to their dear native land."

So saying, he roused the might and heart of every man. And Aias again from the other side called to his comrades: "Shame on you, Argives, now is it sure that we must either perish or find safety by thrusting back the peril from the ships. Do you perhaps hope that, if Hector of the flashing

24 Line 481 is omitted in most MSS.

ἐμβαδὸν ἵξεσθαι ἣν πατρίδα γαῖαν ἕκαστος;
ἦ οὐκ ὀτρύνοντος ἀκούετε λαὸν ἅπαντα
Ἕκτορος, ὃς δὴ νῆας ἐνιπρῆσαι μενεαίνει;
οὐ μὰν ἔς γε χορὸν κέλετ᾽ ἐλθέμεν, ἀλλὰ μάχεσθαι.
ἡμῖν δ᾽ οὔ τις τοῦδε νόος καὶ μῆτις ἀμείνων,
ἢ αὐτοσχεδίῃ μεῖξαι χεῖράς τε μένος τε.
βέλτερον ἢ ἀπολέσθαι ἕνα χρόνον ἠὲ βιῶναι,
ἢ δηθὰ στρεύγεσθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηιοτῆτι
ὧδ᾽ αὔτως παρὰ νηυσὶν ὑπ᾽ ἀνδράσι χειροτέροισιν."
"Ὣς εἰπὼν ὄτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
ἔνθ᾽ Ἕκτωρ μὲν ἕλε Σχεδίον, Περιμήδεος υἱόν,
ἀρχὸν Φωκήων, Αἴας δ᾽ ἕλε Λαοδάμαντα
ἡγεμόνα πρυλέων, Ἀντήνορος ἀγλαὸν υἱόν·
Πουλυδάμας δ᾽ Ὦτον Κυλλήνιον ἐξενάριξε,
Φυλεΐδεω ἕταρον, μεγαθύμων ἀρχὸν Ἐπειῶν.
τῷ δὲ Μέγης ἐπόρουσεν ἰδών· ὁ δ᾽ ὕπαιθα λιάσθη
Πουλυδάμας· καὶ τοῦ μὲν ἀπήμβροτεν· οὐ γὰρ Ἀπόλ-
λων
εἴα Πάνθου υἱὸν ἐνὶ προμάχοισι δαμῆναι·
αὐτὰρ ὅ γε Κροίσμου στῆθος μέσον οὔτασε δουρί.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· ὁ δ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ὤμων τεύχε᾽ ἐσύλα.
τόφρα δὲ τῷ ἐπόρουσε Δόλοψ, αἰχμῆς εὖ εἰδώς,
Λαμπετίδης, ὃν Λάμπος ἐγείνατο φέρτατον υἱόν,[25]
Λαομεδοντιάδης, εὖ εἰδότα θούριδος ἀλκῆς,
ὃς τότε Φυλεΐδαο μέσον σάκος οὔτασε δουρὶ
ἐγγύθεν ὁρμηθείς· πυκινὸς δέ οἱ ἤρκεσε θώρηξ,
τόν ῥ᾽ ἐφόρει γυάλοισιν ἀρηρότα· τόν ποτε Φυλεὺς
ἤγαγεν ἐξ Ἐφύρης, ποταμοῦ ἄπο Σελλήεντος.

helmet takes the ships, you will come on foot each man of you to his own native land? Do you not hear Hector urging on all his army in his fury to burn the ships? Surely it is not to the dance that he asks them to come, but to battle. And for us there is no counsel or device better than this, that in close combat we bring our hands and our might against theirs. Better is it once and for all either to die or win life, than long to be confined in dread conflict thus vainly beside the ships at the hands of men who are inferior."

So saying, he roused the might and heart of every man. Then Hector slew Schedius, Perimedes' son, a leader of the Phocians, and Aias slew Laodamas, the leader of the foot soldiers, the glorious son of Antenor; and Polydamas laid low Otus of Cyllene, comrade of Phyleus' son and leader of the great-hearted Epeians. And Meges when he saw this leapt on him, but Polydamas swerved from beneath him and him Meges missed; for Apollo would not allow the son of Panthous to be vanquished among the foremost fighters; but with a spear thrust he struck Croesmus square on the chest. And he fell with a thud, and Meges began to strip the armor from his shoulders. Meanwhile on him leapt Dolops well skilled with the spear, the son of Lampus, whom Lampus, son of Laomedon, begot, his bravest son, well skilled in furious valor; he it was who then thrust with his spear square on the shield of Phyleus' son, setting on him from near at hand. But his thick corselet saved him, the one that he wore fitted with plates of mail. This Phyleus had brought out of Ephyre, from the river

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[25] *φέρτατον υἱόν: φέρτατον ἀνδρῶν, φέρτατος ἀνδρῶν.*

ξεῖνος γάρ οἱ ἔδωκεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Εὐφήτης
ἐς πόλεμον φορέειν, δηίων ἀνδρῶν ἀλεωρήν·
ὅς οἱ καὶ τότε παιδὸς ἀπὸ χροὸς ἤρκεσ᾽ ὄλεθρον.
τοῦ δὲ Μέγης κόρυθος χαλκήρεος ἱπποδασείης
κύμβαχον ἀκρότατον νύξ᾽ ἔγχεϊ ὀξυόεντι,
ῥῆξε δ᾽ ἀφ᾽ ἵππειον λόφον αὐτοῦ· πᾶς δὲ χαμᾶζε
κάππεσεν ἐν κονίῃσι, νέον φοίνικι φαεινός.
ἧος ὁ τῷ πολέμιζε μένων, ἔτι δ᾽ ἔλπετο νίκην,
τόφρα δέ οἱ Μενέλαος ἀρήιος ἦλθεν ἀμύντωρ,
στῆ δ᾽ εὐρὰξ σὺν δουρὶ λαθών, βάλε δ᾽ ὦμον ὄπισθεν·
αἰχμὴ δὲ στέρνοιο διέσσυτο μαιμώωσα,
πρόσσω ἱεμένη· ὁ δ᾽ ἄρα πρηνὴς ἐλιάσθη·
τὼ μὲν ἐεισάσθην χαλκήρεα τεύχε᾽ ἀπ᾽ ὤμων
συλήσειν. Ἕκτωρ δὲ κασιγνήτοισι κέλευσε
πᾶσι μάλα, πρῶτον δ᾽ Ἱκεταονίδην ἐνένιπεν,
ἴφθιμον Μελάνιππον. ὁ δ᾽ ὄφρα μὲν εἰλίποδας βοῦς
βόσκ᾽ ἐν Περκώτῃ, δηίων ἀπονόσφιν ἐόντων·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Δαναῶν νέες ἤλυθον ἀμφιέλισσαι,
ἂψ εἰς Ἴλιον ἦλθε, μετέπρεπε δὲ Τρώεσσι,
ναῖε δὲ πὰρ Πριάμῳ, ὁ δέ μιν τίεν ἶσα τέκεσσι·
τόν ῥ᾽ Ἕκτωρ ἐνένιπεν ἔπος τ᾽ ἔφατ᾽ ἔκ τ᾽ ὀνόμαζεν·
"οὕτω δή, Μελάνιππε, μεθήσομεν; οὐδέ νυ σοί περ
ἐντρέπεται φίλον ἦτορ ἀνεψιοῦ κταμένοιο;
οὐχ ὁράᾳς οἷον Δόλοπος περὶ τεύχε᾽ ἕπουσιν;
ἀλλ᾽ ἕπευ· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ᾽ ἔστιν ἀποσταδὸν Ἀργείοισι
μάρνασθαι, πρίν γ᾽ ἠὲ κατακτάμεν ἠὲ κατ᾽ ἄκρης
Ἴλιον αἰπεινὴν ἑλέειν κτάσθαι τε πολίτας."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν ἦρχ᾽, ὁ δ᾽ ἅμ᾽ ἕσπετο ἰσόθεος φώς·

Seleïs. For a guest-friend of his, the lord of men Euphetes, had given it to him so that he might wear it in war, a defense against the foe; and this now warded death from the body of his son. Then Meges struck with his sharp spear on the topmost socket of the helmet of bronze with horsehair plume which Dolops wore, and sheared from it the plume of horsehair, and all the plume, bright with its new scarlet dye, fell in the dust. Now while Meges remained and fought with Dolops, and still hoped for victory, meanwhile warlike Menelaus came to help him, and he stood to one side with his spear, unseen by Dolops, and cast and struck him on the shoulder from behind; and the point sped furiously through his breast, darting eagerly onward, and he slumped on to his face; and the two of them went after him to strip from his shoulders his brazen armor. But Hector called to his kinsmen, one and all, and first he reproached Hicetaon's son, strong Melanippus. He until this time had been used to feed his cattle of shambling gait in Percote, while the foe were yet afar, but when the curved ships of the Danaans came, he went back to Ilios and was preeminent among the Trojans; and he dwelt in the house of Priam, who held him in like honor with his own children. Him did Hector reproach, and spoke and addressed him, saying: "Melanippus, are we going to slacken like this? Has your dear heart no regard for your kinsman who is slain? Do you not see how they are occupied with the armor of Dolops? But follow me; for no longer can we fight with the Argives from afar, till either we slay them, or they utterly take steep Ilios and slay the people."

So saying, he led the way, and the other followed with

Ἀργείους δ᾽ ὄτρυνε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
"ὦ φίλοι, ἀνέρες ἔστε, καὶ αἰδῶ θέσθ᾽ ἐνὶ θυμῷ,
ἀλλήλους τ᾽ αἰδεῖσθε κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας.[26]
αἰδομένων δ᾽ ἀνδρῶν πλέονες σόοι ἠὲ πέφανται·
φευγόντων δ᾽ οὔτ᾽ ἂρ κλέος ὄρνυται οὔτε τις ἀλκή."
    Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἀλέξασθαι μενέαινον,
ἐν θυμῷ δ᾽ ἐβάλοντο ἔπος, φράξαντο δὲ νῆας
ἕρκεϊ[27] χαλκείῳ· ἐπὶ δὲ Ζεὺς Τρῶας ἔγειρεν.
Ἀντίλοχον δ᾽ ὄτρυνε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·
"Ἀντίλοχ᾽, οὔ τις σεῖο νεώτερος ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν,
οὔτε ποσὶν θάσσων οὔτ᾽ ἄλκιμος ὡς σὺ μάχεσθαι·
εἴ τινά που Τρώων ἐξάλμενος ἄνδρα βάλοισθα."
    Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἀπέσσυτο, τὸν δ᾽ ὀρόθυνεν·
ἐκ δ᾽ ἔθορε προμάχων, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ
ἀμφὶ ἓ παπτήνας· ὑπὸ δὲ Τρῶες κεκάδοντο
ἀνδρὸς ἀκοντίσσαντος· ὁ δ᾽ οὐχ ἅλιον βέλος ἧκεν,
ἀλλ᾽ Ἱκετάονος υἱόν, ὑπέρθυμον Μελάνιππον,
νισόμενον πόλεμόνδε βάλε στῆθος παρὰ μαζόν.
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.[28]
Ἀντίλοχος δ᾽ ἐπόρουσε κύων ὥς, ὅς τ᾽ ἐπὶ νεβρῷ
βλημένῳ ἀίξῃ, τόν τ᾽ ἐξ εὐνῆφι θορόντα
θηρητὴρ ἐτύχησε βαλών, ὑπέλυσε δὲ γυῖα·
ὣς ἐπὶ σοί, Μελάνιππε, θόρ᾽ Ἀντίλοχος μενεχάρμης
τεύχεα συλήσων. ἀλλ᾽ οὐ λάθεν Ἕκτορα δῖον,
ὅς ῥά οἱ ἀντίος ἦλθε θέων ἀνὰ δηιοτῆτα.
Ἀντίλοχος δ᾽ οὐ μεῖνε θοός περ ἐὼν πολεμιστής,

[26] Line 562 is omitted in some MSS.

him, a godlike man. And the Argives did great Telamonian Aias urge on, saying: "My friends, be men, and place shame in your hearts, and have shame of one another in the mighty combat. Of men that have shame more are saved than are slain; but from those who flee springs neither glory nor any defence."

So he spoke, and they even of themselves were eager to ward off the foe, but they laid up his word in their hearts, and fenced the ships in with a hedge of bronze; and against them Zeus urged on the Trojans. Then Menelaus, good at the war cry, exhorted Antilochus: "Antilochus, no other of the Achaeans is younger than you, nor swifter of foot, nor valiant as you are in fight; could you not leap out and strike some man of the Trojans?"

He spoke, and hurried back again himself, but roused the other, and Antilochus leapt out from among the foremost fighters and, glancing warily about him, hurled with his bright spear, and back did the Trojans shrink from the warrior as he cast. Not in vain did he let fly his spear, but he struck Hicetaon's son, Melanippus, high of heart, as he was coming to the battle, on the chest beside the nipple; and he fell with a thud, and darkness enfolded his eyes. And Antilochus sprang on him, like a hound that leaps on a wounded fawn that a hunter with sure aim has struck as it leapt from its lair, and has loosed its limbs; even so on you, Melanippus, leapt Antilochus firm in the fight, to strip from you your armor. But he did not escape the notice of noble Hector, who came running to meet him through the battle; and Antilochus did not hold his ground, swift war-

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[27] ἕρκεϊ: ἔγχεϊ.

[28] Line 578 is omitted in some MSS.

ἀλλ᾽ ὅ γ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔτρεσε θηρὶ κακὸν ῥέξαντι ἐοικώς,
ὅς τε κύνα κτείνας ἢ βουκόλον ἀμφὶ βόεσσι[29]
φεύγει πρίν περ ὅμιλον ἀολλισθήμεναι ἀνδρῶν·
ὣς τρέσε Νεστορίδης, ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶές τε καὶ Ἕκτωρ
ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ βέλεα στονόεντα χέοντο·
στῆ δὲ μεταστρεφθείς, ἐπεὶ ἵκετο ἔθνος ἑταίρων.

Τρῶες δὲ λείουσιν ἐοικότες ὠμοφάγοισι
νηυσὶν ἐπεσσεύοντο, Διὸς δὲ τέλειον ἐφετμάς,
ὅ σφισιν αἰὲν ἔγειρε μένος μέγα, θέλγε δὲ θυμὸν
Ἀργείων καὶ κῦδος ἀπαίνυτο, τοὺς δ᾽ ὀρόθυνεν.
Ἕκτορι γάρ οἱ θυμὸς ἐβούλετο κῦδος ὀρέξαι
Πριαμίδῃ, ἵνα νηυσὶ κορωνίσι θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ
ἐμβάλοι ἀκάματον, Θέτιδος δ᾽ ἐξαίσιον ἀρὴν
πᾶσαν ἐπικρήνειε· τὸ γὰρ μένε μητίετα Ζεύς,
νηὸς καιομένης σέλας ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι.
ἐκ γὰρ δὴ τοῦ μέλλε παλίωξιν παρὰ νηῶν
θησέμεναι Τρώων, Δαναοῖσι δὲ κῦδος ὀρέξειν.
τὰ φρονέων νήεσσιν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἔγειρεν
Ἕκτορα Πριαμίδην, μάλα περ μεμαῶτα καὶ αὐτόν.
μαίνετο δ᾽ ὡς ὅτ᾽ Ἄρης ἐγχέσπαλος ἢ ὀλοὸν πῦρ
οὔρεσι μαίνηται, βαθέης ἐν τάρφεσιν ὕλης·
ἀφλοισμὸς δὲ περὶ στόμα γίγνετο, τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε
λαμπέσθην βλοσυρῇσιν ὑπ᾽ ὀφρύσιν, ἀμφὶ δὲ πήληξ
σμερδαλέον κροτάφοισι τινάσσετο μαρναμένοιο
Ἕκτορος· αὐτὸς γάρ οἱ ἀπ᾽ αἰθέρος ἦεν ἀμύντωρ[30]
Ζεύς, ὅς μιν πλεόνεσσι μετ᾽ ἀνδράσι μοῦνον ἐόντα

[29] βόεσσι: οἱ αὐτῷ Zenodotus.

rior though he was, but fled like a wild beast that has done some evil thing—one that has slain a hound or a herdsman beside his cattle and flees before the throng of men can be gathered together; so fled the son of Nestor; and the Trojans and Hector with wondrous din poured out on him their missiles laden with groans; but he turned and stood when he had reached the throng of his comrades.

But the Trojans, like ravening lions, rushed on the ships and were fulfilling the orders of Zeus, who ever roused great might in them, but distracted the hearts of the Argives, and took away their glory, while he spurred on the others. For it was to Hector, son of Priam, that he willed in his heart to give glory, so that he might cast on the beaked ships unwearied, wondrous-blazing fire, and so fulfill completely the monstrous prayer of Thetis. It was for this that Zeus the counselor was waiting, that his eyes might look on the glare of a burning ship; for from that time on he was to make a driving-back of the Trojans from the ships, and to grant glory to the Danaans. With this in mind he was rousing Hector son of Priam against the hollow ships, though he was himself very eager. And he was raging like Ares, wielder of the spear, or as when destructive fire rages among the mountains in the thickets of a deep wood; and foam showed about his mouth, and his eyes blazed beneath his fierce brows, and round about his temples terribly shook the helmet of Hector as he fought; for Zeus out of heaven was himself his defender, and granted him honor and glory, alone as he was among so many warriors.

[30] Lines 610–614 were rejected by Zenodotus and Aristarchus.

τίμα καὶ κύδαινε. μινυνθάδιος γὰρ ἔμελλεν
ἔσσεσθ᾽· ἤδη γάρ οἱ ἐπόρνυε μόρσιμον ἦμαρ
Παλλὰς Ἀθηναίη ὑπὸ Πηλεΐδαο βίηφιν.
καί ῥ᾽ ἔθελεν ῥῆξαι στίχας ἀνδρῶν πειρητίζων,
ᾗ δὴ πλεῖστον ὅμιλον ὅρα καὶ τεύχε᾽ ἄριστα·
ἀλλ᾽ οὐδ᾽ ὧς δύνατο ῥῆξαι μάλα περ μενεαίνων·
ἴσχον γὰρ πυργηδὸν ἀρηρότες, ἠΰτε πέτρη
ἠλίβατος μεγάλη, πολιῆς ἁλὸς ἐγγὺς ἐοῦσα,
ἥ τε μένει λιγέων ἀνέμων λαιψηρὰ κέλευθα
κύματά τε τροφόεντα, τά τε προσερεύγεται αὐτήν·
ὣς Δαναοὶ Τρῶας μένον ἔμπεδον οὐδὲ φέβοντο.
αὐτὰρ ὁ λαμπόμενος πυρὶ πάντοθεν ἔνθορ᾽ ὁμίλῳ,
ἐν δ᾽ ἔπεσ᾽ ὡς ὅτε κῦμα θοῇ ἐν νηῒ πέσῃσι
λάβρον ὑπαὶ νεφέων ἀνεμοτρεφές· ἡ δέ τε πᾶσα
ἄχνῃ ὑπεκρύφθη, ἀνέμοιο δὲ δεινὸς ἀήτης
ἱστίῳ ἐμβρέμεται, τρομέουσι δέ τε φρένα ναῦται
δειδιότες· τυτθὸν γὰρ ὑπὲκ θανάτοιο φέρονται·
ὣς ἐδαΐζετο θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.
αὐτὰρ ὅ γ᾽ ὥς τε λέων ὀλοόφρων βουσὶν ἐπελθών,
αἵ ῥά τ᾽ ἐν εἱαμενῇ ἕλεος μεγάλοιο νέμονται
μυρίαι, ἐν δέ τε τῇσι νομεὺς οὔ πω σάφα εἰδὼς
θηρὶ μαχέσσασθαι ἕλικος βοὸς ἀμφὶ φονῇσιν·
ἤ τοι ὁ μὲν πρώτῃσι καὶ ὑστατίῃσι βόεσσιν
αἰὲν ὁμοστιχάει, ὁ δέ τ᾽ ἐν μέσσῃσιν ὀρούσας
βοῦν ἔδει, αἱ δέ τε πᾶσαι ὑπέτρεσαν· ὣς τότ᾽ Ἀχαιοὶ
θεσπεσίως ἐφόβηθεν ὑφ᾽ Ἕκτορι καὶ Διὶ πατρὶ
πάντες, ὁ δ᾽ οἶον ἔπεφνε Μυκηναῖον Περιφήτην,
Κοπρῆος φίλον υἱόν, ὃς Εὐρυσθῆος ἄνακτος

For brief was his span of life to be, since even now Pallas Athene was hurrying on the day of his doom beneath the might of the son of Peleus. But he was minded to break the ranks of men, making trial of them wherever he saw the greatest throng and the best armor. But not even so was he able to break them, though he was very eager; for they held firm-fixed like a wall, like a crag, sheer and great, hard by the gray sea, that withstands the swift paths of the shrill winds and the swelling waves that belch out against it; so the Danaans withstood the Trojans steadfastly, and fled not. But Hector shining all about with fire leapt among the throng, and fell on them, just as beneath the clouds a violent wave, swollen by the winds, falls on a swift ship, and it is all hidden by the foam, and the terrible blast of the wind roars against the sail, and the minds of the sailors shudder in their fear, for they are borne along only a short distance from death; so were the hearts of the Achaeans rent within their breasts. But he fell on them like a lion of destructive mind coming against cattle that are grazing in the bottom of a great marsh, and there is no counting them, and among them is a herdsman who is as yet unskilled to fight with a wild beast over the carcase of a sleek heifer that has been slain: he paces ever by their side, now abreast of the foremost of the cattle, and now of the hindmost, but the lion leaps on the midmost, and devours a heifer, and at that they all flee in terror; so wondrously were the Achaeans one and all then driven in rout by Hector and father Zeus, though Hector slew only one man, Periphetes of Mycenae, the dear son of Copreus, who had been used to go as mes-

ἀγγελίης οἴχνεσκε βίη Ἡρακληείῃ.
τοῦ γένετ' ἐκ πατρὸς πολὺ χείρονος υἱὸς ἀμείνων
παντοίας ἀρετάς, ἠμὲν πόδας ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι,
καὶ νόον ἐν πρώτοισι Μυκηναίων ἐτέτυκτο.
ὅς ῥα τόθ' Ἕκτορι κῦδος ὑπέρτερον ἐγγυάλιξε.
στρεφθεὶς γὰρ μετόπισθεν ἐν ἀσπίδος ἄντυγι πάλτο,
τὴν αὐτὸς φορέεσκε ποδηνεκέ', ἕρκος ἀκόντων·
τῇ ὅ γ' ἐνὶ βλαφθεὶς πέσεν ὕπτιος, ἀμφὶ δὲ πήληξ
σμερδαλέον κονάβησε περὶ κροτάφοισι πεσόντος.
Ἕκτωρ δ' ὀξὺ νόησε, θέων δέ οἱ ἄγχι παρέστη,
στήθεϊ δ' ἐν δόρυ πῆξε, φίλων δέ μιν ἐγγὺς ἑταίρων
κτεῖν'· οἱ δ' οὐκ ἐδύναντο καὶ ἀχνύμενοί περ ἑταίρου
χραισμεῖν· αὐτοὶ γὰρ μάλα δείδισαν Ἕκτορα δῖον.
Εἰσωποὶ δ' ἐγένοντο νεῶν, περὶ δ' ἔσχεθον ἄκραι
νῆες, ὅσαι πρῶται εἰρύατο· τοὶ δ' ἐπέχυντο.
Ἀργεῖοι δὲ νεῶν μὲν ἐχώρησαν καὶ ἀνάγκῃ
τῶν πρωτέων, αὐτοῦ δὲ παρὰ κλισίῃσιν ἔμειναν
ἀθρόοι, οὐδ' ἐκέδασθεν ἀνὰ στρατόν· ἴσχε γὰρ αἰδὼς
καὶ δέος· ἀζηχὲς γὰρ ὁμόκλεον ἀλλήλοισι.
Νέστωρ αὖτε μάλιστα Γερήνιος, οὖρος Ἀχαιῶν,
λίσσεθ' ὑπὲρ τοκέων[31] γουνούμενος ἄνδρα ἕκαστον·
"ὦ φίλοι, ἀνέρες ἔστε, καὶ αἰδῶ θέσθ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
ἄλλων ἀνθρώπων, ἐπὶ δὲ μνήσασθε ἕκαστος
παίδων ἠδ' ἀλόχων καὶ κτήσιος ἠδὲ τοκήων,
ἠμὲν ὅτεῳ ζώουσι καὶ ᾧ κατατεθνήκασι·
τῶν ὕπερ ἐνθάδ' ἐγὼ γουνάζομαι οὐ παρεόντων
ἑστάμεναι κρατερῶς, μηδὲ τρωπᾶσθε φόβονδε."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὄτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.

senger from king Eurystheus to the mighty Heracles. Of him, a father baser by far, was begotten a son better in all manner of excellence, both in fleetness of foot and in fight, and in mind he was among the first of the men of Mycenae; he it was who then yielded to Hector the greater glory. For, as he turned back, he tripped on the rim of the shield that he himself was carrying, a shield that reached to the feet, a defense against javelins: on it he stumbled and fell backward, and about his temples his helmet rang terribly as he fell. And Hector was quick to notice it, and ran up and stood close beside him, and fixed his spear in his chest, and slew him hard by his dear comrades; and they could not aid him, though they sorrowed for their comrade; for they themselves greatly dreaded noble Hector.

Now they came among the ships, and the outermost ships encircled them, those that had been drawn up in the first line; but their foes streamed on. And the Argives were forced to give way from the outermost ships, but stayed there beside their huts, all in one body, and did not scatter throughout the camp; for shame held them and fear; for unceasingly they called aloud one to the other. And above all others Nestor of Gerenia, the guardian of the Achaeans, begged each man, imploring him by his parents, saying: "Friends, be men, and put in your hearts a sense of shame before other men, and be mindful, each man of you, of children and wife, of possessions and of parents, whether they are living or dead. For the sake of those who are distant I here beg you to stand firm, and not turn back in flight."

So saying, he roused the might and heart of every man,

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31 τοκέων: τεκέων.

τοῖσι δ' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν νέφος ἀχλύος ὦσεν Ἀθήνη[32]
θεσπέσιον· μάλα δέ σφι φόως γένετ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν,
ἠμὲν πρὸς νηῶν καὶ ὁμοιίου πολέμοιο.
Ἕκτορα δὲ φράσσαντο βοὴν ἀγαθὸν καὶ ἑταίρους,
ἠμὲν ὅσοι μετόπισθεν ἀφέστασαν οὐδὲ μάχοντο,
ἠδ' ὅσσοι παρὰ νηυσὶ μάχην ἐμάχοντο θοῇσιν.
Οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' Αἴαντι μεγαλήτορι ἥνδανε θυμῷ
ἑστάμεν ἔνθα περ ἄλλοι ἀφέστασαν υἷες Ἀχαιῶν·
ἀλλ' ὅ γε νηῶν ἴκρι' ἐπῴχετο μακρὰ βιβάσθων,
νώμα δὲ ξυστὸν μέγα ναύμαχον ἐν παλάμῃσι,
κολλητὸν βλήτροισι, δυωκαιεικοσίπηχυ.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ἵπποισι κελητίζειν ἐὺ εἰδώς,
ὅς τ' ἐπεὶ ἐκ πολέων πίσυρας συναείρεται ἵππους,
σεύας ἐκ πεδίοιο μέγα προτὶ ἄστυ δίηται[33]
λαοφόρον καθ' ὁδόν· πολέες τέ ἑ θηήσαντο
ἀνέρες ἠδὲ γυναῖκες· ὁ δ' ἔμπεδον ἀσφαλὲς αἰεὶ
θρῴσκων ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἄλλον ἀμείβεται, οἱ δὲ πέτονται·
ὣς Αἴας ἐπὶ πολλὰ θοάων ἴκρια νηῶν
φοίτα μακρὰ βιβάς, φωνὴ δέ οἱ αἰθέρ' ἵκανεν,
αἰεὶ δὲ σμερδνὸν βοόων Δαναοῖσι κέλευε
νηυσί τε καὶ κλισίῃσιν ἀμυνέμεν. οὐδὲ μὲν Ἕκτωρ
μίμνεν ἐνὶ Τρώων ὁμάδῳ πύκα θωρηκτάων·
ἀλλ' ὥς τ' ὀρνίθων πετεηνῶν αἰετὸς αἴθων
ἔθνος ἐφορμᾶται ποταμὸν πάρα βοσκομενάων,
χηνῶν ἢ γεράνων ἢ κύκνων δουλιχοδείρων,
ὣς Ἕκτωρ ἴθυσε νεὸς κυανοπρῴροιο
ἀντίος ἀΐξας· τὸν δὲ Ζεὺς ὦσεν[34] ὄπισθε
χειρὶ μάλα μεγάλῃ, ὤτρυνε δὲ λαὸν ἅμ' αὐτῷ.

and from their eyes Athene thrust away the wondrous cloud of mist, and greatly did light come to them from both sides, both from the side of the ships and from that of evil war. And all observed Hector, good at the war cry, and his comrades, both those who stood in the rear and fought not, and all those who did battle by the swift ships.

Nor was it any longer enough for the heart of great-hearted Aias to stand in the place where the rest of the sons of the Achaeans stood apart, but he kept going with long strides up and down the decks of the ships, and he wielded in his hands a long pike for sea fighting, a pike jointed with rings, two and twenty cubits long. And as a man well skilled in horsemanship harnesses together four horses chosen out of many, and drives them in swift course from the plain toward a great city along a highway, while many marvel at him, both men and women, and ever with sure step he leaps, and passes from horse to horse, while they speed on, so Aias kept ranging with long strides over the many decks of the swift ships, and his voice went up to heaven, as ever with terrible cries he called to the Danaans to defend their ships and huts. Nor did Hector remain among the throng of the mail-clad Trojans, but as a tawny eagle darts on a flock of winged fowl that are feeding by a river's bank—a flock of wild geese, or cranes, or long-necked swans—so Hector made for a dark-prowed ship, rushing straight at it; and from behind Zeus thrust him on with exceeding mighty hand, and roused the army together with him.

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32 Lines 668–673 were rejected by Aristarchus.

33 *δίηται*: *διώκῃ*.

34 *ὦσεν* Aristarchus: *ὄρσεν*.

Αὖτις δὲ δριμεῖα μάχη παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐτύχθη·
φαίης κ᾿ ἀκμῆτας καὶ ἀτειρέας ἀλλήλοισιν
ἄντεσθ᾿ ἐν πολέμῳ, ὡς ἐσσυμένως ἐμάχοντο.
τοῖσι δὲ μαρναμένοισιν ὅδ᾿ ἦν νόος· ἤ τοι Ἀχαιοὶ
οὐκ ἔφασαν φεύξεσθαι ὑπὲκ κακοῦ, ἀλλ᾿ ὀλέεσθαι,
Τρωσὶν δ᾿ ἔλπετο θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἑκάστου
νῆας ἐνιπρήσειν κτενέειν θ᾿ ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς.
οἱ μὲν τὰ φρονέοντες ἐφέστασαν ἀλλήλοισιν.
Ἕκτωρ δὲ πρύμνης νεὸς ἥψατο ποντοπόροιο,
καλῆς ὠκυάλου, ἣ Πρωτεσίλαον ἔνεικεν
ἐς Τροίην, οὐδ᾿ αὖτις ἀπήγαγε πατρίδα γαῖαν.
τοῦ περ δὴ περὶ νηὸς Ἀχαιοί τε Τρῶές τε
δῄουν ἀλλήλους αὐτοσχεδόν· οὐδ᾿ ἄρα τοί γε
τόξων ἀϊκὰς ἀμφὶς μένον οὐδ᾿ ἔτ᾿ ἀκόντων,
ἀλλ᾿ οἵ γ᾿ ἐγγύθεν ἱστάμενοι, ἕνα θυμὸν ἔχοντες,
ὀξέσι δὴ πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀξίνῃσι μάχοντο
καὶ ξίφεσιν μεγάλοισι καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισι.[35]
πολλὰ δὲ φάσγανα καλὰ μελάνδετα κωπήεντα
ἄλλα μὲν ἐκ χειρῶν χαμάδις πέσον, ἄλλα δ᾿ ἀπ᾿ ὤμων
ἀνδρῶν μαρναμένων· ῥέε δ᾿ αἵματι γαῖα μέλαινα.
Ἕκτωρ δὲ πρύμνηθεν ἐπεὶ λάβεν οὐχὶ μεθίει,
ἄφλαστον μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχων, Τρωσὶν δὲ κέλευεν·
"οἴσετε πῦρ, ἅμα δ᾿ αὐτοὶ ἀολλέες ὄρνυτ᾿ ἀυτήν·
νῦν ἡμῖν πάντων Ζεὺς ἄξιον ἦμαρ ἔδωκε,
νῆας ἑλεῖν, αἳ δεῦρο θεῶν ἀέκητι μολοῦσαι
ἡμῖν πήματα πολλὰ θέσαν, κακότητι γερόντων,
οἵ μ᾿ ἐθέλοντα μάχεσθαι ἐπὶ πρυμνῇσιν νέεσσιν
αὐτόν τ᾿ ἰσχανάασκον ἐρητύοντό τε λαόν·

Then again bitter battle was fashioned beside the ships. You would have thought that all unwearied and fresh they faced one another in war, so furiously did they fight. And as they fought, this was what they were thinking: the Achaeans thought that they would surely not escape from the peril, but would perish, while for the Trojans, the heart in each man's breast hoped that they would fire the ships and slay the Achaean warriors. Such were their thoughts as they stood, each army against the other. But Hector laid hold of the stern of a seafaring ship, a fair ship, swift on the brine, that had brought Protesilaus to Troy, but brought him not back again to his native land. It was about his ship that Achaeans and Trojans were slaying one another in close combat, nor did they longer at a distance await the flight of arrows and javelins, but standing man against man, with one purpose, they fought with sharp battle axes and hatchets, and with great swords and two-edged spears. And many fair blades, bound with dark thongs at the hilt, fell to the ground, some from the hands and some from the shoulders of the warriors as they fought; and the black earth flowed with blood. But Hector, when he had grasped the ship by the stern, would not loose his hold, but kept the stern post in his hands, and called to the Trojans: "Bring fire, and at the same time raise the war cry all with one voice; now has Zeus granted us a day that is recompense for everything—to take the ships that came here against the will of the gods, and caused us many woes, because of the cowardice of the elders, who, when I was eager to fight at the sterns of the ships, kept me back, and restrained the

[35] Line 712 was rejected by Aristarchus.

ἀλλ' εἰ δή ῥα τότε βλάπτε φρένας εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
ἡμετέρας, νῦν αὐτὸς ἐποτρύνει καὶ ἀνώγει."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα μᾶλλον ἐπ' Ἀργείοισιν ὄρουσαν.
Αἴας δ' οὐκέτ' ἔμιμνε· βιάζετο γὰρ βελέεσσιν·
ἀλλ' ἀνεχάζετο τυτθόν, ὀιόμενος θανέεσθαι,
θρῆνυν ἐφ' ἑπταπόδην, λίπε δ' ἴκρια νηὸς ἐίσης.
ἔνθ' ἄρ' ὅ γ' ἑστήκει δεδοκημένος, ἔγχεϊ δ' αἰεὶ
Τρῶας ἄμυνε νεῶν, ὅς τις φέροι ἀκάματον πῦρ·
αἰεὶ δὲ σμερδνὸν βοόων Δαναοῖσι κέλευε·
"ὦ φίλοι ἥρωες Δαναοί, θεράποντες Ἄρηος,
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς.
ἠέ τινάς φαμεν εἶναι ἀοσσητῆρας ὀπίσσω,
ἦέ τι τεῖχος ἄρειον, ὅ κ' ἀνδράσι λοιγὸν ἀμύναι;
οὐ μέν τι σχεδόν ἐστι πόλις πύργοις ἀραρυῖα,
ᾗ κ' ἀπαμυναίμεσθ' ἑτεραλκέα δῆμον ἔχοντες·
ἀλλ' ἐν γὰρ Τρώων πεδίῳ πύκα θωρηκτάων
πόντῳ κεκλιμένοι ἑκὰς ἥμεθα πατρίδος αἴης·
τῶ ἐν χερσὶ φόως, οὐ μειλιχίῃ πολέμοιο."
Ἦ, καὶ μαιμώων ἔφεπ' ἔγχεϊ ὀξυόεντι.
ὅς τις δὲ Τρώων κοίλῃς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ φέροιτο
σὺν πυρὶ κηλείῳ, χάριν Ἕκτορος ὀτρύναντος,
τὸν δ' Αἴας οὔτασκε δεδεγμένος ἔγχεϊ μακρῷ·
δώδεκα δὲ προπάροιθε νεῶν αὐτοσχεδὸν οὗτα.

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[1] The word θρῆνυς (commonly "footstool") has here a meaning not easy to determine. The scholiasts and lexicographers explain it now as a thwart or rowers' bench, now as a platform upon

army. But if Zeus, whose voice resounds afar, then dulled our senses, now he himself urges and commands."

So he spoke, and they leapt the more on the Argives. But Aias no longer held out, for he was hard pressed with darts, but, thinking he would die, gave ground a little along the bridge[1] of seven feet in height, and left the deck of the shapely ship. There he stood watchfully, and with his spear he ever warded from the ships whoever of the Trojans sought to bring unwearied fire; and ever with terrible cries he urged on the Danaans: "Friends, Danaan warriors, attendants of Ares, be men, my friends, and take thought of furious valor. Do we perhaps think that there are other helpers at our backs, or some stronger wall to ward off ruin from men? In no way is there nearby a city fenced with walls by which we might defend ourselves, having an army to turn the tide of battle; but it is in the plain of the mail-clad Trojans that we are set, our backs to the sea, and far from our native land. Therefore in the might of our hands is the light of deliverance, and not in slackness in fight."

He spoke, and kept driving furiously at the foe with his sharp spear. And whoever of the Trojans rushed on the hollow ships with blazing fire, to please Hector at his urging, for him would Aias wait, and wound him with a thrust of his long spear; and twelve men he wounded in close fight in front of the ships.

which the helmsman stood. I follow Leaf in assuming that it means a bridge connecting the after deck, from which Aias is driven, with the forward deck. That this should have been seven feet in height above the hold is entirely natural; it would thus allow the rowers to move about freely beneath it. M.

Π

Ὣς οἱ μὲν περὶ νηὸς ἐυσσέλμοιο μάχοντο·
Πάτροκλος δ' Ἀχιλῆι παρίστατο, ποιμένι λαῶν,
δάκρυα θερμὰ χέων ὥς τε κρήνη μελάνυδρος,
ἥ τε κατ' αἰγίλιπος πέτρης δνοφερὸν χέει ὕδωρ.
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ᾤκτειρε[1] ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"τίπτε δεδάκρυσαι, Πατρόκλεες, ἠύτε κούρη
νηπίη, ἥ θ' ἅμα μητρὶ θέουσ' ἀνελέσθαι ἀνώγει,
εἱανοῦ ἁπτομένη, καί τ' ἐσσυμένην κατερύκει,
δακρυόεσσα δέ μιν ποτιδέρκεται, ὄφρ' ἀνέληται·
τῇ ἴκελος, Πάτροκλε, τέρεν κατὰ δάκρυον εἴβεις.
ἠέ τι Μυρμιδόνεσσι πιφαύσκεαι, ἢ ἐμοὶ αὐτῷ,
ἦέ τιν' ἀγγελίην Φθίης ἐξ ἔκλυες οἶος;
ζώειν μὰν ἔτι φασὶ Μενοίτιον, Ἄκτορος υἱόν,
ζώει δ' Αἰακίδης Πηλεὺς μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσι,
τῶν κε μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων ἀκαχοίμεθα τεθνηώτων.
ἦε σύ γ' Ἀργείων ὀλοφύρεαι, ὡς ὀλέκονται
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ὑπερβασίης ἕνεκα σφῆς;
ἐξαύδα, μὴ κεῦθε νόῳ, ἵνα εἴδομεν ἄμφω."
Τὸν δὲ βαρὺ στενάχων προσέφης, Πατρόκλεες ἱππεῦ·

BOOK 16

Thus they were warring around the well-benched ship, but Patroclus came up to Achilles, shepherd of men, shedding hot tears, like a fountain of dark water that down over the face of a sheer cliff pours its dusky stream; and swift-footed noble Achilles had pity when he saw him, and spoke and addressed him with winged words: "Why, Patroclus, are you tearful, like a girl, a mere babe, who runs by her mother's side and asks her to pick her up, and clutches at her gown, and hinders her in her going, and tearfully looks up at her till the mother picks her up? Like her, Patroclus, you let fall round tears. Have you something to declare to the Myrmidons or to me myself, or is it some tidings from Phthia that you alone have heard? Still lives Menoetius, men tell us, Actor's son, and still lives Peleus, son of Aeacus, among the Myrmidons, for which two would we grieve mightily if they were dead. Or is it that you are sorrowing for the Argives, how they are being slain beside the hollow ships because of their own presumptuous act? Speak out; hide it not in your mind so that we both may know."

Then groaning heavily did you make answer, horseman

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1 ᾤκτειρε: θάμβησε Aristarchus.

"ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, Πηλῆος υἱέ, μέγα φέρτατ' Ἀχαιῶν,
μὴ νεμέσα· τοῖον γὰρ ἄχος βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιούς.
οἱ μὲν γὰρ δὴ πάντες, ὅσοι πάρος ἦσαν ἄριστοι,
ἐν νηυσὶν κέαται βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοί τε.
βέβληται μὲν ὁ Τυδεΐδης κρατερὸς Διομήδης,
οὔτασται δ' Ὀδυσεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἠδ' Ἀγαμέμνων,
βέβληται δὲ καὶ Εὐρύπυλος κατὰ μηρὸν ὀϊστῷ.
τοὺς μέν τ' ἰητροὶ πολυφάρμακοι ἀμφιπένονται,
ἕλκε' ἀκειόμενοι· σὺ δ' ἀμήχανος ἔπλευ, Ἀχιλλεῦ.
μὴ ἐμέ γ' οὖν οὗτός γε λάβοι χόλος, ὃν σὺ φυλάσσεις,
αἰναρέτη· τί σευ ἄλλος ὀνήσεται ὀψίγονός περ,
αἴ κε μὴ Ἀργείοισιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀμύνῃς;
νηλεές, οὐκ ἄρα σοί γε πατὴρ ἦν ἱππότα Πηλεύς,
οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ· γλαυκὴ δέ σε τίκτε θάλασσα
πέτραι τ' ἠλίβατοι, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής.
εἰ δέ τινα φρεσὶ σῇσι θεοπροπίην ἀλεείνεις
καί τινά τοι πὰρ Ζηνὸς ἐπέφραδε πότνια μήτηρ,
ἀλλ' ἐμέ περ πρόες ὦχ', ἅμα δ' ἄλλον λαὸν ὄπασσον
Μυρμιδόνων, ἤν πού τι φόως Δαναοῖσι γένωμαι.
δὸς δέ μοι ὤμοιιν τὰ σὰ τεύχεα θωρηχθῆναι,
αἴ κ' ἐμὲ σοὶ ἴσκοντες ἀπόσχωνται πολέμοιο
Τρῶες, ἀναπνεύσωσι δ' ἀρήιοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
τειρόμενοι· ὀλίγη δέ τ' ἀνάπνευσις πολέμοιο.
ῥεῖα δέ κ' ἀκμῆτες κεκμηότας ἄνδρας ἀυτῇ
ὤσαιμεν προτὶ ἄστυ νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων."

Ὣς φάτο λισσόμενος μέγα νήπιος· ἦ γὰρ ἔμελλεν
οἷ αὐτῷ θάνατόν τε κακὸν καὶ κῆρα λιτέσθαι.
τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

Patroclus: "Achilles, son of Peleus, far the mightiest of the Achaeans, be not indignant, for great sorrow has come upon the Achaeans. For indeed all they who were once the best men lie among the ships struck by arrows or wounded with spear-thrusts. Struck is the son of Tydeus, mighty Diomedes, wounded with spear-thrust is Odysseus, famed for his spear, and Agamemnon, and struck, too, is Eurypylus with an arrow in the thigh. About these the healers, skilled in many herbs, are busied, seeking to heal their wounds; but you are impossible to deal with, Achilles. Never on me let such wrath lay hold, as the wrath you cherish, you whose valor causes harm! How will any other yet to be born have profit of you, if you do not ward off loathsome destruction from the Argives? Pitiless one, your father, it appears, was not the horseman Peleus, nor was Thetis your mother, but the gray sea bore you, and the sheer cliffs, since your mind is unbending. But if in your thoughts you are shunning some oracle, and your queenly mother has declared to you anything from Zeus, at least send me out speedily, and with me let the rest of the army of the Myrmidons follow, in the hope that I may prove a light of deliverance to the Danaans. And grant me to buckle on my shoulders that armor of yours in the hope that the Trojans may take me for you, and so desist from war, and the warlike sons of the Achaeans may take breath, worn out as they are; for scant is the breathing space in battle. And easily might we who are unwearied drive men wearied with the battle back to the city from the ships and the huts."

So he spoke in prayer, great fool that he was, for it was certain to be his own evil death and fate for which he prayed. Then, in great agitation, spoke to him swift-footed

“ὤ μοι, διογενὲς Πατρόκλεες, οἷον ἔειπες·
οὔτε θεοπροπίης ἐμπάζομαι, ἥν[2] τινα οἶδα,
οὔτε τί μοι πὰρ Ζηνὸς ἐπέφραδε πότνια μήτηρ·
ἀλλὰ τόδ᾽ αἰνὸν ἄχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἱκάνει,
ὁππότε δὴ[3] τὸν ὁμοῖον ἀνὴρ ἐθέλῃσιν ἀμέρσαι
καὶ γέρας ἂψ ἀφελέσθαι, ὅ τε κράτεϊ προβεβήκῃ·
αἰνὸν ἄχος τό μοί ἐστιν, ἐπεὶ πάθον ἄλγεα θυμῷ.
κούρην ἣν ἄρα μοι γέρας ἔξελον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
δουρὶ δ᾽ ἐμῷ κτεάτισσα, πόλιν εὐτείχεα πέρσας,
τὴν ἂψ ἐκ χειρῶν ἕλετο κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
Ἀτρεΐδης ὡς εἴ τιν᾽ ἀτίμητον μετανάστην.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτετύχθαι ἐάσομεν· οὐδ᾽ ἄρα πως ἦν
ἀσπερχὲς κεχολῶσθαι ἐνὶ φρεσίν· ἦ τοι ἔφην γε
οὐ πρὶν μηνιθμὸν καταπαυσέμεν, ἀλλ᾽ ὁπότ᾽ ἂν δὴ
νῆας ἐμὰς ἀφίκηται ἀυτή τε πτόλεμός τε.
τύνη δ᾽ ὤμοιιν μὲν ἐμὰ κλυτὰ τεύχεα δῦθι,
ἄρχε δὲ Μυρμιδόνεσσι φιλοπτολέμοισι μάχεσθαι,
εἰ δὴ κυάνεον Τρώων νέφος ἀμφιβέβηκε
νηυσὶν ἐπικρατέως, οἱ δὲ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης
κεκλίαται, χώρης ὀλίγην ἔτι μοῖραν ἔχοντες,
Ἀργεῖοι· Τρώων δὲ πόλις ἐπὶ πᾶσα βέβηκε
θάρσυνος· οὐ γὰρ ἐμῆς κόρυθος λεύσσουσι μέτωπον
ἐγγύθι λαμπομένης· τάχα κεν φεύγοντες ἐναύλους
πλήσειαν νεκύων, εἴ μοι κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
ἤπια εἰδείη· νῦν δὲ στρατὸν ἀμφιμάχονται.
οὐ γὰρ Τυδεΐδεω Διομήδεος ἐν παλάμῃσι
μαίνεται ἐγχείη Δαναῶν ἀπὸ λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι·
οὐδέ πω Ἀτρεΐδεω ὀπὸς ἔκλυον αὐδήσαντος

Achilles: "Ah me, Zeus-born Patroclus, what a thing you have said! I care about no oracle that I know of, nor has my queenly mother declared to me anything from Zeus; but this dread grief comes on heart and soul, when a man is minded to rob one who is his equal, and take from him his prize, since he surpasses him in power. Dread grief is this to me, since I have suffered woes at heart. The girl the sons of the Achaeans chose out for me as a prize, and whom I won with my spear when I had sacked a well-walled city, her has lord Agamemnon taken back from my arms, the son of Atreus, as though I were some refugee without rights. But these things will we let be as past and done. In no way, it seems, was I to be filled with ceaseless wrath at heart; to be sure I said that I would not sooner make an end of my anger, but only when to my own ships came the war cry and the battle. But come, put my glorious armor on your shoulders and lead out the war-loving Myrmidons to the fight, if indeed the dark cloud of the Trojans has surrounded the ships mightily, and those others remain with nothing to support them but the shore of the sea, having only a little space of land still left them—the Argives; while the whole city of the Trojans has come out against them fearlessly, for they see not the front of my helmet shining close at hand; soon in their flight would they fill the watercourses with their dead if lord Agamemnon were to be of kindly mind toward me, but now they are warring around the camp. For not in the hands of Diomedes, son of Tydeus, does the spear rage to ward off ruin from the Danaans, nor as yet have I heard the voice of the son of

[2] ἥν: εἴ Aristarchus. [3] δὴ: τις Aristarchus.

ἐχθρῆς ἐκ κεφαλῆς· ἀλλ᾽ Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
Τρωσὶ κελεύοντος περιάγνυται, οἱ δ᾽ ἀλαλητῷ
πᾶν πεδίον κατέχουσι, μάχῃ νικῶντες Ἀχαιούς.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὧς, Πάτροκλε, νεῶν ἄπο λοιγὸν ἀμύνων
ἔμπεσ᾽ ἐπικρατέως, μὴ δὴ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο
νῆας ἐνιπρήσωσι, φίλον δ᾽ ἀπὸ νόστον ἕλωνται.
πείθεο δ᾽ ὥς τοι ἐγὼ μύθου τέλος ἐν φρεσὶ θείω,
ὡς ἄν μοι τιμὴν μεγάλην καὶ κῦδος ἄρηαι
πρὸς πάντων Δαναῶν, ἀτὰρ οἱ περικαλλέα κούρην
ἂψ ἀπονάσσωσιν, ποτὶ δ᾽ ἀγλαὰ δῶρα πόρωσιν.
ἐκ νηῶν ἐλάσας ἰέναι πάλιν· εἰ δέ κεν αὖ τοι
δώῃ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι ἐρίγδουπος πόσις Ἥρης,
μὴ σύ γ᾽ ἄνευθεν ἐμεῖο λιλαίεσθαι πολεμίζειν[4]
Τρωσὶ φιλοπτολέμοισιν· ἀτιμότερον δέ με θήσεις·
μηδ᾽ ἐπαγαλλόμενος πολέμῳ καὶ δηιοτῆτι,
Τρῶας ἐναιρόμενος, προτὶ Ἴλιον ἡγεμονεύειν,[5]
μή τις ἀπ᾽ Οὐλύμποιο θεῶν αἰειγενετάων[6]
ἐμβήῃ· μάλα τούς γε φιλεῖ ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·
ἀλλὰ πάλιν τρωπᾶσθαι, ἐπὴν φάος ἐν νήεσσι
θήῃς, τοὺς δ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ἐᾶν πεδίον κάτα δηριάασθαι.
αἲ γάρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἄπολλον,[7]
μήτε τις οὖν Τρώων θάνατον φύγοι, ὅσσοι ἔασι,
μήτε τις Ἀργείων, νῶι δ᾽ ἐκδῦμεν ὄλεθρον,
ὄφρ᾽ οἶοι Τροίης ἱερὰ κρήδεμνα λύωμεν."

[4] Lines 89 f. were omitted by Zenodotus, who in 91 read μὴ σύ γ᾽ ἀγαλλόμενος.

[5] ἡγεμονεύειν: αἰπὺ δίεσθαι Zenodotus.

Atreus shouting from his hated head; but it is the voice of man-slaying Hector that breaks about me as he calls to the Trojans, and they with their din possess all the plain and vanquish the Achaeans in battle. But even so, Patroclus, in warding destruction from the ships fall on them mightily, lest indeed they burn the ships with blazing fire and take away our desired return. But obey, as I put in your mind the sum of my counsel, so that you may win me great recompense and glory at the hands of all the Danaans, and that they send back that beauteous girl, and in addition give glorious gifts. When you have driven them from the ships, come back, and if the loud-thundering lord of Hera grants you to win glory, be not eager apart from me to war against the war-loving Trojans: you will lessen my honor. And do not, as you exult in war and conflict and slay the Trojans, lead on to Ilios, lest one of the gods who are for ever come down from Olympus and enter the fray; greatly does Apollo, who works from afar, love them. But come back, when once you have placed the light of deliverance among the ships, and let the rest battle over the plain. For I wish, father Zeus, and Athene, and Apollo, that no man of the Trojans might escape death, of all there are, nor any of the Argives, but that we two might escape destruction, so that alone we might loose the sacred diadem of Troy."

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[6] In the place of lines 93–96 Zenodotus read
μή σ᾽ ἀπογυμνωθέντα λάβῃ κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ.

[7] Lines 97–100 were rejected by Zenodotus and Aristarchus.

Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον,
Αἴας δ' οὐκέτ' ἔμιμνε· βιάζετο γὰρ βελέεσσι·
δάμνα μιν Ζηνός τε νόος καὶ Τρῶες ἀγαυοὶ
βάλλοντες· δεινὴν δὲ περὶ κροτάφοισι φαεινὴ
πήληξ βαλλομένη καναχὴν ἔχε, βάλλετο δ' αἰεὶ
κάπ φάλαρ' εὐποίηθ'· ὁ δ' ἀριστερὸν ὦμον ἔκαμνεν,
ἔμπεδον αἰὲν ἔχων σάκος αἰόλον· οὐδ' ἐδύναντο
ἀμφ' αὐτῷ πελεμίξαι ἐρείδοντες βελέεσσιν.
αἰεὶ δ' ἀργαλέῳ ἔχετ' ἄσθματι, κὰδ δέ οἱ ἱδρὼς
πάντοθεν ἐκ μελέων πολὺς ἔρρεεν, οὐδέ πῃ εἶχεν
ἀμπνεῦσαι· πάντῃ δὲ κακὸν κακῷ ἐστήρικτο.
Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι,
ὅππως δὴ πρῶτον πῦρ ἔμπεσε νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.
Ἕκτωρ Αἴαντος δόρυ μείλινον ἄγχι παραστὰς
πλῆξ' ἄορι μεγάλῳ, αἰχμῆς παρὰ καυλὸν ὄπισθεν,
ἀντικρὺ δ' ἀπάραξε· τὸ μὲν Τελαμώνιος Αἴας
πῆλ' αὔτως ἐν χειρὶ κόλον δόρυ, τῆλε δ' ἀπ' αὐτοῦ
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη χαμάδις βόμβησε πεσοῦσα.
γνῶ δ' Αἴας κατὰ θυμὸν ἀμύμονα ῥίγησέν τε
ἔργα θεῶν, ὅ ῥα πάγχυ μάχης ἐπὶ μήδεα κεῖρε
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης, Τρώεσσι δὲ βούλετο νίκην·
χάζετο δ' ἐκ βελέων. τοὶ δ' ἔμβαλον ἀκάματον πῦρ
νηὶ θοῇ· τῆς δ' αἶψα κατ' ἀσβέστη κέχυτο φλόξ.
Ὣς τὴν μὲν πρύμνην πῦρ ἄμφεπεν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
μηρὼ πληξάμενος Πατροκλῆα προσέειπεν·
"ὄρσεο, διογενὲς Πατρόκλεες, ἱπποκέλευθε·

Thus they spoke to one another, but Aias no longer held his ground, for he was hard pressed with missiles; the mind of Zeus was subduing him as were the lordly Trojans with their missiles; and terribly did the bright helmet about his temples ring continually as it was struck, for it was constantly struck on the well-made cheekpieces, and his left shoulder grew weary as he ever firmly held his flashing shield; nor could they beat it back about him, though they pressed him hard with missiles. And he was constantly distressed by painful breathing, and down from his limbs everywhere abundant sweat kept streaming, nor could he catch his breath at all, but on every side evil was heaped on evil.

Tell me now, Muses, who have dwellings on Olympus, how fire was first flung on the ships of the Achaeans.

Hector came up to Aias and struck his ashen spear with his great sword close by the socket at the base of the point, and sheared it clean away, so that Telamonian Aias brandished all vainly a pointless spear, and far from him the head of bronze fell to the ground with a clang. And Aias recognized in his incomparable heart and shuddered at the deeds of the gods, that Zeus, who thunders on high, brought utterly to nothing the plans of his battle, and was eager to have victory for the Trojans. Then he retreated from the missiles; and the Trojans cast on the swift ship unwearied fire, and over it immediately streamed unquenchable flame.

So then was the ship's stern wreathed about with fire, but Achilles struck both his thighs and spoke to Patroclus: "Up now, Zeus-born Patroclus, master of horsemen. I see

λεύσσω δὴ παρὰ νηυσὶ πυρὸς δηΐοιο ἰωήν·[8]
μὴ δὴ νῆας ἕλωσι καὶ οὐκέτι φυκτὰ πέλωνται·
δύσεο τεύχεα θᾶσσον, ἐγὼ δέ κε λαὸν ἀγείρω."
Ὣς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ κορύσσετο νώροπι χαλκῷ.
κνημῖδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κνήμῃσιν ἔθηκε
καλάς, ἀργυρέοισιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας·
δεύτερον αὖ θώρηκα περὶ στήθεσσιν ἔδυνε
ποικίλον ἀστερόεντα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὤμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον
χάλκεον, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε·
κρατὶ δ' ἐπ' ἰφθίμῳ κυνέην εὔτυκτον ἔθηκεν
ἵππουριν· δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἔνευεν·
εἵλετο δ' ἄλκιμα δοῦρε, τά οἱ παλάμηφιν ἀρήρει.
ἔγχος δ' οὐχ ἕλετ' οἶον ἀμύμονος Αἰακίδαο,[9]
βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρόν· τὸ μὲν οὐ δύνατ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν
πάλλειν, ἀλλά μιν οἶος ἐπίστατο πῆλαι Ἀχιλλεύς,
Πηλιάδα μελίην, τὴν πατρὶ φίλῳ πόρε[10] *Χείρων*
Πηλίου ἐκ κορυφῆς, φόνον ἔμμεναι ἡρώεσσιν.
ἵππους δ' Αὐτομέδοντα θοῶς ζευγνῦμεν ἄνωγε,
τὸν μετ' Ἀχιλλῆα ῥηξήνορα τῖε μάλιστα,
πιστότατος δέ οἱ ἔσκε μάχῃ ἔνι μεῖναι ὁμοκλήν.
τῷ δὲ καὶ Αὐτομέδων ὕπαγε ζυγὸν ὠκέας ἵππους,
Ξάνθον καὶ Βαλίον, τὼ ἅμα πνοιῇσι πετέσθην,
τοὺς ἔτεκε Ζεφύρῳ ἀνέμῳ Ἅρπυια Ποδάργη,
βοσκομένη λειμῶνι παρὰ ῥόον Ὠκεανοῖο.
ἐν δὲ παρηορίῃσιν ἀμύμονα Πήδασον ἵει,

[8] *ἰωήν: ἐρωήν.*

by the ships the rush of consuming fire. Let them not take the ships and there be no more escaping! Put on my armor with all haste, and I will gather the men."

So he spoke, and Patroclus armed himself in gleaming bronze. The greaves first he set about his legs; beautiful they were, and fitted with silver ankle pieces; next he put on about his chest the corselet of the swift-footed grandson of Aeacus, richly worked, and spangled with stars. And about his shoulders he cast the silver-studded sword of bronze, and then the shield, great and sturdy; and on his mighty head he set the well-made helmet with horsehair crest, and terribly did the plume nod from above, and he took two valiant spears that fitted his grasp. Only the spear of the incomparable son of Aeacus he took not, the spear heavy and huge and strong; this no other of the Achaeans could wield, but Achilles alone was skilled to wield it, the Pelian spear of ash, that Cheiron had given to his dear father from the peak of Pelion, to be for the slaying of warriors. And the horses he commanded Automedon to yoke speedily, him whom he honored most after Achilles, breaker of the ranks of men, and who in his eyes was faithful above all to await his call in battle. For him then Automedon led beneath the yoke the fleet horses, Xanthus and Balius, that flew swift as the winds, horses that the Harpy Podarge conceived to the West Wind as she grazed on the meadow beside the stream of Oceanus. And in the side traces he set the incomparable Pedasus that Achilles

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[9] Lines 140–144 were rejected by Zenodotus.

[10] *πόρε*: *τάμε*.

τόν ῥά ποτ᾽ Ἠετίωνος ἑλὼν πόλιν ἤγαγ᾽ Ἀχιλλεύς,
ὃς καὶ θνητὸς ἐὼν ἕπεθ᾽ ἵπποις ἀθανάτοισι.
Μυρμιδόνας δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐποιχόμενος θώρηξεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
πάντας ἀνὰ κλισίας σὺν τεύχεσιν· οἱ δὲ λύκοι ὣς
ὠμοφάγοι, τοῖσίν τε περὶ φρεσὶν ἄσπετος ἀλκή,
οἵ τ᾽ ἔλαφον κεραὸν μέγαν οὔρεσι δῃώσαντες
δάπτουσιν· πᾶσιν δὲ παρήιον αἵματι φοινόν·
καί τ᾽ ἀγεληδὸν ἴασιν ἀπὸ κρήνης μελανύδρου
λάψοντες γλώσσῃσιν ἀραιῇσιν μέλαν ὕδωρ
ἄκρον, ἐρευγόμενοι φόνον αἵματος· ἐν δέ τε θυμὸς
στήθεσιν ἄτρομός ἐστι, περιστένεται δέ τε γαστήρ·
τοῖοι Μυρμιδόνων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες
ἀμφ᾽ ἀγαθὸν θεράποντα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο
ῥώοντ᾽· ἐν δ᾽ ἄρα τοῖσιν ἀρήιος ἵστατ᾽ Ἀχιλλεύς,
ὀτρύνων ἵππους τε καὶ ἀνέρας ἀσπιδιώτας.
Πεντήκοντ᾽ ἦσαν νῆες θοαί, ᾗσιν Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐς Τροίην ἡγεῖτο διίφιλος· ἐν δὲ ἑκάστῃ
πεντήκοντ᾽ ἔσαν ἄνδρες ἐπὶ κληῖσιν ἑταῖροι·
πέντε δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἡγεμόνας ποιήσατο τοῖς ἐπεποίθει
σημαίνειν· αὐτὸς δὲ μέγα κρατέων ἤνασσε.
τῆς μὲν ἰῆς στιχὸς ἦρχε Μενέσθιος αἰολοθώρηξ,
υἱὸς Σπερχειοῖο, διιπετέος ποταμοῖο,
ὃν τέκε Πηλῆος θυγάτηρ, καλὴ Πολυδώρη,
Σπερχειῷ ἀκάμαντι, γυνὴ θεῷ εὐνηθεῖσα,
αὐτὰρ ἐπίκλησιν Βώρῳ, Περιήρεος υἷι,
ὅς ῥ᾽ ἀναφανδὸν ὄπυιε, πορὼν ἀπερείσια ἕδνα.
τῆς δ᾽ ἑτέρης Εὔδωρος ἀρήιος ἡγεμόνευε,
παρθένιος, τὸν τίκτε χορῷ καλὴ Πολυμήλη,

had led away when he took the city of Eëtion; and he, being but mortal, kept pace with immortal steeds.

But Achilles went to and fro throughout the huts and armed all the Myrmidons in their armor, and they rushed out like ravening wolves in whose hearts is fury unspeakable—wolves that have slain in the hills a great horned stag, and rend him, and the jaws of all are red with gore; and in a pack they go to lap with their slender tongues the surface of the black water from a dusky spring, belching forth blood and gore, the heart in their breasts unflinching, and their bellies gorged full; so did the leaders and rulers of the Myrmidons speed out around the noble attendant of the swift-footed grandson of Aeacus. And among them all stood warlike Achilles, urging on both horses and men who carry the shield.

Fifty were the swift ships which Achilles, dear to Zeus, led to Troy, and in each ship at the thole pins were fifty men, his comrades; and five leaders had he appointed in whom he trusted to give orders, and he himself in his great might was lord over all. The one company was led by Menesthius of the flashing corselet, son of Spercheius, the heaven-fed river. Him did fair Polydora, daughter of Peleus, bear to tireless Spercheius, a woman bedded with a god, but in name she bore him to Borus, Perieres' son, who openly wed her, when he had given a bride price past counting. And of the next company warlike Eudorus was leader, the son of a girl unwed, and him did Polymele, fair

Φύλαντος θυγάτηρ· τῆς δὲ κρατὺς Ἀργεϊφόντης
ἠράσατ᾽, ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδὼν μετὰ μελπομένῃσιν
ἐν χορῷ Ἀρτέμιδος χρυσηλακάτου κελαδεινῆς.[11]
αὐτίκα δ᾽ εἰς ὑπερῷ᾽ ἀναβὰς παρελέξατο λάθρῃ
Ἑρμείας ἀκάκητα, πόρεν δέ οἱ ἀγλαὸν υἱὸν
Εὔδωρον, πέρι μὲν θείειν ταχὺν ἠδὲ μαχητήν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ τόν γε μογοστόκος Εἰλείθυια
ἐξάγαγε πρὸ φόωσδε καὶ ἠελίου ἴδεν αὐγάς,
τὴν μὲν Ἐχεκλῆος κρατερὸν μένος Ἀκτορίδαο
ἠγάγετο πρὸς δώματ᾽, ἐπεὶ πόρε μυρία ἕδνα,
τὸν δ᾽ ὁ γέρων Φύλας εὖ ἔτρεφεν ἠδ᾽ ἀτίταλλεν,
ἀμφαγαπαζόμενος ὡς εἴ θ᾽ ἑὸν υἱὸν ἐόντα.
τῆς δὲ τρίτης Πείσανδρος ἀρήιος ἡγεμόνευε
Μαιμαλίδης, ὃς πᾶσι μετέπρεπε Μυρμιδόνεσσιν
ἔγχεϊ μάρνασθαι μετὰ Πηλεΐωνος ἑταῖρον.
τῆς δὲ τετάρτης ἦρχε γέρων ἱππηλάτα Φοῖνιξ,
πέμπτης δ᾽ Ἀλκιμέδων, Λαέρκεος υἱὸς ἀμύμων.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ πάντας ἅμ᾽ ἡγεμόνεσσιν Ἀχιλλεὺς
στῆσεν ἐὺ κρίνας, κρατερὸν δ᾽ ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλε·
"Μυρμιδόνες, μή τίς μοι ἀπειλάων λελαθέσθω,
ἃς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν ἀπειλεῖτε Τρώεσσι
πάνθ᾽ ὑπὸ μηνιθμόν, καί μ᾽ ἠτιάασθε[12] ἕκαστος·
'σχέτλιε Πηλέος υἱέ, χόλῳ ἄρα σ᾽ ἔτρεφε μήτηρ,
νηλεές, ὃς παρὰ νηυσὶν ἔχεις ἀέκοντας ἑταίρους·
οἴκαδέ περ σὺν νηυσὶ νεώμεθα ποντοπόροισιν
αὖτις, ἐπεί ῥά τοι ὧδε κακὸς χόλος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.'

[11] Line 183 was rejected by Aristarchus.

in the dance, daughter of Phylas, bear. With her the strong Argeïphontes became enamored when his eyes had seen her among the singing maidens in the dancing floor of Artemis, huntress of the golden arrows and the echoing chase. Immediately then Hermes the helper went up into her chamber and lay with her secretly, and she gave him a glorious son, Eudorus, preeminent in speed of foot and as a warrior. But when at length Eileithyia, goddess of child birth, had brought him to the light and he saw the rays of the sun, then her did the stalwart and mighty Echecles, son of Actor, lead to his home when he had given countless bride price; and old Phylas nursed and cherished Eudorus tenderly, loving him dearly, as if he had been his own son. And of the third company warlike Peisander was leader, Maemalus' son, a man preeminent among all the Myrmidons, after the comrade of the son of Peleus, in fighting with the spear. And the fourth company the old horseman Phoenix led, and the fifth Alcimedon, the incomparable son of Laerces. But when at length Achilles had set them all in order with their leaders, parting company from company, he laid on them a stern command: "Myrmidons, let no man be forgetful of the threats with which beside the swift ships you menaced the Trojans throughout all the time of my wrath, and accused me, each man of you, saying: 'Hard son of Peleus, surely it was on gall that your mother reared you, pitiless one, since you hold back your comrades beside the ships against their will. Homeward then let us return again with our seafaring ships, since such evil wrath has fallen on your heart.' With such words would

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12 μ' ἠτιάασθε: μητιάασθε Zenodotus.

ταῦτά μ᾽ ἀγειρόμενοι θάμ᾽ ἐβάζετε· νῦν δὲ πέφανται
φυλόπιδος μέγα ἔργον, ἕης τὸ πρίν γ᾽ ἐράασθε.
ἔνθα τις ἄλκιμον ἦτορ ἔχων Τρώεσσι μαχέσθω."
"Ὣς εἰπὼν ὄτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου.
μᾶλλον δὲ στίχες ἄρθεν, ἐπεὶ βασιλῆος ἄκουσαν.
ὡς δ᾽ ὅτε τοῖχον ἀνὴρ ἀράρῃ πυκινοῖσι λίθοισι
δώματος ὑψηλοῖο, βίας ἀνέμων ἀλεείνων,
ὣς ἄραρον κόρυθές τε καὶ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι.
ἀσπὶς ἄρ᾽ ἀσπίδ᾽ ἔρειδε, κόρυς κόρυν, ἀνέρα δ᾽ ἀνήρ·
ψαῦον δ᾽ ἱππόκομοι κόρυθες λαμπροῖσι φάλοισι
νευόντων, ὡς πυκνοὶ ἐφέστασαν ἀλλήλοισι.
πάντων δὲ προπάροιθε δύ᾽ ἀνέρε θωρήσσοντο,
Πάτροκλός τε καὶ Αὐτομέδων, ἕνα θυμὸν ἔχοντες,
πρόσθεν Μυρμιδόνων πολεμιζέμεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
βῆ ῥ᾽ ἴμεν ἐς κλισίην, χηλοῦ δ᾽ ἀπὸ πῶμ᾽ ἀνέῳγε
καλῆς δαιδαλέης, τήν οἱ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα
θῆκ᾽ ἐπὶ νηὸς ἄγεσθαι,[13] ἐῢ πλήσασα χιτώνων
χλαινάων τ᾽ ἀνεμοσκεπέων οὔλων τε ταπήτων.
ἔνθα δέ οἱ δέπας ἔσκε τετυγμένον, οὐδέ τις ἄλλος
οὔτ᾽ ἀνδρῶν πίνεσκεν ἀπ᾽ αὐτοῦ αἴθοπα οἶνον,
οὔτε τεῳ σπένδεσκε θεῶν, ὅτε μὴ Διὶ πατρί.
τό ῥα τότ᾽ ἐκ χηλοῖο λαβὼν ἐκάθηρε θεείῳ
πρῶτον, ἔπειτα δ᾽ ἔνιψ᾽ ὕδατος καλῇσι ῥοῇσι,
νίψατο δ᾽ αὐτὸς χεῖρας, ἀφύσσατο δ᾽ αἴθοπα οἶνον.
εὔχετ᾽ ἔπειτα στὰς μέσῳ ἕρκεϊ, λεῖβε δὲ οἶνον
οὐρανὸν εἰσανιδών· Δία δ᾽ οὐ λάθε τερπικέραυνον·

[13] ἄγεσθαι: ἰόντι Zenodotus and Aristophanes.

you often gather together and prate at me, but now has appeared before you a great work of war, of which in time past at least you were enamored. Therefore let it be with valiant heart that each man fights with the Trojans."

So saying, he roused the might and heart of every man, and yet more tightly were their ranks compacted when they heard their king. And as when a man compacts the wall of a high house with close-set stones, to avoid the might of the winds, so close were compacted their helmets and bossed shields; shield pressed on shield, helmet on helmet, and man on man. The horsehair crests on the bright helmet-ridges touched each other, as the men moved their heads, in such close array did they stand by one another. And in front of them all two warriors, Patroclus and Automedon, both of one mind, arrayed themselves to do battle in the forefront of the Myrmidons. But Achilles went into his hut, and opened the lid of a chest, fair and elaborate, that silver-footed Thetis had set on his ship for him to carry with him, when she had filled it well with tunics and cloaks and woollen rugs to keep off the wind. In it he had a fair-fashioned cup from which neither was any other man used to drink the ruddy wine, nor was he used to pour drink offerings to any other of the gods save only to father Zeus. This cup he then took from the chest and cleansed it first with sulphur, and then washed it in fair streams of water; and he washed his own hands, and drew the ruddy wine. Then he made prayer, standing in the middle of the court, and poured out the wine, looking up to heaven; and he did not escape the notice of Zeus who

"Ζεῦ ἄνα, Δωδωναῖε,[14] Πελασγικέ, τηλόθι ναίων,
Δωδώνης μεδέων δυσχειμέρου·[15] ἀμφὶ δὲ Σελλοὶ[16]
σοὶ ναίουσ' ὑποφῆται ἀνιπτόποδες χαμαιεῦναι.
ἠμὲν δή ποτ' ἐμὸν ἔπος ἔκλυες εὐξαμένοιο,
τίμησας μὲν ἐμέ, μέγα δ' ἴψαο λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν,[17]
ἠδ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν μοι τόδ' ἐπικρήηνον ἐέλδωρ·
αὐτὸς μὲν γὰρ ἐγὼ μενέω νηῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι,
ἀλλ' ἕταρον πέμπω πολέσιν μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσι
μάρνασθαι· τῷ κῦδος ἅμα πρόες, εὐρύοπα Ζεῦ,
θάρσυνον δέ οἱ ἦτορ ἐνὶ φρεσίν, ὄφρα καὶ Ἕκτωρ
εἴσεται ἤ ῥα καὶ οἶος ἐπίστηται πολεμίζειν
ἡμέτερος θεράπων, ἦ οἱ τότε χεῖρες ἄαπτοι
μαίνονθ', ὁππότ' ἐγώ περ ἴω μετὰ μῶλον Ἄρηος.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κ' ἀπὸ ναῦφι μάχην ἐνοπήν τε δίηται,
ἀσκηθής μοι ἔπειτα θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἵκοιτο
τεύχεσί τε ξὺν πᾶσι καὶ ἀγχεμάχοις ἑτάροισιν."
Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε μητίετα Ζεύς.
τῷ δ' ἕτερον μὲν δῶκε πατήρ, ἕτερον δ' ἀνένευσε·
νηῶν μέν οἱ ἀπώσασθαι πόλεμόν τε μάχην τε
δῶκε, σόον δ' ἀνένευσε μάχης ἒξ ἀπονέεσθαι.
Ἦ τοι ὁ μὲν σπείσας τε καὶ εὐξάμενος Διὶ πατρὶ
ἂψ κλισίην εἰσῆλθε, δέπας δ' ἀπέθηκ' ἐνὶ χηλῷ,
στῆ δὲ πάροιθ' ἐλθὼν κλισίης, ἔτι δ' ἤθελε θυμῷ
εἰσιδέειν Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν φύλοπιν αἰνήν.
Οἱ δ' ἅμα Πατρόκλῳ μεγαλήτορι θωρηχθέντες

[14] Δωδωναῖε: Φηγωναῖε Zenodotus.
[15] δυσχειμέρου: πολυπίδακος Zenodotus.

hurls the thunderbolt: "Zeus, lord, Dodonaean, Pelasgian, who dwell afar, ruling over wintry Dodona—and about you live the Selli, your interpreters, men with unwashed feet who sleep on the ground. Just as before you heard me when I prayed—you honored me, and mightily struck the army of the Achaeans—so now also fulfill for me this wish. For I myself will remain where the ships are gathered, but my comrade I am sending out with many of the Myrmidons to war: with him send out glory, O Zeus, whose voice resounds afar, and make bold the heart in his breast, so that Hector, too, may know whether even by himself my attendant has skill to fight, or whether his hands then only rage invincible, when I enter the turmoil of Ares. But when he has driven war and the din of war away from the ships, then all unscathed may he come back to the swift ships with all his armor, and his comrades who fight in close combat."

So he spoke in prayer, and Zeus, the counselor, heard him, and one desire the father granted him, but the other he refused. That Patroclus should thrust back the war and battle from the ships he granted; but that he should return safe out of the battle he refused.

Achilles then, when he had poured libation and made prayer to father Zeus, went back again into his tent, and laid the cup away in the chest, and came out and stood in front of the hut; for still his heart was eager to look on the dread conflict of Trojans and Achaeans.

But those who were arrayed together with great-hearted Patroclus marched out, until with great con-

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[16] Σελλοὶ: σ' Ἑλλοὶ.

[17] Line 237 was rejected by Zenodotus, Aristophanes, and Aristarchus.

ἔστιχον, ὄφρ᾽ ἐν Τρωσὶ μέγα φρονέοντες ὄρουσαν.
αὐτίκα δὲ σφήκεσσιν ἐοικότες ἐξεχέοντο
εἰνοδίοις, οὓς παῖδες ἐριδμαίνωσιν ἔθοντες,
αἰεὶ κερτομέοντες, ὁδῷ ἔπι οἰκί᾽ ἔχοντας,[18]
νηπίαχοι· ξυνὸν δὲ κακὸν πολέεσσι τιθεῖσι.
τοὺς δ᾽ εἴ περ παρά τίς τε κιὼν ἄνθρωπος ὁδίτης
κινήσῃ ἀέκων, οἱ δ᾽ ἄλκιμον ἦτορ ἔχοντες
πρόσσω πᾶς πέτεται καὶ ἀμύνει οἷσι τέκεσσι.
τῶν τότε Μυρμιδόνες κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ἔχοντες
ἐκ νηῶν ἐχέοντο· βοὴ δ᾽ ἄσβεστος ὀρώρει.
Πάτροκλος δ᾽ ἑτάροισιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀύσας·
"Μυρμιδόνες, ἕταροι Πηληιάδεω Ἀχιλῆος,
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς,
ὡς ἂν Πηλεΐδην τιμήσομεν, ὃς μέγ᾽ ἄριστος
Ἀργείων παρὰ νηυσὶ καὶ ἀγχέμαχοι θεράποντες,
γνῷ δὲ καὶ Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρὺ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
ἣν ἄτην, ὅ τ᾽ ἄριστον Ἀχαιῶν οὐδὲν ἔτισεν."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὄτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἑκάστου,
ἐν δὲ πέσον Τρώεσσιν ἀολλέες· ἀμφὶ δὲ νῆες
σμερδαλέον κονάβησαν ἀυσάντων ὑπ᾽ Ἀχαιῶν.
Τρῶες δ᾽ ὡς εἴδοντο Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμον υἱόν,
αὐτὸν καὶ θεράποντα, σὺν ἔντεσι μαρμαίροντας,
πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμός, ἐκίνηθεν δὲ φάλαγγες,
ἐλπόμενοι παρὰ ναῦφι ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα
μηνιθμὸν μὲν ἀπορρῖψαι, φιλότητα δ᾽ ἑλέσθαι·
πάπτηνεν δὲ ἕκαστος ὅπῃ φύγοι αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον.
Πάτροκλος δὲ πρῶτος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ
ἀντικρὺ κατὰ μέσσον, ὅθι πλεῖστοι κλονέοντο,

fidence they leapt on the Trojans. At once they poured out like wasps of the wayside that boys are in the habit of stirring to anger, constantly tormenting them in their nests beside the way, foolish as they are; and a common evil they make for many. And the wasps, if some wayfaring man as he passes by rouses them unwittingly, fly out one and all with valiant hearts, and fight each in defence of his young; having a heart and spirit like theirs the Myrmidons then poured out from the ships, and a cry unquenchable arose. But Patroclus called to his comrades with a loud shout: "Myrmidons, comrades of Achilles, son of Peleus, be men, my friends, and take thought of furious valor, so that we may win honor for the son of Peleus, who is far the best of the Argives by the ships, himself and his attendants who fight in close combat; and so that the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, may know his blindness in that he honored not at all the best of the Achaeans."

So saying, he roused the strength and heart of every man, and on the Trojans they fell all in a throng, and around about them the ships echoed wondrously at the shouting of the Achaeans. But when the Trojans saw the valiant son of Menoetius, himself and his attendant, shining in their armor, the hearts of all were dismayed, and their battalions were shaken, for they thought that by the ships the swift-footed son of Peleus had cast aside his wrath and taken up friendship; and each man peered about to see how he might escape sheer destruction.

Then Patroclus was first to cast with his bright spear straight into the midst where men thronged the thickest,

[18] Line 261 was rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

νηὶ πάρα πρυμνῇ μεγαθύμου Πρωτεσιλάου,
καὶ βάλε Πυραίχμην, ὃς Παίονας ἱπποκορυστὰς
ἤγαγεν ἐξ Ἀμυδῶνος ἀπ᾽ Ἀξιοῦ εὐρὺ ῥέοντος·
τὸν βάλε δεξιὸν ὦμον· ὁ δ᾽ ὕπτιος ἐν κονίῃσι
κάππεσεν οἰμώξας, ἕταροι δέ μιν ἀμφὶ φόβηθεν
Παίονες· ἐν γὰρ Πάτροκλος φόβον ἧκεν ἅπασιν
ἡγεμόνα κτείνας, ὃς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι.
ἐκ νηῶν δ᾽ ἔλασεν, κατὰ δ᾽ ἔσβεσεν αἰθόμενον πῦρ.
ἡμιδαὴς δ᾽ ἄρα νηῦς λίπετ᾽ αὐτόθι· τοὶ δὲ φόβηθεν
Τρῶες θεσπεσίῳ ὁμάδῳ· Δαναοὶ δ᾽ ἐπέχυντο
νῆας ἀνὰ γλαφυράς· ὅμαδος δ᾽ ἀλίαστος ἐτύχθη.
ὡς δ᾽ ὅτ᾽ ἀφ᾽ ὑψηλῆς κορυφῆς ὄρεος μεγάλοιο
κινήσῃ πυκινὴν νεφέλην στεροπηγερέτα Ζεύς,
ἔκ τ᾽ ἔφανεν πᾶσαι σκοπιαὶ καὶ πρώονες ἄκροι
καὶ νάπαι, οὐρανόθεν δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὑπερράγη ἄσπετος αἰθήρ,
ὣς Δαναοὶ νηῶν μὲν ἀπωσάμενοι δήιον πῦρ
τυτθὸν ἀνέπνευσαν, πολέμου δ᾽ οὐ γίγνετ᾽ ἐρωή·
οὐ γάρ πώ τι Τρῶες ἀρηιφίλων ὑπ᾽ Ἀχαιῶν
προτροπάδην φοβέοντο μελαινάων ἀπὸ νηῶν,
ἀλλ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἀνθίσταντο, νεῶν δ᾽ ὑπόεικον ἀνάγκῃ.
  Ἔνθα δ᾽ ἀνὴρ ἕλεν ἄνδρα κεδασθείσης ὑσμίνης
ἡγεμόνων. πρῶτος δὲ Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱὸς
αὐτίκ᾽ ἄρα στρεφθέντος Ἀρηιλύκου βάλε μηρὸν
ἔγχεϊ ὀξυόεντι, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσε·
ῥῆξεν δ᾽ ὀστέον ἔγχος, ὁ δὲ πρηνὴς ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κάππεσ᾽. ἀτὰρ Μενέλαος ἀρήιος οὖτα Θόαντα
στέρνον γυμνωθέντα παρ᾽ ἀσπίδα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.
Φυλεΐδης δ᾽ Ἄμφικλον ἐφορμηθέντα δοκεύσας

by the stern of the ship of great-hearted Protesilaus, and he struck Pyraechmes, who had led the Paeonians, lords of chariots, out of Amydon, from the wide-flowing Axius. Him he struck on the right shoulder, and backward in the dust he fell with a groan, and about him his comrades were driven in rout, the Paeonians, for on them all had Patroclus sent panic when he slew their leader who was preeminent in fight. Out from the ships then he drove them, and quenched the blazing fire. And half-burnt the ship was left there, but the Trojans were driven in rout with a wondrous din, and the Danaans poured after them among the hollow ships, and an unceasing din arose. And as from the high crest of a great mountain Zeus who gathers the lightning moves a dense cloud away, and all mountain peaks and high headlands and glades appear in view, and from heaven breaks open the infinite air, so the Danaans, when they had thrust consuming fire back from the ships, caught their breath briefly; but there was no ceasing from war. For not yet were the Trojans driven in headlong rout from the black ships by the Achaeans, dear to Ares, but still they resisted, and gave ground from the ships through necessity.

Then man slew man of the leaders as the battle line was scattered. First the mighty son of Menoetius struck the thigh of Areïlycus with a cast of his sharp spear at the moment when he turned to flee, and drove the bronze clean through; and the spear broke the bone, and he fell on his face on the ground. And warlike Menelaus thrust and struck Thoas on the chest, where it was left bare beside the shield, and loosed his limbs. And the son of Phyleus awaited Amphiclus as he was rushing on him, and proved

ἔφθη ὀρεξάμενος πρυμνὸν σκέλος, ἔνθα πάχιστος
μυὼν ἀνθρώπου πέλεται· περὶ δ᾽ ἔγχεος αἰχμῇ
νεῦρα διεσχίσθη· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψε.
Νεστορίδαι δ᾽ ὁ μὲν οὔτασ᾽ Ἀτύμνιον ὀξέι δουρὶ
Ἀντίλοχος, λαπάρης δὲ διήλασε χάλκεον ἔγχος·
ἤριπε δὲ προπάροιθε. Μάρις δ᾽ αὐτοσχεδὰ δουρὶ
Ἀντιλόχῳ ἐπόρουσε κασιγνήτοιο χολωθείς,
στὰς πρόσθεν νέκυος· τοῦ δ᾽ ἀντίθεος Θρασυμήδης
ἔφθη ὀρεξάμενος πρὶν οὐτάσαι, οὐδ᾽ ἀφάμαρτεν,
ὦμον ἄφαρ· πρυμνὸν δὲ βραχίονα δουρὸς ἀκωκὴ
δρύψ᾽ ἀπὸ μυώνων, ἀπὸ δ᾽ ὀστέον ἄχρις ἄραξε·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, κατὰ δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν.
ὣς τὼ μὲν δοιοῖσι κασιγνήτοισι δαμέντε
βήτην εἰς Ἔρεβος, Σαρπηδόνος ἐσθλοὶ ἑταῖροι,
υἷες ἀκοντισταὶ Ἀμισωδάρου, ὅς ῥα Χίμαιραν
θρέψεν ἀμαιμακέτην, πολέσιν κακὸν ἀνθρώποισιν.
Αἴας δὲ Κλεόβουλον Ὀιλιάδης ἐπορούσας
ζωὸν ἕλε, βλαφθέντα κατὰ κλόνον· ἀλλά οἱ αὖθι
λῦσε μένος, πλήξας ξίφει αὐχένα κωπήεντι.
πᾶν δ᾽ ὑπεθερμάνθη ξίφος αἵματι· τὸν δὲ κατ᾽ ὄσσε
ἔλλαβε πορφύρεος θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή.
Πηνέλεως δὲ Λύκων τε συνέδραμον· ἔγχεσι μὲν γὰρ
ἤμβροτον ἀλλήλων, μέλεον δ᾽ ἠκόντισαν ἄμφω·
τὼ δ᾽ αὖτις ξιφέεσσι συνέδραμον. ἔνθα Λύκων μὲν
ἱπποκόμου κόρυθος φάλον ἤλασεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ καυλὸν[19]
φάσγανον ἐρραίσθη· ὁ δ᾽ ὑπ᾽ οὔατος αὐχένα θεῖνε
Πηνέλεως, πᾶν δ᾽ εἴσω ἔδυ ξίφος, ἔσχεθε δ᾽ οἶον
δέρμα, παρηέρθη δὲ κάρη, ὑπέλυντο δὲ γυῖα.

too quick for his foe, and struck him at the top of the leg where a man's muscle is thickest; and around the spear point the sinews were torn apart; and darkness enfolded his eyes. Then of the sons of Nestor, the one, Antilochus, thrust at Atymnius with his sharp spear, and drove the spear of bronze through his flank; and he fell forward. But Maris, close at hand, rushed at Antilochus with his spear, angered for his brother's sake, and stood in front of the dead man; but godlike Thrasymedes was too quick for him, and at once, before his foe could thrust, struck him on his shoulder, and missed not; but the point of the spear sheared the base of the arm away from the muscles, and utterly shattered the bone; and he fell with a thud, and darkness enfolded his eyes. So these two, vanquished by two brothers, went to Erebus, noble comrades of Sarpedon, spearmen sons of Amisodarus, him who reared the raging Chimaera, an evil to many men. And Aias, son of Oïleus, leapt on Cleobulus, and took him alive, impeded by the throng; but there he loosed his might, striking him on the neck with his hilted sword. And all the blade grew warm with his blood, and down over his eyes came dark death and resistless fate. Then Peneleos and Lyco rushed together, for with their spears they had missed one another, and both had cast in vain; but again they rushed together with their swords. Then Lyco drove at the ridge of the helmet with horsehair crest, and the sword was shattered at the hilt; but Peneleos struck him on the neck beneath the ear, and all the blade sank in so that nothing but the skin held fast, and the head hung to one side, and his limbs

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19 *καυλὸν*: *καλὸν*.

Μηριόνης δ' Ἀκάμαντα κιχεὶς ποσὶ καρπαλίμοισι
νύξ' ἵππων ἐπιβησόμενον κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον·
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, κατὰ δ' ὀφθαλμῶν κέχυτ' ἀχλύς.
Ἰδομενεὺς δ' Ἐρύμαντα κατὰ στόμα νηλέι χαλκῷ
νύξε· τὸ δ' ἀντικρὺ δόρυ χάλκεον ἐξεπέρησε
νέρθεν ὑπ' ἐγκεφάλοιο, κέασσε δ' ἄρ' ὀστέα λευκά·
ἐκ δὲ τίναχθεν ὀδόντες, ἐνέπλησθεν δέ οἱ ἄμφω
αἵματος ὀφθαλμοί· τὸ δ' ἀνὰ στόμα καὶ κατὰ ῥῖνας
πρῆσε χανών· θανάτου δὲ μέλαν νέφος ἀμφεκάλυψεν.
  Οὗτοι ἄρ' ἡγεμόνες Δαναῶν ἕλον ἄνδρα ἕκαστος.
ὡς δὲ λύκοι ἄρνεσσιν ἐπέχραον ἢ ἐρίφοισι
σίνται, ὑπὲκ μήλων αἱρεύμενοι, αἵ τ' ἐν ὄρεσσι
ποιμένος ἀφραδίῃσι διέτμαγεν· οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες
αἶψα διαρπάζουσιν ἀνάλκιδα θυμὸν ἐχούσας·
ὣς Δαναοὶ Τρώεσσιν ἐπέχραον· οἱ δὲ φόβοιο
δυσκελάδου μνήσαντο, λάθοντο δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς.
  Αἴας δ' ὁ μέγας αἰὲν ἐφ' Ἕκτορι χαλκοκορυστῇ
ἵετ' ἀκοντίσσαι· ὁ δὲ ἰδρείῃ πολέμοιο,
ἀσπίδι ταυρείῃ κεκαλυμμένος εὐρέας ὤμους,
σκέπτετ' ὀιστῶν τε ῥοῖζον καὶ δοῦπον ἀκόντων.
ἦ μὲν δὴ γίγνωσκε μάχης ἑτεραλκέα νίκην·
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὣς ἀνέμιμνε, σάω δ' ἐρίηρας ἑταίρους.
  Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπ' Οὐλύμπου νέφος ἔρχεται οὐρανὸν
    εἴσω
αἰθέρος ἐκ δίης, ὅτε τε Ζεὺς λαίλαπα τείνῃ,
ὣς τῶν ἐκ νηῶν γένετο ἰαχή τε φόβος τε,
οὐδὲ κατὰ μοῖραν πέραον πάλιν. Ἕκτορα δ' ἵπποι
ἔκφερον ὠκύποδες σὺν τεύχεσι, λεῖπε δὲ λαὸν

were loosed. And Meriones with swift strides overtook Acamas, and thrust and struck him on the right shoulder, just as he was mounting his chariot; and he fell from his chariot, and down over his eyes a mist was shed. Then Idomeneus struck Erymas on the mouth with a thrust of the pitiless bronze, and clean through passed the spear of bronze beneath the brain, and split asunder the white bones; and his teeth were shaken out, and both his eyes were filled with blood; and up through mouth and nostrils he spurted blood as he gaped, and a black cloud of death enfolded him.

So these leaders of the Danaans slew each his man. And as ravening wolves fall on lambs or kids, choosing them out of the flocks, when through the folly of the shepherd they are scattered among the mountains, and the wolves seeing this immediately snatch the young whose hearts are cowardly, so the Danaans fell on the Trojans, and they took thought of ill-sounding flight, and forgot their furious valor.

And the great Aias was ever eager to cast his spear at Hector, armored in bronze, but he in his skill of war, with his broad shoulders covered with shield of bull's hide, ever watched the whirring of arrows and the hurtling of spears. Though he recognized that the tide of victory was turning, even so he remained and tried to save his trusty comrades.

And as from Olympus a cloud comes into heaven out of the bright air when Zeus spreads a tempest, so from the ships came the shouting and the rout of these men; nor was it in good order that they crossed the trench again. Hector did his swift-footed horses carry out with his battle gear,

Τρωικόν, οὓς ἀέκοντας ὀρυκτὴ τάφρος ἔρυκε.
πολλοὶ δ' ἐν τάφρῳ ἐρυσάρματες ὠκέες ἵπποι
ἄξαντ' ἐν πρώτῳ ῥυμῷ λίπον ἅρματ' ἀνάκτων.
Πάτροκλος δ' ἕπετο σφεδανὸν Δαναοῖσι κελεύων,
Τρωσὶ κακὰ φρονέων· οἱ δὲ ἰαχῇ τε φόβῳ τε
πάσας πλῆσαν ὁδούς, ἐπεὶ ἂρ τμάγεν· ὕψι δ' ἀέλλη
σκίδναθ' ὑπὸ νεφέων, τανύοντο δὲ μώνυχες ἵπποι
ἄψορρον προτὶ ἄστυ νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων.
Πάτροκλος δ' ᾗ πλεῖστον ὀρινόμενον ἴδε λαόν,
τῇ ῥ' ἔχ' ὁμοκλήσας· ὑπὸ δ' ἄξοσι φῶτες ἔπιπτον
πρηνέες ἐξ ὀχέων, δίφροι δ' ἀνακυμβαλίαζον.
ἀντικρὺ δ' ἄρα τάφρον ὑπέρθορον ὠκέες ἵπποι
ἄμβροτοι, οὓς Πηλῆι θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα,[20]
πρόσσω ἱέμενοι, ἐπὶ δ' Ἕκτορι κέκλετο θυμός·
ἵετο γὰρ βαλέειν· τὸν δ' ἔκφερον ὠκέες ἵπποι.
ὡς δ' ὑπὸ λαίλαπι πᾶσα κελαινὴ βέβριθε χθὼν
ἤματ' ὀπωρινῷ, ὅτε λαβρότατον χέει ὕδωρ
Ζεύς, ὅτε δή ῥ' ἄνδρεσσι κοτεσσάμενος χαλεπήνῃ,
οἳ βίῃ εἰν ἀγορῇ σκολιὰς κρίνωσι θέμιστας,
ἐκ δὲ δίκην ἐλάσωσι, θεῶν ὄπιν οὐκ ἀλέγοντες·
τῶν δέ τε πάντες μὲν ποταμοὶ πλήθουσι ῥέοντες,
πολλὰς δὲ κλιτῦς τότ' ἀποτμήγουσι χαράδραι,
ἐς δ' ἅλα πορφυρέην μεγάλα στενάχουσι ῥέουσαι
ἐξ ὀρέων ἐπὶ κάρ, μινύθει δέ τε ἔργ' ἀνθρώπων·
ὣς ἵπποι Τρῳαὶ μεγάλα στενάχοντο θέουσαι.
Πάτροκλος δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν πρώτας ἐπέκερσε φάλαγγας,

and he left the men of Troy, whom the trench the Greeks had dug held back against their will. And in the trench many pairs of swift horses, drawers of chariots, broke the pole at the end, and left the chariots of their lords. But Patroclus followed after, calling fiercely to the Danaans, with evil intent toward the Trojans, while they with shouting and in flight filled all the ways, since their ranks had been broken; and on high a cloud of dust was spread up beneath the clouds, and the single-hoofed horses strained back toward the city from the ships and the huts. And Patroclus, wherever he saw the most men huddled in rout, there would he drive with a cry; and beneath his axletrees men kept falling headlong from their chariots, and the chariots were overturned. And straight over the trench leapt the swift horses—the immortal horses that the gods gave as glorious gifts to Peleus—as they pressed on, and against Hector did the heart of Patroclus urge him on, for he was eager to strike him; but his swift horses carried Hector away. And just as beneath a tempest the whole black earth is oppressed on a day in harvest time when Zeus pours down rain most violently, when in resentment he grows angry against men who by violence give crooked judgments in the place of assembly and drive justice out, regarding not the vengeance of the gods; and all their rivers flow in flood, and many a hillside then do the torrents furrow deeply, and down to the dark sea they rush headlong from the mountains with a mighty roar, and the tilled fields of men are wasted; so mighty was the roar of the mares of Troy as they rushed on.

But when Patroclus had cut off the foremost battalions,

[20] Line 381 is omitted in most MSS.

ἂψ ἐπὶ νῆας ἔεργε παλιμπετές, οὐδὲ πόληος
εἴα ἱεμένους ἐπιβαινέμεν, ἀλλὰ μεσηγὺ
νηῶν καὶ ποταμοῦ καὶ τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο
κτεῖνε μεταΐσσων, πολέων δ' ἀπετίνυτο ποινήν.
ἔνθ' ἦ τοι Πρόνοον πρῶτον βάλε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
στέρνον γυμνωθέντα παρ' ἀσπίδα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· ὁ δὲ Θέστορα, Ἤνοπος υἱόν,
δεύτερον ὁρμηθείς· ὁ μὲν εὐξέστῳ ἐνὶ δίφρῳ
ἧστο ἀλείς· ἐκ γὰρ πλήγη φρένας, ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρῶν
ἡνία ἠίχθησαν—ὁ δ' ἔγχεϊ νύξε παραστὰς
γναθμὸν δεξιτερόν, διὰ δ' αὐτοῦ πεῖρεν ὀδόντων,
ἕλκε δὲ δουρὸς ἑλὼν ὑπὲρ ἄντυγος, ὡς ὅτε τις φὼς
πέτρῃ ἔπι προβλῆτι καθήμενος ἱερὸν ἰχθὺν
ἐκ πόντοιο θύραζε λίνῳ καὶ ἤνοπι χαλκῷ·
ὣς ἕλκ' ἐκ δίφροιο κεχηνότα δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
κὰδ δ' ἄρ' ἐπὶ στόμ' ἔωσε· πεσόντα δέ μιν λίπε θυμός.
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' Ἐρύλαον ἐπεσσύμενον βάλε πέτρῳ
μέσσην κὰκ κεφαλήν· ἡ δ' ἄνδιχα πᾶσα κεάσθη
ἐν κόρυθι βριαρῇ· ὁ δ' ἄρα πρηνὴς ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κάππεσεν, ἀμφὶ δέ μιν θάνατος χύτο θυμοραϊστής.
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' Ἐρύμαντα καὶ Ἀμφοτερὸν καὶ Ἐπάλτην,
Τληπόλεμόν τε Δαμαστορίδην Ἐχίον τε Πύριν τε,
Ἰφέα τ' Εὔιππόν τε καὶ Ἀργεάδην Πολύμηλον,
πάντας ἐπασσυτέρους πέλασε χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ.
Σαρπηδὼν δ' ὡς οὖν ἴδ' ἀμιτροχίτωνας ἑταίρους
χέρσ' ὕπο Πατρόκλοιο Μενοιτιάδαο δαμέντας,
κέκλετ' ἄρ' ἀντιθέοισι καθαπτόμενος Λυκίοισιν·
"αἰδώς, ὦ Λύκιοι· πόσε φεύγετε; νῦν θοοὶ ἔστε·

he hemmed them back again toward the ships and would not allow them for all their eagerness to set foot in the city, but in the space between the ships and the river and the high wall he rushed among them and slew them, and exacted vengeance for many a slain comrade. There indeed he struck Pronous first with a cast of his bright spear, on the chest where it was left bare beside the shield, and loosed his limbs; and he fell with a thud. Next he rushed on Thestor, son of Enops. Crouching he sat in his polished chariot, for his senses had been driven from him and the reins had slipped from his hands, but Patroclus came up to him and struck him on the right jaw with his spear, and drove it through his teeth; and he laid hold of the spear and dragged him over the chariot rim, as a man sitting on a jutting rock drags to land a sacred fish out of the sea with line and gleaming hook of bronze; so on the bright spear he dragged him gaping from the chariot, and cast him down on his face; and life left him as he fell. Then as Erylaus rushed on him, he struck him square on the head with a stone, and his head was wholly split in two inside the heavy helmet; and he fell on his face on the ground, and death, that slays the spirit, was shed about him. Then Erymas and Amphoterus and Epaltes and Tlepolemus, son of Damastor, and Echius and Pyris and Ipheus and Euippus and Polymelus, son of Argeas, all these one after the other he brought down to the bounteous earth.

But when Sarpedon saw his comrades who wear the tunic beltless being vanquished at the hands of Patroclus, son of Menoetius, he called aloud, reproaching the godlike Lycians: "Shame, Lycians, where are you fleeing? Now be

ἀντήσω γὰρ ἐγὼ τοῦδ᾽ ἀνέρος, ὄφρα δαείω
ὅς τις ὅδε κρατέει καὶ δὴ κακὰ πολλὰ ἔοργε
Τρῶας, ἐπεὶ πολλῶν τε καὶ ἐσθλῶν γούνατ᾽ ἔλυσεν."
    Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐξ ὀχέων σὺν τεύχεσιν ἆλτο χαμᾶζε.
Πάτροκλος δ᾽ ἑτέρωθεν, ἐπεὶ ἴδεν, ἔκθορε δίφρου.
οἳ δ᾽ ὥς τ᾽ αἰγυπιοὶ γαμψώνυχες ἀγκυλοχεῖλαι
πέτρῃ ἐφ᾽ ὑψηλῇ μεγάλα κλάζοντε μάχωνται,
ὣς οἳ κεκλήγοντες ἐπ᾽ ἀλλήλοισιν ὄρουσαν.
τοὺς δὲ ἰδὼν ἐλέησε Κρόνου πάις ἀγκυλομήτεω,
Ἥρην δὲ προσέειπε κασιγνήτην ἄλοχόν τε·[21]
"ὤ μοι ἐγών, ὅ τέ μοι Σαρπηδόνα, φίλτατον ἀνδρῶν,
μοῖρ᾽ ὑπὸ Πατρόκλοιο Μενοιτιάδαο δαμῆναι.
διχθὰ δέ μοι κραδίη μέμονε φρεσὶν ὁρμαίνοντι,
ἤ μιν ζωὸν ἐόντα μάχης ἄπο δακρυοέσσης
θείω ἀναρπάξας Λυκίης ἐν πίονι δήμῳ,
ἦ ἤδη ὑπὸ χερσὶ Μενοιτιάδαο δαμάσσω."
    Τὸν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη·
"αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες.
ἄνδρα θνητὸν ἐόντα, πάλαι πεπρωμένον αἴσῃ,
ἂψ ἐθέλεις θανάτοιο δυσηχέος ἐξαναλῦσαι;
ἔρδ᾽· ἀτὰρ οὔ τοι πάντες ἐπαινέομεν θεοὶ ἄλλοι.
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ᾽ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῇσιν·
αἴ κε ζὼν πέμψῃς Σαρπηδόνα ὅνδε δόμονδε,
φράζεο μή τις ἔπειτα θεῶν ἐθέλῃσι καὶ ἄλλος
πέμπειν ὃν φίλον υἱὸν ἀπὸ κρατερῆς ὑσμίνης·
πολλοὶ γὰρ περὶ ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο μάχονται
υἱέες ἀθανάτων, τοῖσιν κότον αἰνὸν ἐνήσεις.
ἀλλ᾽ εἴ τοι φίλος ἐστί, τεὸν δ᾽ ὀλοφύρεται ἦτορ,

swift to fight; for I myself will meet this man so that I may know who this person is who so prevails, and who has done the Trojans much harm, since he has loosed the knees of men many and noble."

He spoke, and leapt in his armor from his chariot to the ground. And Patroclus opposite him sprang from his chariot when he saw him. And as vultures crooked of talon and curved of beak fight with loud cries upon a high rock, so with cries they rushed against one another. And the son of crooked-counseling Cronos took pity when he saw them, and spoke to Hera, his sister and his wife: "Ah, woe is me, since it is fated that Sarpedon, dearest of men to me, be vanquished by Patroclus, son of Menoetius! And my heart is divided in counsel as I ponder in my thought whether I shall snatch him up while yet he lives and set him afar from the tearful war in the rich land of Lycia, or whether I shall let him be vanquished now at the hands of the son of Menoetius."

Then ox-eyed queenly Hera answered him: "Most dread son of Cronos, what a word have you said! Are you minded to free from dolorous death a mortal man, one doomed long since by fate? Do it; but be sure we other gods do not all assent to it. And another thing will I tell you, and do you lay it to heart: if you send Sarpedon home alive, take thought that later on some other god also may be minded to send his own dear son away from the mighty combat; for many there are fighting around the great city of Priam who are sons of the immortals, and among the gods you will send dread resentment. But if he is dear to you and your heart is grieved, then allow him to be van-

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[21] Lines 432–458 were omitted by Zenodotus.

ἤ τοι μέν μιν ἔασον ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ
χέρσ᾽ ὕπο Πατρόκλοιο Μενοιτιάδαο δαμῆναι·
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν δὴ τόν γε λίπῃ ψυχή τε καὶ αἰών,
πέμπειν μιν Θάνατόν τε φέρειν καὶ νήδυμον Ὕπνον,
εἰς ὅ κε δὴ Λυκίης εὐρείης δῆμον ἵκωνται·
ἔνθα ἑ ταρχύσουσι κασίγνητοί τε ἔται τε
τύμβῳ τε στήλῃ τε· τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων."
Ὣς ἔφατ᾽, οὐδ᾽ ἀπίθησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε·
αἱματοέσσας δὲ ψιάδας κατέχευεν ἔραζε
παῖδα φίλον τιμῶν, τόν οἱ Πάτροκλος ἔμελλε
φθίσειν ἐν Τροίῃ ἐριβώλακι, τηλόθι πάτρης.
Οἱ δ᾽ ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ᾽ ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
ἔνθ᾽ ἤ τοι Πάτροκλος ἀγακλειτὸν Θρασύμηλον,[22]
ὅς ῥ᾽ ἠῢς θεράπων Σαρπηδόνος ἦεν ἄνακτος,
τὸν βάλε νείαιραν κατὰ γαστέρα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.
Σαρπηδὼν δ᾽ αὐτοῦ μὲν ἀπήμβροτε δουρὶ φαεινῷ
δεύτερος ὁρμηθείς, ὁ δὲ Πήδασον οὔτασεν ἵππον
ἔγχεϊ δεξιὸν ὦμον· ὁ δ᾽ ἔβραχε θυμὸν ἀίσθων,
κὰδ δὲ πέσ᾽ ἐν κονίῃσι μακών, ἀπὸ δ᾽ ἔπτατο θυμός.
τὼ δὲ διαστήτην, κρίκε δὲ ζυγόν, ἡνία δέ σφι
σύγχυτ᾽, ἐπεὶ δὴ κεῖτο παρήορος ἐν κονίῃσι.
τοῖο μὲν Αὐτομέδων δουρικλυτὸς εὕρετο τέκμωρ·
σπασσάμενος τανύηκες ἄορ παχέος παρὰ μηροῦ,
ἀΐξας ἀπέκοψε παρήορον οὐδὲ μάτησε.
τὼ δ᾽ ἰθυνθήτην, ἐν δὲ ῥυτῆρσι τάνυσθεν·
τὼ δ᾽ αὖτις συνίτην ἔριδος πέρι θυμοβόροιο.
Ἔνθ᾽ αὖ Σαρπηδὼν μὲν ἀπήμβροτε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
Πατρόκλου δ᾽ ὑπὲρ ὦμον ἀριστερὸν ἤλυθ᾽ ἀκωκὴ

quished in the mighty combat at the hands of Patroclus, son of Menoetius; but when his soul and life have left him, send Death and sweet Sleep to carry him away until they come to the land of wide Lycia; and there will his brothers and his kinspeople give him burial with mound and pillar; for this is the privilege of the dead."

So she spoke, and the father of men and gods failed not to obey. But he shed bloody rain drops on the earth, showing honor to his dear son whom Patroclus was about to slay in the deep-soiled land of Troy, far from his native land.

Now when they had come near, as they advanced against each other, then did Patroclus strike glorious Thrasymelus, who was the powerful attendant of the lord Sarpedon; him he struck on the lower belly, and loosed his limbs. But Sarpedon missed him with his bright spear, as in turn he set on him, but struck with his spear the horse Pedasus on the right shoulder; and the horse shrieked aloud as it gasped out its life, and down it fell in the dust with a moan, and its spirit flew from it. But the other two pulled apart, and the yoke creaked, and the reins were entangled above them, since the trace horse lay low in the dust. But for this Automedon, famed for his spear, found a solution; drawing his long sword from beside his thick thigh, he sprang out and cut loose the trace horse, and lost no time, and the other two were righted, and strained at the reins; and the two warriors came together again in soul-devouring strife.

Then again Sarpedon missed with his bright spear, and over the left shoulder of Patroclus went the point of the

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22 *Θρασύμηλον: Θρασύδημον.*

ἔγχεος, οὐδ' ἔβαλ' αὐτόν· ὁ δ' ὕστερος ὄρνυτο χαλκῷ
Πάτροκλος· τοῦ δ' οὐχ ἅλιον βέλος ἔκφυγε χειρός,
ἀλλ' ἔβαλ' ἔνθ' ἄρα τε φρένες ἔρχαται ἀμφ' ἁδινὸν κῆρ.
ἤριπε δ' ὡς ὅτε τις δρῦς ἤριπεν ἢ ἀχερωίς,
ἠὲ πίτυς βλωθρή, τήν τ' οὔρεσι τέκτονες ἄνδρες
ἐξέταμον πελέκεσσι νεήκεσι νήιον εἶναι·
ὣς ὁ πρόσθ' ἵππων καὶ δίφρου κεῖτο τανυσθείς,
βεβρυχώς, κόνιος δεδραγμένος αἱματοέσσης.
ἠύτε ταῦρον ἔπεφνε λέων ἀγέληφι μετελθών,
αἴθωνα μεγάθυμον, ἐν εἰλιπόδεσσι βόεσσι,
ὤλετό τε στενάχων ὑπὸ γαμφηλῇσι λέοντος,
ὣς ὑπὸ Πατρόκλῳ Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀσπιστάων
κτεινόμενος μενέαινε, φίλον δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἑταῖρον·
"Γλαῦκε πέπον, πολεμιστὰ μετ' ἀνδράσι, νῦν σε μάλα χρὴ
αἰχμητήν τ' ἔμεναι καὶ θαρσαλέον πολεμιστήν·
νῦν τοι ἐελδέσθω πόλεμος κακός, εἰ θοός ἐσσι.
πρῶτα μὲν ὄτρυνον Λυκίων ἡγήτορας ἄνδρας,
πάντῃ ἐποιχόμενος, Σαρπηδόνος ἀμφιμάχεσθαι·
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα καὶ αὐτὸς ἐμεῦ πέρι μάρναο χαλκῷ.
σοὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ ἔπειτα κατηφείη καὶ ὄνειδος
ἔσσομαι ἤματα πάντα διαμπερές, εἴ κέ μ' Ἀχαιοὶ
τεύχεα συλήσωσι νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι πεσόντα.
ἀλλ' ἔχεο κρατερῶς, ὄτρυνε δὲ λαὸν ἅπαντα."
  Ὣς ἄρα μιν εἰπόντα τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψεν
ὀφθαλμοὺς ῥῖνάς θ'· ὁ δὲ λὰξ ἐν στήθεσι βαίνων
ἐκ χροὸς ἕλκε δόρυ, προτὶ δὲ φρένες αὐτῷ ἕποντο·[23]

spear and struck him not. But Patroclus in turn rushed on with the bronze, and not in vain did the shaft speed from his hand, but struck where the midriff is set close about the throbbing heart. And he fell as an oak falls, or a poplar, or a tall pine that among the mountains shipwrights fell with whetted axes to be a ship's timber; so before his horses and chariot he lay outstretched, moaning aloud and clutching at the bloody dust. And as a lion comes upon a herd and slays a bull, tawny and high of heart among the cattle of trailing gait, and with a groan he perishes beneath the jaws of the lion, so beneath Patroclus did the leader of the Lycian shieldmen struggle in death; and he called his dear comrade by name: "Glaucus my friend, warrior among men of war, now you must be a spearman and a bold warrior; now let evil war be your wish if indeed you are swift to fight. First go about everywhere and urge the leaders of the Lycians to fight for Sarpedon, and then yourself also do battle with the bronze in my defence. For to you even in time to come shall I be a rebuke and a cause of shame all your days continually if the Achaeans strip me of my armor, now that I have fallen where the ships are gathered. But hold your ground valiantly, and urge on all the army."

Just as he spoke these words the end of death enfolded him, his eyes and his nostrils; and Patroclus, setting his foot on his chest, drew the spear out of the flesh, and the mid-

23 *ἕποντο*: *ἔχοντο* Aristarchus.

τοῖο δ' ἅμα ψυχήν τε καὶ ἔγχεος ἐξέρυσ' αἰχμήν.
Μυρμιδόνες δ' αὐτοῦ σχέθον ἵππους φυσιόωντας,
ἱεμένους φοβέεσθαι, ἐπεὶ λίπον ἅρματ' ἀνάκτων.
Γλαύκῳ δ' αἰνὸν ἄχος γένετο φθογγῆς ἀίοντι·
ὠρίνθη δέ οἱ ἦτορ, ὅ τ' οὐ δύνατο προσαμῦναι.
χειρὶ δ' ἑλὼν ἐπίεζε βραχίονα· τεῖρε γὰρ αὐτὸν
ἕλκος, ὃ δή μιν Τεῦκρος ἐπεσσύμενον βάλεν ἰῷ
τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο, ἀρὴν ἑτάροισιν ἀμύνων.
εὐχόμενος δ' ἄρα εἶπεν ἑκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι·
"κλῦθι, ἄναξ, ὅς που Λυκίης ἐν πίονι δήμῳ
εἲς ἢ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ· δύνασαι δὲ σὺ πάντοσ' ἀκούειν
ἀνέρι κηδομένῳ, ὡς νῦν ἐμὲ κῆδος ἱκάνει.
ἕλκος μὲν γὰρ ἔχω τόδε καρτερόν, ἀμφὶ δέ μοι χεὶρ
ὀξείῃς ὀδύνῃσιν ἐλήλαται, οὐδέ μοι αἷμα
τερσῆναι δύναται, βαρύθει δέ μοι ὦμος ὑπ' αὐτοῦ·
ἔγχος δ' οὐ δύναμαι σχεῖν ἔμπεδον, οὐδὲ μάχεσθαι
ἐλθὼν δυσμενέεσσιν. ἀνὴρ δ' ὤριστος ὄλωλε,
Σαρπηδών, Διὸς υἱός· ὁ δ' οὐδ' οὗ παιδὸς ἀμύνει.
ἀλλὰ σύ πέρ μοι, ἄναξ, τόδε καρτερὸν ἕλκος ἄκεσσαι,
κοίμησον δ' ὀδύνας, δὸς δὲ κράτος, ὄφρ' ἑτάροισι
κεκλόμενος Λυκίοισιν ἐποτρύνω πολεμίζειν,
αὐτός τ' ἀμφὶ νέκυι κατατεθνηῶτι μάχωμαι."
Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
αὐτίκα παῦσ' ὀδύνας, ἀπὸ δ' ἕλκεος ἀργαλέοιο
αἷμα μέλαν τέρσηνε, μένος δέ οἱ ἔμβαλε θυμῷ.
Γλαῦκος δ' ἔγνω ᾗσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ γήθησέν τε,
ὅττι οἱ ὦκ' ἤκουσε μέγας θεὸς εὐξαμένοιο.

riff followed with it; and at the same time he drew out the spear point and the soul of Sarpedon. And the Myrmidons held there the snorting horses that were eager to flee now that they had left the chariot of their lords.

But on Glaucus came dread grief as he heard the voice of Sarpedon, and his heart was stirred, since he had not been able to aid him. And with his hand he took and pressed his arm, for his wound tormented him, the wound that Teucer, while warding off destruction from his comrades, had dealt him with his arrow as he rushed on the high wall. Then in prayer he spoke to Apollo, who strikes from afar: "Hear me, lord, who are perhaps in the rich land of Lycia or perhaps in Troy, but everywhere are able to hear a man in sorrow, just as now sorrow has come on me. For I have this terrible wound and my arm is shot through with sharp pangs, nor can the blood be dried; and my shoulder is made heavy with the wound, and I cannot hold my spear firmly, nor go and fight with the foe. And the best man has perished, Sarpedon, the son of Zeus; and he does not protect even his own son. But you, lord, at least heal me of this terrible wound, and lull my pains, and give me might so that I may call to my comrades, the Lycians, and urge them on to fight, and myself do battle about the body of him who has fallen in death."

So he spoke in prayer, and Phoebus Apollo heard him. At once he made his pains to cease, and dried the black blood that flowed from his painful wound, and put might into his heart. And Glaucus recognized this in his mind, and was glad that the great god had quickly heard his

πρῶτα μὲν ὄτρυνεν Λυκίων ἡγήτορας ἄνδρας,
πάντῃ ἐποιχόμενος, Σαρπηδόνος ἀμφιμάχεσθαι·
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα μετὰ Τρῶας κίε μακρὰ βιβάσθων,
Πουλυδάμαντ᾽ ἔπι Πανθοΐδην καὶ Ἀγήνορα δῖον,
βῆ δὲ μετ᾽ Αἰνείαν τε καὶ Ἕκτορα χαλκοκορυστήν,
ἀγχοῦ δ᾽ ἱστάμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ἕκτορ, νῦν δὴ πάγχυ λελασμένος εἰς ἐπικούρων,
οἵ σέθεν εἵνεκα τῆλε φίλων καὶ πατρίδος αἴης
θυμὸν ἀποφθινύθουσι· σὺ δ᾽ οὐκ ἐθέλεις ἐπαμύνειν.
κεῖται Σαρπηδών, Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀσπιστάων,
ὃς Λυκίην εἴρυτο δίκῃσί τε καὶ σθένεϊ ᾧ·
τὸν δ᾽ ὑπὸ Πατρόκλῳ δάμασ᾽ ἔγχεϊ χάλκεος Ἄρης.
ἀλλά, φίλοι, πάρστητε, νεμεσσήθητε δὲ θυμῷ,
μὴ ἀπὸ τεύχε᾽ ἕλωνται, ἀεικίσσωσι δὲ νεκρὸν
Μυρμιδόνες, Δαναῶν κεχολωμένοι ὅσσοι ὄλοντο,
τοὺς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν ἐπέφνομεν ἐγχείῃσιν."

Ὣς ἔφατο, Τρῶας δὲ κατὰ κρῆθεν λάβε πένθος
ἄσχετον, οὐκ ἐπιεικτόν, ἐπεί σφισιν ἕρμα πόληος
ἔσκε καὶ ἀλλοδαπός περ ἐών· πολέες γὰρ ἅμ᾽ αὐτῷ
λαοὶ ἕποντ᾽, ἐν δ᾽ αὐτὸς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι·
βὰν δ᾽ ἰθὺς Δαναῶν λελιημένοι· ἦρχε δ᾽ ἄρα σφιν
Ἕκτωρ χωόμενος Σαρπηδόνος. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
ὦρσε Μενοιτιάδεω Πατροκλῆος λάσιον κῆρ·
Αἴαντε πρώτω προσέφη, μεμαῶτε καὶ αὐτώ·
"Αἴαντε, νῦν σφῶιν ἀμύνεσθαι φίλον ἔστω,
οἷοί περ πάρος ἦτε μετ᾽ ἀνδράσιν, ἢ καὶ ἀρείους.
κεῖται ἀνὴρ ὃς πρῶτος ἐσήλατο τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν,
Σαρπηδών· ἀλλ᾽ εἴ μιν ἀεικισσαίμεθ᾽ ἑλόντες,

prayer. First he went about everywhere and urged on the leaders of the Lycians to fight for Sarpedon, and then went with long strides to the Trojans, to Polydamas, son of Panthous, and noble Agenor, and he went after Aeneas, and Hector, armored in bronze. And he came up to him and spoke winged words, saying: "Hector, now it is clear that you are utterly forgetful of the allies, who for your sake far from their friends and their native land are wasting their lives away, yet you are not minded to protect them. Low lies Sarpedon, leader of the Lycian shieldmen, he who guarded Lycia by his judgments and his might. Him has brazen Ares laid low beneath the spear of Patroclus. But, friends, take your stand beside him, and fear disgrace at heart, lest the Myrmidons strip him of his armor and disfigure his corpse, angered because of all the Danaans who have perished, whom we slew with our spears at the swift ships."

So he spoke, and the Trojans were utterly seized with grief, unbearable, overpowering, since Sarpedon was ever the stay of their city, though he was a stranger from afar; for many men followed with him, and among them he was himself preeminent in fight. And they made straight for the Danaans eagerly, and Hector led them, angered because of Sarpedon. But the Achaeans were urged on by Patroclus of the stout heart, son of Menoetius. To the two Aiantes he spoke first, themselves very eager: "You two Aiantes, now let it be your will to ward off the foe, and be such as you were before among warriors, or even braver. Low lies the man who was first to leap inside the wall of the Achaeans, Sarpedon. But let us take him, and mangle his

τεύχεά τ' ὤμοιιν ἀφελοίμεθα, καί τιν' ἑταίρων
αὐτοῦ ἀμυνομένων δαμασαίμεθα νηλέι χαλκῷ."
"Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἀλέξασθαι μενέαινον.
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐκαρτύναντο φάλαγγας,
Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Μυρμιδόνες καὶ Ἀχαιοί,
σύμβαλον ἀμφὶ νέκυι κατατεθνηῶτι μάχεσθαι
δεινὸν ἀύσαντες· μέγα δ' ἔβραχε τεύχεα φωτῶν.
Ζεὺς δ' ἐπὶ νύκτ' ὀλοὴν τάνυσε κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ,
ὄφρα φίλῳ περὶ παιδὶ μάχης ὀλοὸς πόνος εἴη.
Ὦσαν δὲ πρότεροι Τρῶες ἑλίκωπας Ἀχαιούς·
βλῆτο γὰρ οὔ τι κάκιστος ἀνὴρ μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσιν,
υἱὸς Ἀγακλῆος μεγαθύμου, δῖος Ἐπειγεύς,
ὅς ῥ' ἐν Βουδείῳ εὖ ναιομένῳ ἤνασσε
τὸ πρίν· ἀτὰρ τότε γ' ἐσθλὸν ἀνεψιὸν ἐξεναρίξας
ἐς Πηλῆ' ἱκέτευσε καὶ ἐς Θέτιν ἀργυρόπεζαν·
οἱ δ' ἅμ' Ἀχιλλῆι ῥηξήνορι πέμπον ἕπεσθαι
Ἴλιον εἰς εὔπωλον, ἵνα Τρώεσσι μάχοιτο.
τόν ῥα τόθ' ἁπτόμενον νέκυος βάλε φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
χερμαδίῳ κεφαλήν· ἡ δ' ἄνδιχα πᾶσα κεάσθη
ἐν κόρυθι βριαρῇ· ὁ δ' ἄρα πρηνὴς ἐπὶ νεκρῷ
κάππεσεν, ἀμφὶ δέ μιν θάνατος χύτο θυμοραϊστής.
Πατρόκλῳ δ' ἄρ' ἄχος γένετο φθιμένου ἑτάροιο,
ἴθυσεν δὲ διὰ προμάχων ἴρηκι ἐοικὼς
ὠκέι, ὅς τ' ἐφόβησε κολοιούς τε ψῆράς τε·
ὣς ἰθὺς Λυκίων, Πατρόκλεες ἱπποκέλευθε,
ἔσσυο καὶ Τρώων, κεχόλωσο δὲ κῆρ ἑτάροιο.
καί ῥ' ἔβαλε Σθενέλαον, Ἰθαιμένεος φίλον υἱόν,
αὐχένα χερμαδίῳ, ῥῆξεν δ' ἀπὸ τοῖο τένοντας.

body, and strip the armor from his shoulders, and vanquish with the pitiless bronze any of his comrades who seeks to defend his body."

So he spoke, and they were themselves eager to ward off the foe. Then when on both sides they had made strong their battalions, the Trojans and Lycians, and the Myrmidons and Achaeans, they joined battle with terrible shouting to fight for the body of him who had fallen in death; and loud rang the battle gear of men. And Zeus drew destructive darkness over the mighty combat so that around his dear son might be waged the destructive toil of war.

And first the Trojans drove back the bright-eyed Achaeans, for struck was a man in no way the worst among the Myrmidons, the son of great-hearted Agacles, noble Epeigeus, who was formerly king in well-peopled Budeum, but because he had slain a noble kinsman, he came then to Peleus as a suppliant and to silver-footed Thetis; and they sent him to follow with Achilles, breaker of the ranks of men, to Ilios, famed for its horses, so that he might fight with the Trojans. Him, as he was laying hold of the corpse, glorious Hector struck on the head with a stone; and his head was wholly split in two inside the heavy helmet, and he fell on his face on the corpse, and death, that slays the spirit, was shed about him. Then over Patroclus came grief for his slain comrade, and he charged through the foremost fighters like a fleet falcon that drives in flight daws and starlings; so straight against the Lycians did you, Patroclus, master of horsemen, charge and against the Trojans, and your heart was full of anger for your comrade. And he struck Sthenelaus, the dear son of Ithaemenes, on the neck with a stone, and broke the sinews away from it; and the foremost fighters

χώρησαν δ' ὑπό τε πρόμαχοι καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ.
ὅσση δ' αἰγανέης ῥιπὴ ταναοῖο τέτυκται,
ἥν ῥά τ' ἀνὴρ ἀφέῃ πειρώμενος ἢ ἐν ἀέθλῳ
ἠὲ καὶ ἐν πολέμῳ, δηίων ὕπο θυμοραϊστέων,
τόσσον ἐχώρησαν Τρῶες, ὤσαντο δ' Ἀχαιοί.
Γλαῦκος δὲ πρῶτος, Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀσπιστάων,
ἐτράπετ', ἔκτεινεν δὲ Βαθυκλῆα μεγάθυμον,
Χάλκωνος φίλον υἱόν, ὃς Ἑλλάδι οἰκία ναίων
ὄλβῳ τε πλούτῳ τε μετέπρεπε Μυρμιδόνεσσι.
τὸν μὲν ἄρα Γλαῦκος στῆθος μέσον οὔτασε δουρὶ
στρεφθεὶς ἐξαπίνης, ὅτε μιν κατέμαρπτε διώκων·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· πυκινὸν δ' ἄχος ἔλλαβ' Ἀχαιούς,
ὡς ἔπεσ' ἐσθλὸς ἀνήρ· μέγα δὲ Τρῶες κεχάροντο,
στὰν δ' ἀμφ' αὐτὸν ἰόντες ἀολλέες· οὐδ' ἄρ' Ἀχαιοὶ
ἀλκῆς ἐξελάθοντο, μένος δ' ἰθὺς φέρον αὐτῶν.
ἔνθ' αὖ Μηριόνης Τρώων ἕλεν ἄνδρα κορυστήν,
Λαόγονον, θρασὺν υἱὸν Ὀνήτορος, ὃς Διὸς ἱρεὺς
Ἰδαίου ἐτέτυκτο, θεὸς δ' ὣς τίετο δήμῳ.
τὸν βάλ' ὑπὸ γναθμοῖο καὶ οὔατος· ὦκα δὲ θυμὸς
ᾤχετ' ἀπὸ μελέων, στυγερὸς δ' ἄρα μιν σκότος εἷλεν.
Αἰνείας δ' ἐπὶ Μηριόνῃ δόρυ χάλκεον ἧκεν·
ἔλπετο γὰρ τεύξεσθαι ὑπασπίδια προβιβῶντος.
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος·
πρόσσω γὰρ κατέκυψε, τὸ δ' ἐξόπιθεν δόρυ μακρὸν
οὔδει ἐνισκίμφθη, ἐπὶ δ' οὐρίαχος πελεμίχθη
ἔγχεος· ἔνθα δ' ἔπειτ' ἀφίει μένος ὄβριμος Ἄρης.[24]
[αἰχμὴ δ' Αἰνείαο κραδαινομένη κατὰ γαίης[25]

and glorious Hector gave ground. Far as is the flight of a long javelin that a man casts, making trial of his strength in a contest, perhaps, or even in war when he is pressed by murderous enemies, so far did the Trojans draw back, and the Achaeans drove them. And Glaucus first, the leader of the Lycian shieldmen, turned about and slew great-hearted Bathycles, Chalcon's dear son, who had his abode in Hellas, and for wealth and substance was preeminent among the Myrmidons. Him did Glaucus strike square on the chest with a thrust of his spear, turning suddenly on him when the other was about to overtake him in pursuit. And he fell with a thud, and thick grief laid hold of the Achaeans, since a good man had fallen; but mightily did the Trojans rejoice. And they came in throngs and stood about him, nor did the Achaeans forget their valor, but carried their might straight on toward the foe. Then Meriones slew a warrior of the Trojans, in full armor, Laogonus, the bold son of Onetor, who was priest of Idaean Zeus, and was honored by the people like a god: him he struck beneath the jaw under the ear, and swiftly his spirit went away from his limbs, and hateful darkness seized him. And Aeneas cast his spear of bronze at Meriones, for he hoped to strike him as he advanced under cover of his shield. But Meriones, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze; he stooped forward, and the long spear fixed itself in the ground behind him, and the butt of the spear quivered; but there at length did mighty Ares stay its fury. [And Aeneas' spear point stood quivering in the earth, since it

[24] Line 613 was rejected by Aristarchus.

[25] Lines 614 f. are omitted in most MSS. They are enclosed in brackets, since they but repeat the content of the preceding lines.

ᾤχετ᾽, ἐπεί ῥ᾽ ἅλιον στιβαρῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὄρουσεν.]
Αἰνείας δ᾽ ἄρα θυμὸν ἐχώσατο φώνησέν τε·
"Μηριόνη, τάχα κέν σε καὶ ὀρχηστήν περ ἐόντα
ἔγχος ἐμὸν κατέπαυσε διαμπερές, εἴ σ᾽ ἔβαλόν περ."
Τὸν δ᾽ αὖ Μηριόνης δουρικλυτὸς ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"Αἰνεία, χαλεπόν σε καὶ ἴφθιμόν περ ἐόντα
πάντων ἀνθρώπων σβέσσαι μένος, ὅς κέ σευ ἄντα
ἔλθῃ ἀμυνόμενος· θνητὸς δέ νυ καὶ σὺ τέτυξαι.
εἰ καὶ ἐγώ σε βάλοιμι τυχὼν μέσον ὀξέι χαλκῷ,
αἶψά κε καὶ κρατερός περ ἐὼν καὶ χερσὶ πεποιθὼς
εὖχος ἐμοὶ δοίης, ψυχὴν δ᾽ Ἄϊδι κλυτοπώλῳ."
Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ᾽ ἐνένιπε Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱός·
"Μηριόνη, τί σὺ ταῦτα καὶ ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν ἀγορεύεις;
ὦ πέπον, οὔ τοι Τρῶες ὀνειδείοις ἐπέεσσι
νεκροῦ χωρήσουσι· πάρος τινὰ γαῖα καθέξει.
ἐν γὰρ χερσὶ τέλος πολέμου, ἐπέων δ᾽ ἐνὶ βουλῇ·
τῶ οὔ τι χρὴ μῦθον ὀφέλλειν, ἀλλὰ μάχεσθαι."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν ἦρχ᾽, ὁ δ᾽ ἅμ᾽ ἕσπετο ἰσόθεος φώς.
τῶν δ᾽ ὥς τε δρυτόμων ἀνδρῶν ὀρυμαγδὸς ὄρωρεν
οὔρεος ἐν βήσσῃς, ἕκαθεν δέ τε γίγνετ᾽ ἀκουή,
ὣς τῶν ὄρνυτο δοῦπος ἀπὸ χθονὸς εὐρυοδείης
χαλκοῦ τε ῥινοῦ τε βοῶν τ᾽ εὐποιητάων,
νυσσομένων ξίφεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν.
οὐδ᾽ ἂν ἔτι φράδμων περ ἀνὴρ Σαρπηδόνα δῖον
ἔγνω, ἐπεὶ βελέεσσι καὶ αἵματι καὶ κονίῃσιν
ἐκ κεφαλῆς εἴλυτο διαμπερὲς ἐς πόδας ἄκρους.
οἱ δ᾽ αἰεὶ περὶ νεκρὸν ὁμίλεον, ὡς ὅτε μυῖαι
σταθμῷ ἔνι βρομέωσι περιγλαγέας κατὰ πέλλας

sped in vain from his mighty hand.] Then Aeneas grew angry at heart, and spoke, saying: "Meriones, soon, though you are a nimble dancer, would my spear have made you cease dancing for ever, if I had but struck you."

And Meriones, famed for his spear, made answer: "Aeneas, hard is it for you, mighty though you are, to quench the might of every man, whoever comes against you and defends himself. A mortal, I suppose, were you too created. If I should cast, and strike you squarely with my sharp spear, quickly then, though you are strong and trust in your hands, would you give glory to me, and your soul to Hades of the famed steeds."

So he spoke, but the mighty son of Menoetius rebuked him, saying: "Meriones, why do you, a man of valor, speak these things? Good friend, surely it is not because of reviling words that the Trojans will give ground from the corpse; before that shall the earth hold many of us. For in our hands is the outcome of war; that of words is in the council. So we must not multiply words, but must fight."

So saying, he led the way, and the other followed, a godlike man. And from them—just as the din arises of woodcutters in the glades of a mountain, and from afar is the sound of it heard—so from them went up a din from the broad-wayed earth, of bronze and of hide and of well-made shields, as they thrust at one another with swords and two-edged spears. Nor could a man, though he knew him well, any more have recognized noble Sarpedon, since he was utterly enwrapped with missiles and blood and dust, from his head to the very soles of his feet. And they ever thronged about the corpse as in a farmstead flies buzz about the full milk pails in the season of spring when

ὥρῃ ἐν εἰαρινῇ, ὅτε τε γλάγος ἄγγεα δεύει·
ὣς ἄρα τοὶ περὶ νεκρὸν ὁμίλεον, οὐδέ ποτε Ζεὺς
τρέψεν ἀπὸ κρατερῆς ὑσμίνης ὄσσε φαεινώ,
ἀλλὰ κατ᾽ αὐτοὺς αἰὲν ὅρα καὶ φράζετο θυμῷ,
πολλὰ μάλ᾽ ἀμφὶ φόνῳ Πατρόκλου μερμηρίζων,
ἢ ἤδη καὶ κεῖνον ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ
αὐτοῦ ἐπ᾽ ἀντιθέῳ Σαρπηδόνι φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
χαλκῷ δῃώσῃ, ἀπό τ᾽ ὤμων τεύχε᾽ ἕληται,
ἦ ἔτι καὶ πλεόνεσσιν ὀφέλλειεν πόνον αἰπύν.
ὧδε δέ οἱ φρονέοντι δοάσσατο κέρδιον εἶναι,
ὄφρ᾽ ἠῢς θεράπων Πηληιάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
ἐξαῦτις Τρῶάς τε καὶ Ἕκτορα χαλκοκορυστὴν
ὤσαιτο προτὶ ἄστυ, πολέων δ᾽ ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἕλοιτο.
Ἕκτορι δὲ πρωτίστῳ ἀνάλκιδα φύζαν ἐνῶρσεν·[26]
ἐς δίφρον δ᾽ ἀναβὰς φύγαδ᾽ ἔτραπε, κέκλετο δ᾽ ἄλλους
Τρῶας φευγέμεναι· γνῶ γὰρ Διὸς ἱρὰ τάλαντα.
ἔνθ᾽ οὐδ᾽ ἴφθιμοι Λύκιοι μένον, ἀλλὰ φόβηθεν
πάντες, ἐπεὶ βασιλῆα ἴδον βεβλημένον[27] ἦτορ,
κείμενον ἐν νεκύων ἀγύρει· πολέες γὰρ ἐπ᾽ αὐτῷ
κάππεσον, εὖτ᾽ ἔριδα κρατερὴν ἐτάνυσσε Κρονίων.
οἱ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ὤμοιιν Σαρπηδόνος ἔντε᾽ ἕλοντο
χάλκεα μαρμαίροντα, τὰ μὲν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας
δῶκε φέρειν ἑτάροισι Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱός.
καὶ τότ᾽ Ἀπόλλωνα προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·[28]
"εἰ δ᾽ ἄγε νῦν, φίλε Φοῖβε, κελαινεφὲς αἷμα κάθηρον

26 φύζαν ἐνῶρσεν: θυμὸν ἐνῆκεν.
27 βεβλημένον: βεβλαμμένον, δεδαϊγμένον.

the milk drenches the pails; so they thronged about the corpse. Nor did Zeus ever turn his gleaming eyes from the mighty combat, but ever looked down on them, and considered in his heart, debating much about the slaying of Patroclus, whether, in the mighty combat there over godlike Sarpedon, glorious Hector should slay him also with the sword, and strip the armor from his shoulders; or whether for yet more men he should increase the sheer toil of battle. And as he pondered, this thing seemed to him the better, that the powerful attendant of Achilles, Peleus' son, should again drive the Trojans and Hector, armored in bronze, toward the city and take the lives of many. In Hector first of all he roused cowardly rout, and he leapt on his chariot and turned to flight, and called on the rest of the Trojans to flee; for he recognized the holy scales of Zeus. Then the mighty Lycians likewise did not hold their ground, but were driven in rout one and all, when they saw their king struck to the heart, lying in a heap of the dead; for many had fallen over him when the son of Cronos stretched taut the cords of the mighty combat.[1] But from the shoulders of Sarpedon they stripped his shining armor of bronze, and this the valiant son of Menoetius gave to his comrades to carry to the hollow ships. And then to Apollo spoke Zeus, the cloud-gatherer: "Come now, dear Phoebus, go cleanse from Sarpedon the dark blood when you

[1] See 13.358. W.

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[28] Line 666–683 were rejected by Zenodotus, who read 666 in the form

καὶ τότ' ἄρ' ἐξ Ἴδης προσέφη Ζεὺς ὃν φίλον υἱόν.

ἐλθὼν ἐκ βελέων Σαρπηδόνα, καί μιν ἔπειτα
πολλὸν ἀποπρὸ φέρων λοῦσον ποταμοῖο ῥοῇσι
χρῖσόν τ᾽ ἀμβροσίῃ, περὶ δ᾽ ἄμβροτα εἵματα ἕσσον·
πέμπε δέ μιν πομποῖσιν ἅμα κραιπνοῖσι φέρεσθαι,
Ὕπνῳ καὶ Θανάτῳ διδυμάοσιν, οἵ ῥά μιν ὦκα
θήσουσ᾽ ἐν Λυκίης εὐρείης πίονι δήμῳ,
ἔνθα ἑ ταρχύσουσι κασίγνητοί τε ἔται τε
τύμβῳ τε στήλῃ τε· τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων."
  Ὣς ἔφατ᾽, οὐδ᾽ ἄρα πατρὸς ἀνηκούστησεν Ἀπόλλων.
βῆ δὲ κατ᾽ Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ἐς φύλοπιν αἰνήν,
αὐτίκα δ᾽ ἐκ βελέων Σαρπηδόνα δῖον ἀείρας
πολλὸν ἀποπρὸ φέρων λοῦσεν ποταμοῖο ῥοῇσι
χρῖσέν τ᾽ ἀμβροσίῃ, περὶ δ᾽ ἄμβροτα εἵματα ἕσσε·
πέμπε δέ μιν πομποῖσιν ἅμα κραιπνοῖσι φέρεσθαι,
Ὕπνῳ καὶ Θανάτῳ διδυμάοσιν, οἵ ῥά μιν ὦκα
κάτθεσαν ἐν Λυκίης εὐρείης πίονι δήμῳ.
  Πάτροκλος δ᾽ ἵπποισι καὶ Αὐτομέδοντι κελεύσας
Τρῶας καὶ Λυκίους μετεκίαθε, καὶ μέγ᾽ ἀάσθη
νήπιος· εἰ δὲ ἔπος Πηληιάδαο φύλαξεν,
ἦ τ᾽ ἂν ὑπέκφυγε κῆρα κακὴν μέλανος θανάτοιο.
ἀλλ᾽ αἰεί τε Διὸς κρείσσων νόος ἠέ περ ἀνδρῶν·
ὅς τε καὶ ἄλκιμον ἄνδρα φοβεῖ καὶ ἀφείλετο νίκην[29]
ῥηιδίως, ὅτε δ᾽ αὐτὸς ἐποτρύνῃσι μάχεσθαι·
ὅς οἱ καὶ τότε θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀνῆκεν.
  Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ᾽ ὕστατον ἐξενάριξας,
Πατρόκλεις, ὅτε δή σε θεοὶ θάνατόνδε κάλεσσαν;
Ἄδρηστον μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Αὐτόνοον καὶ Ἔχεκλον

have taken him out of the range of the missiles, and then carry him far away, and bathe him in the streams of the river, and anoint him with ambrosia, and clothe him with immortal raiment, and give him to swift conveyers, to the twin brothers Sleep and Death, to bring with them; they will set him down speedily in the rich land of wide Lycia. There will his brothers and his kinspeople give him burial with mound and pillar; for this is the privilege of the dead."

So he spoke, nor did Apollo fail to obey his father, but went down from the hills of Ida into the dread din of battle. Immediately then he lifted up noble Sarpedon out of the range of the missiles and, carrying him far away, bathed him in the streams of the river, and anointed him with ambrosia, and clothed him with immortal raiment, and gave him to swift conveyers, to the twin brothers Sleep and Death, to bring with them, and they set him down speedily in the rich land of wide Lycia.

But Patroclus gave orders to his horses and to Automedon, and pressed after the Trojans and Lycians, and was greatly blinded in heart, fool that he was! For if he had observed the word of the son of Peleus, he would surely have escaped the evil fate of black death. But ever is the mind of Zeus stronger than that of men, for he drives even a valiant man in rout, and robs him of victory—easily, and as easily rouses men to fight; and he it was who now put spirit in the breast of Patroclus.

Then whom first, whom last did you slay, Patroclus, when the gods called you deathward? Adrastus first, and

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[29] Lines 689 f. (cf. 17.177 f.) are omitted in many MSS.

καὶ Πέριμον Μεγάδην καὶ Ἐπίστορα καὶ Μελάνιππον,
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ᾽ Ἔλασον καὶ Μούλιον ἠδὲ Πυλάρτην·
τοὺς ἕλεν· οἱ δ᾽ ἄλλοι φύγαδε μνώοντο ἕκαστος.
Ἔνθα κεν ὑψίπυλον Τροίην ἕλον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
Πατρόκλου ὑπὸ χερσί· περιπρὸ γὰρ ἔγχεϊ θῦεν·
εἰ μὴ Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος ἐυδμήτου ἐπὶ πύργου
ἔστη, τῷ ὀλοὰ φρονέων, Τρώεσσι δ᾽ ἀρήγων.
τρὶς μὲν ἐπ᾽ ἀγκῶνος βῆ τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο
Πάτροκλος, τρὶς δ᾽ αὐτὸν ἀπεστυφέλιξεν Ἀπόλλων,
χείρεσσ᾽ ἀθανάτῃσι φαεινὴν ἀσπίδα νύσσων.
ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἶσος,
δεινὰ δ᾽ ὁμοκλήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"χάζεο, διογενὲς Πατρόκλεες· οὔ νύ τοι αἶσα
σῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ πόλιν πέρθαι Τρώων ἀγερώχων,
οὐδ᾽ ὑπ᾽ Ἀχιλλῆος, ὅς περ σέο πολλὸν ἀμείνων."
Ὣς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δ᾽ ἀνεχάζετο πολλὸν[30] ὀπίσσω,
μῆνιν ἀλευάμενος ἑκατηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος.
Ἕκτωρ δ᾽ ἐν Σκαιῇσι πύλῃς ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους·
δίζε γὰρ ἠὲ μάχοιτο κατὰ κλόνον αὖτις ἐλάσσας,
ἦ λαοὺς ἐς τεῖχος ὁμοκλήσειεν ἀλῆναι.
ταῦτ᾽ ἄρα οἱ φρονέοντι παρίστατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ἀνέρι εἰσάμενος αἰζηῷ τε κρατερῷ τε,
Ἀσίῳ, ὃς μήτρως ἦν Ἕκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο,
αὐτοκασίγνητος Ἑκάβης, υἱὸς δὲ Δύμαντος,
ὃς Φρυγίῃ ναίεσκε ῥοῇς ἔπι Σαγγαρίοιο·
τῷ μιν ἐεισάμενος προσέφη Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·

Autonous, and Echeclus, and Perimus, son of Megas, and Epistor and Melanippus, and then Elasus and Mulius and Pylartes: these he slew, and the others took thought each man of flight.

Then would the sons of the Achaeans have taken high-gated Troy at the hands of Patroclus, for around and before him he raged with his spear, if Phoebus Apollo had not stood on the well-built wall, with destructive intent for him and assisting the Trojans. Thrice did Patroclus set foot on a corner of the high wall, and thrice did Apollo fling him back, thrusting against the bright shield with his immortal hands. But when for the fourth time he rushed on like a god, then with a terrible cry Apollo spoke to him winged words: "Draw back, Zeus-born Patroclus. It is not fated, I tell you, that by your spear the city of the lordly Trojans shall be sacked, nor by that of Achilles, and he is better far than you."

So he spoke, and Patroclus gave ground a good distance backward, avoiding the wrath of Apollo who strikes from afar.

But Hector at the Scaean gate was holding his single-hoofed horses, for he was divided in mind whether he should drive them again into the turmoil and do battle, or should call to the army to gather inside the wall. And while he pondered thus Phoebus Apollo came up to him in the likeness of a man vigorous and strong, Asius, who was uncle to horse-taming Hector, and brother to Hecabe, but son of Dymas, who lived in Phrygia by the streams of Sangarius. In his likeness spoke Apollo, the son of Zeus, to

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30 πολλὸν: τυτθὸν Zenodotus.

"Ἕκτορ, τίπτε μάχης ἀποπαύεαι; οὐδέ τί σε χρή.
αἴθ' ὅσον ἥσσων εἰμί, τόσον σέο φέρτερος εἴην·
τῶ κε τάχα στυγερῶς πολέμου ἀπερωήσειας.
ἀλλ' ἄγε, Πατρόκλῳ ἔφεπε κρατερώνυχας ἵππους,
αἴ κέν πώς μιν ἕλῃς, δώῃ δέ τοι εὖχος Ἀπόλλων."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἔβη θεὸς ἂμ πόνον ἀνδρῶν,
Κεβριόνῃ δ' ἐκέλευσε δαΐφρονι φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
ἵππους ἐς πόλεμον πεπληγέμεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀπόλλων
δύσεθ' ὅμιλον ἰών, ἐν δὲ κλόνον Ἀργείοισιν
ἧκε κακόν, Τρωσὶν δὲ καὶ Ἕκτορι κῦδος ὄπαζεν.
Ἕκτωρ δ' ἄλλους μὲν Δαναοὺς ἔα οὐδ' ἐνάριζεν,
αὐτὰρ ὁ Πατρόκλῳ ἔφεπε κρατερώνυχας ἵππους.
Πάτροκλος δ' ἑτέρωθεν ἀφ' ἵππων ἆλτο χαμᾶζε
σκαιῇ ἔγχος ἔχων· ἑτέρηφι δὲ λάζετο πέτρον
μάρμαρον ὀκριόεντα, τόν οἱ περὶ χεὶρ ἐκάλυψεν,
ἧκε δ' ἐρεισάμενος, οὐδὲ δὴν ἅζετο[31] φωτός,
οὐδ' ἁλίωσε βέλος, βάλε δ' Ἕκτορος ἡνιοχῆα,
Κεβριόνην, νόθον υἱὸν ἀγακλῆος Πριάμοιο,
ἵππων ἡνί' ἔχοντα, μετώπιον ὀξέι λᾶι.
ἀμφοτέρας δ' ὀφρῦς σύνελεν λίθος, οὐδέ οἱ ἔσχεν
ὀστέον, ὀφθαλμοὶ δὲ χαμαὶ πέσον ἐν κονίῃσιν
αὐτοῦ πρόσθε ποδῶν· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἀρνευτῆρι ἐοικὼς
κάππεσ' ἀπ' εὐεργέος δίφρου, λίπε δ' ὀστέα θυμός.
τὸν δ' ἐπικερτομέων προσέφης, Πατρόκλεες ἱππεῦ·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ μάλ' ἐλαφρὸς ἀνήρ, ὡς ῥεῖα κυβιστᾷ.
εἰ δή που καὶ πόντῳ ἐν ἰχθυόεντι γένοιτο,
πολλοὺς ἂν κορέσειεν ἀνὴρ ὅδε τήθεα διφῶν,

Hector: "Hector, why do you cease from battle? You must not. I wish that I were as much stronger than you as I am weaker; then immediately to your own hurt would you draw back from the war. But come, drive against Patroclus your strong-hoofed horses in the hope that you may slay him, and Apollo give you glory."

So he spoke, and went back again, a god into the toil of men. Then to battle-minded Cebriones glorious Hector gave command to whip his horses into the battle. But Apollo set out and entered into the throng, and sent an evil panic on the Argives, and granted glory to the Trojans and to Hector. But Hector left the other Danaans alone, and did not seek to slay them, but drove his strong-hoofed horses against Patroclus; and Patroclus opposite him leapt from his chariot to the ground with a spear in his left hand, while with the other he grasped a stone, shining and jagged, that his hand enveloped. Firmly he planted himself and hurled it, nor had he long fear of his foe, nor sped he his missile in vain, but he struck the charioteer of Hector, Cebriones, a bastard son of glorious Priam, on the forehead with the sharp stone as he was holding the reins of the horses. And both his brows did the stone dash together, and the bone held not, but the eyes fell to the ground in the dust right there before his feet. And like a diver he fell from the well-made chariot, and his spirit left his bones. Then with mocking words did you speak to him, horseman Patroclus: "Well now! Nimble is the man for sure; how easily he dives! I think if he were in the teeming deep, this man would satisfy many by seeking for oysters, leaping

31 *ἄζετο*: *χάζετο*.

νηὸς ἀποθρῴσκων, εἰ καὶ δυσπέμφελος εἴη,
ὡς νῦν ἐν πεδίῳ ἐξ ἵππων ῥεῖα κυβιστᾷ.
ἦ ῥα καὶ ἐν Τρώεσσι κυβιστητῆρες ἔασιν."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐπὶ Κεβριόνῃ ἥρωι βεβήκει
οἶμα λέοντος ἔχων, ὅς τε σταθμοὺς κεραΐζων
ἔβλητο πρὸς στῆθος, ἑή τέ μιν ὤλεσεν ἀλκή·
ὣς ἐπὶ Κεβριόνῃ, Πατρόκλεες, ἆλσο μεμαώς.
Ἕκτωρ δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρωθεν ἀφ' ἵππων ἆλτο χαμᾶζε.
τὼ περὶ Κεβριόναο λέονθ' ὣς δηρινθήτην,
ὥ τ' ὄρεος κορυφῇσι περὶ κταμένης ἐλάφοιο,
ἄμφω πεινάοντε, μέγα φρονέοντε μάχεσθον·
ὣς περὶ Κεβριόναο δύω μήστωρες ἀυτῆς,
Πάτροκλός τε Μενοιτιάδης καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ,
ἵεντ' ἀλλήλων ταμέειν χρόα νηλέι χαλκῷ.
Ἕκτωρ μὲν κεφαλῆφιν ἐπεὶ λάβεν, οὐχὶ μεθίει·
Πάτροκλος δ' ἑτέρωθεν ἔχεν ποδός· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι
Τρῶες καὶ Δαναοὶ σύναγον κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην.
ὡς δ' Εὖρός τε Νότος τ' ἐριδαίνετον ἀλλήλοιιν
οὔρεος ἐν βήσσῃς βαθέην πελεμιζέμεν ὕλην,
φηγόν τε μελίην τε τανύφλοιόν τε κράνειαν,
αἵ τε πρὸς ἀλλήλας ἔβαλον τανυήκεας ὄζους
ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ, πάταγος δέ τε ἀγνυμενάων,
ὣς Τρῶες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι θορόντες
δῄουν, οὐδ' ἕτεροι μνώοντ' ὀλοοῖο φόβοιο.
πολλὰ δὲ Κεβριόνην ἀμφ' ὀξέα δοῦρα πεπήγει
ἰοί τε πτερόεντες ἀπὸ νευρῆφι θορόντες,
πολλὰ δὲ χερμάδια μεγάλ' ἀσπίδας ἐστυφέλιξαν
μαρναμένων ἀμφ' αὐτόν· ὁ δ' ἐν στροφάλιγγι κονίης

from his ship even if the sea were stormy, since now on the plain he dives easily from his chariot. Surely among the Trojans too there are men who dive."

So saying he went after the warrior Cebriones with the rush of a lion that, while he lays waste the farmstead, has been struck on the breast, and his own valor destroys him; so on Cebriones, Patroclus, did you leap furiously. And Hector on the other side leapt from his chariot to the ground. So the two joined in strife for Cebriones like two lions that on the peaks of a mountain fight for a slain hind, both of them hungering, both high of heart; so for Cebriones the two masters of the war cry, Patroclus, son of Menoetius, and glorious Hector, were eager each to cleave the other's flesh with the pitiless bronze. Hector, when once he had seized the corpse by the head, would not loose his hold, and Patroclus on the other side held fast hold of the foot; and about them the others, Trojans and Danaans, joined in mighty combat. And as the East Wind and the South strive with one another in shaking a deep wood in the glades of a mountain—a wood of beech and ash and smooth-barked cornel, and these dash one against the other their long boughs with a wondrous din, and there is a crack of broken branches—so the Trojans and Achaeans leapt one on another and slaughtered, nor did either side take thought of destructive flight. And around Cebriones many sharp spears were fixed, and many winged arrows that leapt from the bow string, and many great rocks struck against shields, as men fought around him. But in the whirl

κεῖτο μέγας μεγαλωστί, λελασμένος ἱπποσυνάων.
Ὄφρα μὲν Ἠέλιος μέσον οὐρανὸν ἀμφιβεβήκει,
τόφρα μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλε' ἥπτετο, πῖπτε δὲ λαός·
ἦμος δ' Ἠέλιος μετενίσετο βουλυτόνδε,
καὶ τότε δή ῥ' ὑπὲρ αἶσαν Ἀχαιοὶ φέρτεροι ἦσαν.
ἐκ μὲν Κεβριόνην βελέων ἥρωα ἔρυσσαν
Τρώων ἐξ ἐνοπῆς, καὶ ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἕλοντο,
Πάτροκλος δὲ Τρωσὶ κακὰ φρονέων ἐνόρουσε.
τρὶς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπόρουσε θοῷ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηι,
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων, τρὶς δ' ἐννέα φῶτας ἔπεφνεν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἶσος,
ἔνθ' ἄρα τοι, Πάτροκλε, φάνη βιότοιο τελευτή·
ἤντετο γάρ τοι Φοῖβος ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ
δεινός· ὁ μὲν τὸν ἰόντα κατὰ κλόνον οὐκ ἐνόησεν·
ἠέρι γὰρ πολλῇ κεκαλυμμένος ἀντεβόλησε·
στῆ δ' ὄπιθεν, πλῆξεν δὲ μετάφρενον εὐρέε τ' ὤμω
χειρὶ καταπρηνεῖ, στρεφεδίνηθεν δέ οἱ ὄσσε.
τοῦ δ' ἀπὸ μὲν κρατὸς κυνέην βάλε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·
ἡ δὲ κυλινδομένη καναχὴν ἔχε ποσσὶν ὑφ' ἵππων
αὐλῶπις τρυφάλεια, μιάνθησαν δὲ ἔθειραι
αἵματι καὶ κονίῃσι. πάρος γε μὲν οὐ θέμις ἦεν
ἱππόκομον πήληκα μιαίνεσθαι κονίῃσιν,
ἀλλ' ἀνδρὸς θείοιο κάρη χαρίεν τε μέτωπον
ῥύετ' Ἀχιλλῆος· τότε δὲ Ζεὺς Ἕκτορι δῶκεν
ᾗ κεφαλῇ φορέειν, σχεδόθεν δέ οἱ ἦεν ὄλεθρος.
πᾶν δέ οἱ ἐν χείρεσσιν ἄγη δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρὸν κεκορυθμένον· αὐτὰρ ἀπ' ὤμων
ἀσπὶς σὺν τελαμῶνι χαμαὶ πέσε τερμιόεσσα.

of dust he lay mighty in his mightiness, forgetful of his horsemanship.

Now as long as the Sun bestrode mid-heaven, so long the missiles of either side reached their mark, and the men kept falling; but when he turned to the time for the unyoking of oxen, then it was that beyond what was fated the Achaeans proved the better. Out of the range of missiles they drew the warrior Cebriones from the battle din of the Trojans, and took the armor from his shoulders; and Patroclus with evil intent leapt on the Trojans. Thrice then he leapt on them, the peer of swift Ares, crying a terrible cry, and thrice he slew nine men. But when for the fourth time he rushed on like a god, then for you, Patroclus, did the end of life appear; for Phoebus met you in the mighty combat, a terrible god. And Patroclus observed him not as he passed through the turmoil, for shrouded in thick mist he met him; and Apollo stood behind him, and struck his back and broad shoulders with the flat of his hand, and his eyes were made to whirl. And from his head Phoebus Apollo struck the helmet, and it rang as it rolled beneath the feet of the horses—the crested helmet; and its plumes were befouled with blood and dust. Not until then had the gods allowed that helmet with plume of horsehair to be befouled with dust, but ever it guarded the head and fair brow of a godlike man, Achilles; but then Zeus granted it to Hector to wear on his head, but destruction was near at hand for him. And in the hands of Patroclus the far-shadowing spear was wholly broken, heavy, and huge, and strong, and tipped with bronze; and from his shoulders the tasselled shield with its strap fell to the ground, and his

λῦσε δέ οἱ θώρηκα ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων.
τὸν δ' ἄτη φρένας εἷλε, λύθεν δ' ὑπὸ φαίδιμα γυῖα,
στῆ δὲ ταφών· ὄπιθεν δὲ μετάφρενον ὀξέι δουρὶ
ὤμων μεσσηγὺς σχεδόθεν βάλε[32] Δάρδανος ἀνήρ,
Πανθοΐδης Εὔφορβος, ὃς ἡλικίην ἐκέκαστο
ἔγχεΐ θ' ἱπποσύνῃ τε πόδεσσί τε καρπαλίμοισι·
καὶ γὰρ δὴ τότε φῶτας ἐείκοσι βῆσεν ἀφ' ἵππων,
πρῶτ' ἐλθὼν σὺν ὄχεσφι, διδασκόμενος πολέμοιο·
ὅς τοι πρῶτος ἐφῆκε βέλος, Πατρόκλεες ἱππεῦ,
οὐδὲ δάμασσ'· ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἀνέδραμε, μίκτο δ' ὁμίλῳ,
ἐκ χροὸς ἁρπάξας δόρυ μείλινον, οὐδ' ὑπέμεινε
Πάτροκλον γυμνόν περ ἐόντ' ἐν δηιοτῆτι.
Πάτροκλος δὲ θεοῦ πληγῇ καὶ δουρὶ δαμασθεὶς
ἂψ ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων.
Ἕκτωρ δ' ὡς εἶδεν Πατροκλῆα μεγάθυμον
ἂψ ἀναχαζόμενον, βεβλημένον ὀξέι χαλκῷ,
ἀγχίμολόν ῥά οἱ ἦλθε κατὰ στίχας, οὖτα δὲ δουρὶ
νείατον ἐς κενεῶνα, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσε·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, μέγα δ' ἤκαχε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν·
ὡς δ' ὅτε σῦν ἀκάμαντα λέων ἐβιήσατο χάρμῃ,
ὥ τ' ὄρεος κορυφῇσι μέγα φρονέοντε μάχεσθον
πίδακος ἀμφ' ὀλίγης· ἐθέλουσι δὲ πιέμεν ἄμφω·
πολλὰ δέ τ' ἀσθμαίνοντα λέων ἐδάμασσε βίηφιν·
ὣς πολέας πεφνόντα Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμον υἱὸν
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης σχεδὸν ἔγχεϊ θυμὸν ἀπηύρα,
καί οἱ ἐπευχόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Πάτροκλ', ἦ που ἔφησθα πόλιν κεραϊξέμεν ἀμήν,

corselet did Apollo loose—the lord, the son of Zeus. Then blindness seized his mind, and his glorious limbs were loosed beneath him, and he stood in a daze; and from behind him a Dardanian man struck him from close at hand on the back between the shoulders with a cast of his sharp spear, Panthous' son, Euphorbus, who excelled all men of his years in casting the spear and in horsemanship and in speed of foot; for already twenty warriors had he cast from their horses at his first coming with his chariot as he learned of war. He it was who first hurled his spear at you, horseman Patroclus, yet vanquished you not; he ran back again and mixed with the throng after he had drawn out the ashen spear from the flesh, and he did not await Patroclus in the fray, unarmed though he was. But Patroclus, overcome by the blow of the god and by the spear, drew back into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate.

But Hector, when he saw great-hearted Patroclus drawing back, struck by the sharp sword, came up to him through the ranks, and thrust at him with his spear in the lower belly, and drove the bronze clean through; and he fell with a thud, and caused great grief to the army of the Achaeans. And as a lion overwhelms an untiring boar in fight, when the two fight with high hearts on the peaks of a mountain for a scant spring from which both are minded to drink: hard pants the boar, yet the lion overcomes him by his might; so from the valiant son of Menoetius, after he had slain many, did Hector, Priam's son, take life away, striking him from close at hand with his spear. And boasting over him he spoke winged words: "Patroclus, you said, I imagine, that you would sack our city, and would take the

[32] σχεδόθεν βάλε: σχεδὸν οὔτασε Zenodotus.

Τρωιάδας δὲ γυναῖκας ἐλεύθερον ἦμαρ ἀπούρας
ἄξειν ἐν νήεσσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
νήπιε· τάων δὲ πρόσθ' Ἕκτορος ὠκέες ἵπποι
ποσσὶν ὀρωρέχαται πολεμίζειν· ἔγχεϊ δ' αὐτὸς
Τρωσὶ φιλοπτολέμοισι μεταπρέπω, ὅ σφιν ἀμύνω
ἦμαρ ἀναγκαῖον· σὲ δέ τ' ἐνθάδε γῦπες ἔδονται.
ἆ δείλ', οὐδέ τοι ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν χραίσμησεν Ἀχιλλεύς,
ὅς πού τοι μάλα πολλὰ μένων ἐπετέλλετ' ἰόντι·
'μή μοι πρὶν ἰέναι, Πατρόκλεες ἱπποκέλευθε,
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς, πρὶν Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
αἱματόεντα χιτῶνα περὶ στήθεσσι δαΐξαι.'
ὥς πού σε προσέφη, σοὶ δὲ φρένας ἄφρονι πεῖθε."
 Τὸν δ' ὀλιγοδρανέων προσέφης, Πατρόκλεες ἱππεῦ·
"ἤδη νῦν, Ἕκτορ, μεγάλ' εὔχεο· σοὶ γὰρ ἔδωκε
νίκην Ζεὺς Κρονίδης καὶ Ἀπόλλων, οἵ με δάμασσαν
ῥηιδίως· αὐτοὶ γὰρ ἀπ' ὤμων τεύχε' ἕλοντο.
τοιοῦτοι δ' εἴ πέρ μοι ἐείκοσιν ἀντεβόλησαν,
πάντες κ' αὐτόθ' ὄλοντο ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντες.
ἀλλά με μοῖρ' ὀλοὴ καὶ Λητοῦς ἔκτανεν υἱός,
ἀνδρῶν δ' Εὔφορβος· σὺ δέ με τρίτος ἐξεναρίζεις.
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῇσιν·
οὔ θην οὐδ' αὐτὸς δηρὸν βέῃ, ἀλλά τοι ἤδη
ἄγχι παρέστηκεν θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή,
χερσὶ δαμέντ' Ἀχιλῆος ἀμύμονος Αἰακίδαο."
 Ὣς ἄρα μιν εἰπόντα τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψε·
ψυχὴ δ' ἐκ ῥεθέων πταμένη Ἄϊδόσδε βεβήκει,
ὃν πότμον γοόωσα, λιποῦσ' ἀνδροτῆτα καὶ ἥβην.
τὸν καὶ τεθνηῶτα προσηύδα φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·

day of freedom from the women of Troy and carry them in your ships to your dear native land—you fool! In front of them the swift horses of Hector stride out to fight, and with the spear I myself am preeminent among the war-loving Trojans, I who ward from them the day of doom; but as for you, vultures shall devour you here. Ah, poor wretch, even Achilles, for all his valor, protected you not, who, I imagine, though himself remaining behind, gave strict commands to you as you went out: 'Come not back, I charge you, Patroclus, master of horsemen, to the hollow ships, till you have cleft man-slaying Hector's tunic about his chest and stained it with his blood.' So, I imagine, he spoke to you, and persuaded your senses in your senselessness."

Then, your strength all spent, did you answer him, horseman Patroclus: "For now, Hector, boast mightily; for to you have Zeus, the son of Cronos, and Apollo granted victory, they who vanquished me with ease, for they themselves took the armor from my shoulders. But if twenty such as you had faced me, here would all have perished, vanquished by my spear. But it was destructive Fate and the son of Leto who slew me, and of men Euphorbus, while you are the third in my slaying. And another thing will I tell you, and do you lay it to heart: surely you shall not yourself be long in life, but even now does death stand hard by you, and resistless fate, to be slain at the hands of Achilles, the incomparable grandson of Aeacus."

Just as he spoke these words the end of death enfolded him; and his soul fleeting from his limbs was gone to Hades, bewailing its fate, leaving manliness and youth. And to him even in his death spoke glorious Hector:

“Πατρόκλεις, τί νύ μοι μαντεύεαι αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον;
τίς δ᾽ οἶδ᾽ εἴ κ᾽ Ἀχιλεύς, Θέτιδος πάις ἠυκόμοιο,
φθήῃ ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεὶς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσαι;”
  Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας δόρυ χάλκεον ἐξ ὠτειλῆς
εἴρυσε λὰξ προσβάς, τὸν δ᾽ ὕπτιον ὦσ᾽ ἀπὸ δουρός.
αὐτίκα δὲ ξὺν δουρὶ μετ᾽ Αὐτομέδοντα βεβήκει,
ἀντίθεον θεράποντα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο·
ἵετο γὰρ βαλέειν· τὸν δ᾽ ἔκφερον ὠκέες ἵπποι
ἄμβροτοι, οὓς Πηλῆι θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα.

"Patroclus, why do you prophesy sheer destruction for me? Who knows but perhaps Achilles, the son of fair-haired Thetis, may first be struck by my spear and lose his life?"

So saying, he drew the spear of bronze out of the wound, planting his heel on the dead man, and thrust him backward from the spear. And immediately he was gone with his spear after Automedon, the godlike attendant of the swift-footed grandson of Aeacus, for he was eager to strike him; but the swift horses carried him away, the immortal horses that the gods gave as glorious gifts to Peleus.

Ρ

Οὐδ᾽ ἔλαθ᾽ Ἀτρέος υἱόν, ἀρηΐφιλον Μενέλαον,
Πάτροκλος Τρώεσσι δαμεὶς ἐν δηιοτῆτι.
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ,
ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ αὐτῷ βαῖν᾽ ὥς τις περὶ πόρτακι μήτηρ
πρωτοτόκος κινυρή, οὐ πρὶν εἰδυῖα τόκοιο·
ὣς περὶ Πατρόκλῳ βαῖνε ξανθὸς Μενέλαος.
πρόσθε δέ οἱ δόρυ τ᾽ ἔσχε καὶ ἀσπίδα πάντοσ᾽ ἐίσην,
τὸν κτάμεναι μεμαὼς ὅς τις τοῦ γ᾽ ἀντίος ἔλθοι.
Οὐδ᾽ ἄρα Πάνθου υἱὸς ἐυμμελίης ἀμέλησε
Πατρόκλοιο πεσόντος ἀμύμονος· ἄγχι δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ αὐτοῦ
ἔστη, καὶ προσέειπεν ἀρηΐφιλον Μενέλαον·
"Ἀτρεΐδη Μενέλαε διοτρεφές, ὄρχαμε λαῶν,
χάζεο, λεῖπε δὲ νεκρόν, ἔα δ᾽ ἔναρα βροτόεντα·
οὐ γάρ τις πρότερος Τρώων κλειτῶν τ᾽ ἐπικούρων
Πάτροκλον βάλε δουρὶ κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην·
τῶ με ἔα κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἐνὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀρέσθαι,
μή σε βάλω, ἀπὸ δὲ μελιηδέα θυμὸν ἕλωμαι."
Τὸν δὲ μέγ᾽ ὀχθήσας προσέφη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος·
"Ζεῦ πάτερ, οὐ μὲν καλὸν ὑπέρβιον εὐχετάασθαι.
οὔτ᾽ οὖν παρδάλιος τόσσον μένος οὔτε λέοντος
οὔτε συὸς κάπρου ὀλοόφρονος, οὗ τε μέγιστος

BOOK 17

Nor did it escape the notice of the son of Atreus, Menelaus, dear to Ares, that Patroclus had been slain in battle by the Trojans, but he went among the foremost fighters, armored in ruddy bronze, and stood over the dead man, as over a calf stands lowing plaintively its mother that has brought forth her first-born, before then knowing nothing of motherhood; so over Patroclus stood tawny-haired Menelaus, and before him he held his spear and his shield that was well-balanced on every side, eager to slay any man who came to seize the corpse.

Then was Panthous' son of the good ashen spear not unmindful of the fall of incomparable Patroclus, but he stood close by him, and spoke to Menelaus, dear to Ares: "Menelaus, son of Atreus, nurtured by Zeus, leader of armies, draw back and leave the corpse, and let be the blood-stained armor; for before me no man of the Trojans and their famed allies struck Patroclus with the spear in the mighty combat; so allow me to win noble renown among the Trojans, lest I cast and strike you, and rob you of honey-sweet life."

Then in great agitation tawny-haired Menelaus spoke to him: "Father Zeus, no good thing is it to boast excessively. Surely neither is the spirit of leopard so high, nor of lion, nor of wild boar of destructive mind, in whose breast

θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι περὶ σθένεϊ βλεμεαίνει,
ὅσσον Πάνθου υἷες ἐυμμελίαι φρονέουσιν.[1]
οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ βίη Ὑπερήνορος ἱπποδάμοιο
ἧς ἥβης ἀπόνηθ', ὅτε μ' ὤνατο καί μ' ὑπέμεινε
καί μ' ἔφατ' ἐν Δαναοῖσιν ἐλέγχιστον πολεμιστὴν
ἔμμεναι· οὐδέ ἕ φημι πόδεσσί γε οἷσι κιόντα
εὐφρῆναι ἄλοχόν τε φίλην κεδνούς τε τοκῆας.
ὥς θην καὶ σὸν ἐγὼ λύσω μένος, εἴ κέ μευ ἄντα
στήῃς· ἀλλά σ' ἐγώ γ' ἀναχωρήσαντα κελεύω
ἐς πληθὺν ἰέναι, μηδ' ἀντίος ἵστασ' ἐμεῖο,
πρίν τι κακὸν παθέειν· ῥεχθὲν δέ τε νήπιος ἔγνω."

Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ' οὐ πεῖθεν· ἀμειβόμενος δὲ προσηύδα·
"νῦν μὲν δή, Μενέλαε διοτρεφές, ἦ μάλα τίσεις
γνωτὸν ἐμόν, τὸν ἔπεφνες, ἐπευχόμενος δ' ἀγορεύεις,
χήρωσας δὲ γυναῖκα μυχῷ θαλάμοιο νέοιο,
ἄρρητον[2] δὲ τοκεῦσι γόον καὶ πένθος ἔθηκας.
ἦ κέ σφιν δειλοῖσι γόου κατάπαυμα γενοίμην,
εἴ κεν ἐγὼ κεφαλήν τε τεὴν καὶ τεύχε' ἐνείκας
Πάνθῳ ἐν χείρεσσι βάλω καὶ Φρόντιδι δίῃ.
ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν ἔτι δηρὸν ἀπείρητος πόνος ἔσται
οὐδ' ἔτ' ἀδήριτος ἤ τ' ἀλκῆς ἤ τε φόβοιο."

Ὣς εἰπὼν οὔτησε κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐίσην·
οὐδ' ἔρρηξεν χαλκός,[3] ἀνεγνάμφθη δέ οἱ αἰχμὴ
ἀσπίδ' ἐνὶ κρατερῇ· ὁ δὲ δεύτερος ὄρνυτο χαλκῷ
Ἀτρεΐδης Μενέλαος, ἐπευξάμενος Διὶ πατρί·
ἂψ δ' ἀναχαζομένοιο κατὰ στομάχοιο θέμεθλα

the highest heart exults exceedingly in might, as is the spirit of Panthous' sons, of the good ashen spear. No, not even the mighty Hyperenor, tamer of horses, had profit of his youth when he made light of me and awaited my coming, and said that among the Danaans I was the most contemptible warrior; not on his own feet, I say, did he go home to make glad his dear wife and his worthy parents. So indeed I will loose your might as well if you stand to face me; but I urge you to retreat into the mass of men, and not stand to face me, before you suffer some harm; when it is done even a fool can recognize it."

So he spoke, but did not persuade the other, but he answered, saying: "Now indeed, Menelaus nurtured by Zeus, you will surely pay the price for my brother whom you slew, and over whom you speak boastfully; and you made his wife a widow in her new-built bridal chamber, and brought grief unspeakable and sorrow on his parents. Surely for them in their misery should I prove a means of stopping their grief if I but bring your head and your armor and lay them in the hands of Panthous and queenly Phrontis. But no longer will the struggle be untried or unfought, be it for victory or for flight."

So saying, he struck on his shield that was well-balanced on every side; but the bronze did not break through, but its point was turned back in the mighty shield. Then in turn did Atreus' son, Menelaus, rush on him with his spear, and made prayer to father Zeus; and as he drew back, stabbed him at the base of the throat, and put his

1 *φρονέουσιν*: *φορέουσιν*.

2 *ἄρρητον*: *ἀρητὸν*.

3 *χαλκός* Aristarchus: *χαλκόν*.

νύξ, ἐπὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἔρεισε βαρείῃ χειρὶ πιθήσας·
ἀντικρὺ δ' ἁπαλοῖο δι' αὐχένος ἤλυθ' ἀκωκή,
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.
αἵματί οἱ δεύοντο κόμαι Χαρίτεσσιν ὁμοῖαι[4]
πλοχμοί θ', οἳ χρυσῷ τε καὶ ἀργύρῳ ἐσφήκωντο.
οἷον δὲ τρέφει ἔρνος ἀνὴρ ἐριθηλὲς ἐλαίης
χώρῳ ἐν οἰοπόλῳ, ὅθ' ἅλις ἀναβέβροχεν ὕδωρ,
καλὸν τηλεθάον· τὸ δέ τε πνοιαὶ δονέουσι
παντοίων ἀνέμων, καί τε βρύει ἄνθεϊ λευκῷ·
ἐλθὼν δ' ἐξαπίνης ἄνεμος σὺν λαίλαπι πολλῇ
βόθρου τ' ἐξέστρεψε καὶ ἐξετάνυσσ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ·
τοῖον Πάνθου υἱὸν ἐυμμελίην Εὔφορβον
Ἀτρεΐδης Μενέλαος ἐπεὶ κτάνε, τεύχε' ἐσύλα.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τίς τε λέων ὀρεσίτροφος, ἀλκὶ πεποιθώς,
βοσκομένης ἀγέλης βοῦν ἁρπάσῃ ἥ τις ἀρίστη·
τῆς δ' ἐξ αὐχέν' ἔαξε λαβὼν κρατεροῖσιν ὀδοῦσι
πρῶτον, ἔπειτα δέ θ' αἷμα καὶ ἔγκατα πάντα λαφύσσει
δῃῶν· ἀμφὶ δὲ τόν γε κύνες τ' ἄνδρες τε νομῆες
πολλὰ μάλ' ἰύζουσιν ἀπόπροθεν οὐδ' ἐθέλουσιν
ἀντίον ἐλθέμεναι· μάλα γὰρ χλωρὸν δέος αἱρεῖ·
ὣς τῶν οὔ τινι θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐτόλμα
ἀντίον ἐλθέμεναι Μενελάου κυδαλίμοιο.
ἔνθα κε ῥεῖα φέροι κλυτὰ τεύχεα Πανθοΐδαο
Ἀτρεΐδης, εἰ μή οἱ ἀγάσσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ὅς ῥά οἱ Ἕκτορ' ἐπῶρσε θοῷ ἀτάλαντον Ἄρηι,
ἀνέρι εἰσάμενος, Κικόνων ἡγήτορι Μέντῃ·
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

weight into the thrust, trusting in his heavy hand; and clean out through the tender neck passed the point. And he fell with a thud, and over him his armor clanged. In blood was his hair drenched that was like the hair of the Graces, and his tresses that were braided with gold and silver. And as a man rears a lusty sapling of an olive in a lonely place where water wells up abundantly, a noble sapling and fair-growing; and the breezes of all the winds make it quiver, and it burgeons out with white blossoms; but suddenly the wind coming with a mighty tempest tears it out of its hollow, and lays it low on the earth; even so did Menelaus, son of Atreus, slay Panthous' son, Euphorbus of the good ashen spear, and began to strip him of his armor. And as a mountain-nurtured lion, trusting in his might, has seized from among a grazing herd the heifer that is the best; her neck he seizes first in his mighty teeth and breaks it, and then devours the blood and all the inner parts in his fury; and round about him hounds and herdsmen clamor loudly from a distance, but are not minded to come against him, for pale fear takes hold of them; so dared not the heart in the breast of any Trojan go to face glorious Menelaus. Easily then would Atreus' son have carried off the glorious armor of the son of Panthous, if Phoebus Apollo had not begrudged it him, and in the likeness of a man, Mentes, leader of the Cicones, roused against him Hector, the peer of swift Ares. And he spoke and addressed him in winged

4 ὁμοῖαι: μέλαιναι Zenodotus.

"Ἕκτορ, νῦν σὺ μὲν ὧδε θέεις ἀκίχητα διώκων
ἵππους Αἰακίδαο δαΐφρονος· οἱ δ' ἀλεγεινοὶ
ἀνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι δαμήμεναι ἠδ' ὀχέεσθαι,
ἄλλῳ γ' ἢ Ἀχιλῆι, τὸν ἀθανάτη τέκε μήτηρ.
τόφρα δέ τοι Μενέλαος ἀρήιος, Ἀτρέος υἱός,
Πατρόκλῳ περιβὰς Τρώων τὸν ἄριστον ἔπεφνε,
Πανθοΐδην Εὔφορβον, ἔπαυσε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς."
    Ὣς εἰπὼν ὁ μὲν αὖτις ἔβη θεὸς ἂμ πόνον ἀνδρῶν,
Ἕκτορα δ' αἰνὸν ἄχος πύκασε φρένας ἀμφὶ μελαίνας·
πάπτηνεν δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα κατὰ στίχας, αὐτίκα δ' ἔγνω
τὸν μὲν ἀπαινύμενον κλυτὰ τεύχεα, τὸν δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κείμενον· ἔρρει δ' αἷμα κατ' οὐταμένην ὠτειλήν.
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ,
ὀξέα κεκληγώς, φλογὶ εἴκελος Ἡφαίστοιο
ἀσβέστῳ· οὐδ' υἱὸν λάθεν Ἀτρέος ὀξὺ βοήσας·
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·
"ὤ μοι ἐγών, εἰ μέν κε λίπω κάτα τεύχεα καλὰ
Πάτροκλόν θ', ὃς κεῖται ἐμῆς ἕνεκ' ἐνθάδε τιμῆς,
μή τίς μοι Δαναῶν νεμεσήσεται, ὅς κεν ἴδηται·
εἰ δέ κεν Ἕκτορι μοῦνος ἐὼν καὶ Τρωσὶ μάχωμαι
αἰδεσθείς, μή πώς με περιστήωσ' ἕνα πολλοί·
Τρῶας δ' ἐνθάδε πάντας ἄγει κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ.
ἀλλὰ τί ἤ μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;
ὁππότ' ἀνὴρ ἐθέλῃ πρὸς δαίμονα φωτὶ μάχεσθαι
ὅν κε θεὸς τιμᾷ, τάχα οἱ μέγα πῆμα κυλίσθη.
τῷ μ' οὔ τις Δαναῶν νεμεσήσεται, ὅς κεν ἴδηται
Ἕκτορι χωρήσαντ', ἐπεὶ ἐκ θεόφιν πολεμίζει.
εἰ δέ που Αἴαντός γε βοὴν ἀγαθοῖο πυθοίμην,

words: "Hector, now you are hurrying thus vainly after what you may not attain, the horses of the battle-minded grandson of Aeacus; but hard are they for mortal men to master or to drive, save only for Achilles, whom an immortal mother bore. Meanwhile warlike Menelaus, son of Atreus, has stood over Patroclus and slain the best man of the Trojans, Panthous' son, Euphorbus, and has made him cease from his furious valor."

So he spoke, and went back again, a god into the toil of men. But the mind of Hector was darkly clouded with dread sorrow, and he glanced then along the lines, and immediately noticed the one stripping off the glorious arms, and the other lying on the ground; and the blood was flowing down from the stricken wound. Then he went out among the foremost fighters with a shrill cry, armored in ruddy bronze, like the flame of Hephaestus that no one may quench. Nor did the son of Atreus fail to hear his shrill cry, but in agitation he spoke to his proud heart: "Ah, woe is me! If I leave the fair armor behind, and Patroclus, who lies low here having attempted to get recompense for me, I fear that many a Danaan may find fault with me, whoever sees it. But if from a sense of shame I do battle alone with Hector and the Trojans, I fear that perhaps they may surround me, many against one; all the Trojans is Hector of the flashing helmet leading here. But why does my heart debate these things with me? When a warrior is minded against the divine will to fight with another whom a god honors, immediately on him rolls great woe. Therefore will no man of the Danaans find fault with me, whoever sees me giving ground before Hector, since he fights with the help of a god. But if I might anywhere find Aias, good at the

ἄμφω κ᾽ αὖτις ἰόντες ἐπιμνησαίμεθα χάρμης
καὶ πρὸς δαίμονά περ, εἴ πως ἐρυσαίμεθα νεκρὸν
Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλῆι· κακῶν δέ κε φέρτατον εἴη."
Ἧος ὁ ταῦθ᾽ ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,
τόφρα δ᾽ ἐπὶ Τρώων στίχες ἤλυθον· ἦρχε δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ Ἕκτωρ.
αὐτὰρ ὅ γ᾽ ἐξοπίσω ἀνεχάζετο, λεῖπε δὲ νεκρόν,
ἐντροπαλιζόμενος ὥς τε λὶς ἠυγένειος,
ὅν ῥα κύνες τε καὶ ἄνδρες ἀπὸ σταθμοῖο δίωνται
ἔγχεσι καὶ φωνῇ· τοῦ δ᾽ ἐν φρεσὶν ἄλκιμον ἦτορ
παχνοῦται, ἀέκων δέ τ᾽ ἔβη ἀπὸ μεσσαύλοιο·
ὣς ἀπὸ Πατρόκλοιο κίε ξανθὸς Μενέλαος.
στῆ δὲ μεταστρεφθείς, ἐπεὶ ἵκετο ἔθνος ἑταίρων,
παπταίνων Αἴαντα μέγαν, Τελαμώνιον υἱόν.
τὸν δὲ μάλ᾽ αἶψ᾽ ἐνόησε μάχης ἐπ᾽ ἀριστερὰ πάσης
θαρσύνονθ᾽ ἑτάρους καὶ ἐποτρύνοντα μάχεσθαι·
θεσπέσιον γάρ σφιν φόβον ἔμβαλε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
βῆ δὲ θέειν, εἶθαρ δὲ παριστάμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·
"Αἶαν, δεῦρο, πέπον, περὶ Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος
σπεύσομεν, αἴ κε νέκυν περ Ἀχιλλῆι προφέρωμεν
γυμνόν· ἀτὰρ τά γε τεύχε᾽ ἔχει κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ."
Ὣς ἔφατ᾽, Αἴαντι δὲ δαΐφρονι θυμὸν ὄρινε·
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων, ἅμα δὲ ξανθὸς Μενέλαος.
Ἕκτωρ μὲν Πάτροκλον ἐπεὶ κλυτὰ τεύχε᾽ ἀπηύρα,
ἕλχ᾽, ἵν᾽ ἀπ᾽ ὤμοιιν κεφαλὴν τάμοι ὀξέι χαλκῷ,
τὸν δὲ νέκυν Τρῳῇσιν ἐρυσσάμενος κυσὶ δοίη·
Αἴας δ᾽ ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε φέρων σάκος ἠύτε πύργον.

war cry, then might we two turn back and take thought of fight, even if it were against the divine will, in the hope of saving the dead man for Achilles, Peleus' son: that would be the best of evils."

While he pondered thus in mind and heart, meanwhile the ranks of the Trojans came on, and Hector led them. Then Menelaus gradually gave ground backward, and left the corpse, ever turning about like a bearded lion that dogs and men drive from a fold with spears and shouting; and the valiant heart in his breast grows chill, and though unwilling he goes from the farmstead; so from Patroclus went tawny-haired Menelaus. But he turned about and stood when he reached the throng of his comrades, seeking out great Aias, son of Telamon. Him he noticed very quickly on the left of the whole battle, encouraging his comrades and urging them to fight, for wondrous fear had Phoebus Apollo cast on them. And he set out to run, and immediately came up to him, and spoke, saying: "Aias, come here, good friend, let us hurry in defense of the dead Patroclus, in the hope that we may bring his corpse at least to Achilles—his naked corpse—but his armor Hector of the flashing helmet holds."

So he spoke, and stirred the heart of battle-minded Aias, and he went among the foremost fighters, and with him tawny-haired Menelaus. Now Hector, when he had stripped from Patroclus his glorious armor, was dragging him away so that he might cut the head from his shoulders with the sharp sword and drag off the corpse and give it to the dogs of Troy; but Aias came up, carrying his shield that

Ἕκτωρ δ᾿ ἂψ ἐς ὅμιλον ἰὼν ἀνεχάζεθ᾿ ἑταίρων,
ἐς δίφρον δ᾿ ἀνόρουσε· δίδου δ᾿ ὅ γε τεύχεα καλὰ
Τρωσὶ φέρειν προτὶ ἄστυ, μέγα κλέος ἔμμεναι αὐτῷ.
Αἴας δ᾿ ἀμφὶ Μενοιτιάδῃ σάκος εὐρὺ καλύψας
ἑστήκει ὥς τίς τε λέων περὶ οἷσι τέκεσσιν,
ᾧ ῥά τε νήπι᾿ ἄγοντι συναντήσωνται ἐν ὕλῃ[5]
ἄνδρες ἐπακτῆρες· ὁ δέ τε σθένεϊ βλεμεαίνει,
πᾶν δέ τ᾿ ἐπισκύνιον κάτω ἕλκεται ὄσσε καλύπτων·
ὣς Αἴας περὶ Πατρόκλῳ ἥρωι βεβήκει.
Ἀτρεΐδης δ᾿ ἑτέρωθεν, ἀρηΐφιλος Μενέλαος,
ἑστήκει, μέγα πένθος ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀέξων.
Γλαῦκος δ᾿ Ἱππολόχοιο πάις, Λυκίων ἀγὸς ἀνδρῶν,
Ἕκτορ᾿ ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν χαλεπῷ ἠνίπαπε μύθῳ·
"Ἕκτορ, εἶδος ἄριστε, μάχης ἄρα πολλὸν ἐδεύεο.
ἦ σ᾿ αὔτως κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἔχει φύξηλιν ἐόντα.
φράζεο νῦν ὅππως κε πόλιν καὶ ἄστυ σαώσῃς
οἶος σὺν λαοῖς τοὶ Ἰλίῳ ἐγγεγάασιν·
οὐ γάρ τις Λυκίων γε μαχησόμενος Δαναοῖσιν
εἶσι περὶ πτόλιος, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρα τις χάρις ἦεν
μάρνασθαι δηίοισιν ἐπ᾿ ἀνδράσι νωλεμὲς αἰεί.
πῶς κε σὺ χείρονα φῶτα σαώσειας μεθ᾿ ὅμιλον,
σχέτλι᾿, ἐπεὶ Σαρπηδόν᾿ ἅμα ξεῖνον καὶ ἑταῖρον
κάλλιπες Ἀργείοισιν ἕλωρ καὶ κύρμα γενέσθαι,
ὅς τοι πόλλ᾿ ὄφελος γένετο, πτόλεΐ τε καὶ αὐτῷ,
ζωὸς ἐών· νῦν δ᾿ οὔ οἱ ἀλαλκέμεναι κύνας ἔτλης.
τῶ νῦν εἴ τις ἐμοὶ Λυκίων ἐπιπείσεται ἀνδρῶν
οἴκαδ᾿ ἴμεν, Τροίῃ δὲ πεφήσεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος.
εἰ γὰρ νῦν Τρώεσσι μένος πολυθαρσὲς ἐνείη,

was like a city wall. Then Hector gave ground backward into the throng of his comrades and leapt on to his chariot, and gave the fair armor to the Trojans to carry to the city to be a great glory to him. But Aias covered the son of Menoetius round about with his broad shield, and stood like a lion over his whelps, one that huntsmen have encountered in the forest as he leads his young; and he exults in his might, and draws down his entire brow to cover his eyes; so did Aias stand over the warrior Patroclus, and close by him stood the son of Atreus, Menelaus, dear to Ares, nursing great sorrow in his breast.

And Glaucus, son of Hippolochus, leader of the Lycians, with an angry glance, scolded Hector with harsh words, saying: "Hector, most fair to look on, in battle are you sorely lacking. Truly it is in vain that fair renown possesses you who are nothing but a cowardly woman. Take thought now how by yourself you may save your city and home aided only by the people who were born in Ilios; for of the Lycians at least will no man go out to do battle with the Danaans for the city's sake, since, it seems, there was to be no thanks for warring against the foe ever without respite. How would you save a lesser man among the press of battle, hard man, when Sarpedon, who was both your guest and your comrade, you left behind to the Argives to be their prey and booty?—one who very often proved a boon to you, to your city and you yourself, while he still lived; but now you had not the courage to ward off the dogs from him. So now, if any one of the men of Lycia will obey me, homeward will we go, and for Troy will sheer destruction appear. If only there were now in the Trojans unflinch-

[5] Lines 134–136 were omitted by Zenodotus.

ἄτρομον, οἷόν τ᾽ ἄνδρας ἐσέρχεται οἳ περὶ πάτρης
ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσι πόνον καὶ δῆριν ἔθεντο,[6]
αἶψά κε Πάτροκλον ἐρυσαίμεθα Ἴλιον εἴσω.
εἰ δ᾽ οὗτος προτὶ ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος
ἔλθοι τεθνηὼς καί μιν ἐρυσαίμεθα χάρμης,
αἶψά κεν Ἀργεῖοι Σαρπηδόνος ἔντεα καλὰ
λύσειαν, καί κ᾽ αὐτὸν ἀγοίμεθα Ἴλιον εἴσω·
τοίου γὰρ θεράπων πέφατ᾽ ἀνέρος, ὃς μέγ᾽ ἄριστος
Ἀργείων παρὰ νηυσὶ καὶ ἀγχέμαχοι θεράποντες.
ἀλλὰ σύ γ᾽ Αἴαντος μεγαλήτορος οὐκ ἐτάλασσας
στήμεναι ἄντα κατ᾽ ὄσσε ἰδὼν δηίων ἐν ἀυτῇ,
οὐδ᾽ ἰθὺς μαχέσασθαι, ἐπεὶ σέο φέρτερός ἐστι."
Τὸν δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"Γλαῦκε, τί ἦ δὲ σὺ τοῖος ἐὼν ὑπέροπλον ἔειπες;
ὢ πέπον,[7] ἦ τ᾽ ἐφάμην σὲ περὶ φρένας ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,
τῶν ὅσσοι Λυκίην ἐριβώλακα ναιετάουσι·
νῦν δέ σευ ὠνοσάμην πάγχυ φρένας, οἷον ἔειπες,
ὅς τέ με φῇς Αἴαντα πελώριον οὐχ ὑπομεῖναι.
οὔ τοι ἐγὼν ἔρριγα μάχην οὐδὲ κτύπον ἵππων·
ἀλλ᾽ αἰεί τε Διὸς κρείσσων νόος αἰγιόχοιο,[8]
ὅς τε καὶ ἄλκιμον ἄνδρα φοβεῖ καὶ ἀφείλετο νίκην
ῥηιδίως, ὁτὲ δ᾽ αὐτὸς ἐποτρύνει μαχέσασθαι.
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε δεῦρο, πέπον, παρ᾽ ἔμ᾽ ἵστασο καὶ ἴδε ἔργον,
ἠὲ πανημέριος κακὸς ἔσσομαι, ὡς ἀγορεύεις,
ἦ τινα καὶ Δαναῶν ἀλκῆς μάλα περ μεμαῶτα
σχήσω ἀμυνέμεναι περὶ Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος."

ing courage that knows nothing of fear, such as comes on men that for their country's sake toil and strive with the foe; then quickly would we drag Patroclus into Ilios. And if this man were to come, a corpse, to the great city of king Priam, and we were to drag him out of the battle, quickly then would the Argives give back the fair armor of Sarpedon, and we should bring his body into Ilios; for such a man is he whose attendant has been slain, one who is far the best of the Argives by the ships, himself and his attendants who fight in close combat. But you had not the courage to stand before great-hearted Aias, facing him eye to eye in the battle cry of the foe, nor to do battle against him, since he is a better man than you."

Then with an angry glance spoke to him Hector of the flashing helmet: "Glaucus, why have you, being such a one as you are, spoken an arrogant word? Friend, I thought that in wisdom you were above all others who dwell in deep-soiled Lycia; but now I altogether scorn your sense, such a thing have you said, who say I stood not to face huge Aias. I shudder not at battle, I tell you, nor at the sound of chariots, but ever is the mind of Zeus who bears the aegis too strong, for he drives even a valiant man in rout, and robs him of victory easily, and as easily rouses men to fight. But come here, good friend, and take your stand by my side, and look on my handiwork, whether this whole day through I shall be a coward, as you proclaim, or will stay many a one of the Danaans, though he be eager for valor, from fighting in defense of the dead Patroclus."

6 ἔθεντο: ἔχουσιν.

7 πέπον Zenodotus: πόποι.

8 αἰγιόχοιο: ἠέ περ ἀνδρός (cf. 16.688).

Ὣς εἰπὼν Τρώεσσιν ἐκέκλετο μακρὸν ἀΰσας·
"Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς,
ὄφρ᾽ ἂν ἐγὼν Ἀχιλῆος ἀμύμονος ἔντεα δύω
καλά, τὰ Πατρόκλοιο βίην ἐνάριξα κατακτάς."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ
δηίου ἐκ πολέμοιο· θέων δ᾽ ἐκίχανεν ἑταίρους
ὦκα μάλ᾽, οὔ πω τῆλε, ποσὶ κραιπνοῖσι μετασπών,
οἳ προτὶ ἄστυ φέρον κλυτὰ τεύχεα Πηλεΐδαο.
στὰς δ᾽ ἀπάνευθε μάχης πολυδακρύου ἔντε᾽ ἄμειβεν·
ἦ τοι ὁ μὲν τὰ ἃ δῶκε φέρειν προτὶ Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
Τρωσὶ φιλοπτολέμοισιν, ὁ δ᾽ ἄμβροτα τεύχεα δῦνε
Πηλεΐδεω Ἀχιλῆος, ἅ οἱ θεοὶ Οὐρανίωνες
πατρὶ φίλῳ ἔπορον· ὁ δ᾽ ἄρα ᾧ παιδὶ ὄπασσε
γηράς· ἀλλ᾽ οὐχ υἱὸς ἐν ἔντεσι πατρὸς ἐγήρα.
Τὸν δ᾽ ὡς οὖν ἀπάνευθεν ἴδεν νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς
τεύχεσι Πηλεΐδαο κορυσσόμενον θείοιο,
κινήσας ῥα κάρη προτὶ ὃν μυθήσατο θυμόν·
"ἆ δείλ᾽, οὐδέ τί τοι θάνατος καταθύμιός ἐστιν,
ὃς δή τοι σχεδὸν εἶσι· σὺ δ᾽ ἄμβροτα τεύχεα δύνεις
ἀνδρὸς ἀριστῆος, τόν τε τρομέουσι καὶ ἄλλοι·
τοῦ δὴ ἑταῖρον ἔπεφνες ἐνηέα τε κρατερόν τε,
τεύχεα δ᾽ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἀπὸ κρατός τε καὶ ὤμων
εἵλευ· ἀτάρ τοι νῦν γε μέγα κράτος ἐγγυαλίξω,
τῶν ποινὴν ὅ τοι οὔ τι μάχης ἒκ νοστήσαντι
δέξεται Ἀνδρομάχη κλυτὰ τεύχεα Πηλεΐωνος."
Ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ᾽ ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων.
Ἕκτορι δ᾽ ἥρμοσε τεύχε᾽ ἐπὶ χροΐ, δῦ δέ μιν Ἄρης

So saying, he shouted aloud, and called to the Trojans: "Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardanians who fight in close combat, be men, my friends, and take thought of furious valor, until I put on the armor of incomparable Achilles, the fair armor that I stripped from the mighty Patroclus when I slew him."

When he had thus spoken, Hector of the flashing helmet went out from the fury of war, and ran, and speedily reached his comrades not yet far off, hurrying on swift feet after those who were carrying toward the city the glorious armor of the son of Peleus. Then he halted apart from the tear-filled battle and changed his armor; his own he gave to the war-loving Trojans to take to sacred Ilios, but put on the immortal armor of Peleus' son, Achilles, that the heavenly gods had given to his father and that he had given to his son, when he himself had grown old; but in the armor of the father the son came not to old age.

But when Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, saw him from afar as he armed himself in the battle gear of the godlike son of Peleus, he shook his head, and spoke to his own heart: "Ah, poor wretch, not in your thoughts is death, that yet surely draws near you; but you are putting on the immortal armor of a preeminent man before whom others besides yourself also tremble. His comrade, kindly and mighty, have you slain, and improperly have stripped the armor from his head and shoulders. But for now I will grant you great might, in recompense for this, that in no way shall you return from the battle and Andromache receive from you the glorious armor of the son of Peleus."

The son of Cronos spoke and nodded his dark brows, and on Hector's body he made the armor fit, and there

δεινὸς Ἐνυάλιος, πλῆσθεν δ᾽ ἄρα οἱ μέλε᾽ ἐντὸς
ἀλκῆς καὶ σθένεος. μετὰ δὲ κλειτοὺς ἐπικούρους
βῆ ῥα μέγα ἰάχων· ἰνδάλλετο δέ σφισι πᾶσι
τεύχεσι λαμπόμενος μεγαθύμου Πηλεΐωνος.[9]
ὄτρυνεν δὲ ἕκαστον ἐποιχόμενος ἐπέεσσι,
Μέσθλην τε Γλαῦκόν τε Μέδοντά τε Θερσίλοχόν τε,
Ἀστεροπαῖόν τε Δεισήνορά θ᾽ Ἱππόθοόν τε,
Φόρκυν τε Χρομίον τε καὶ Ἔννομον οἰωνιστήν·
τοὺς ὅ γ᾽ ἐποτρύνων ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·[10]
"κέκλυτε, μυρία φῦλα περικτιόνων ἐπικούρων·
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ πληθὺν διζήμενος οὐδὲ χατίζων
ἐνθάδ᾽ ἀφ᾽ ὑμετέρων πολίων ἤγειρα ἕκαστον,
ἀλλ᾽ ἵνα μοι Τρώων ἀλόχους καὶ νήπια τέκνα
προφρονέως ῥύοισθε φιλοπτολέμων ὑπ᾽ Ἀχαιῶν.
τὰ φρονέων δώροισι κατατρύχω καὶ ἐδωδῇ
λαούς, ὑμέτερον δὲ ἑκάστου θυμὸν ἀέξω.
τῶ τις νῦν ἰθὺς τετραμμένος ἢ ἀπολέσθω
ἠὲ σαωθήτω· ἣ γὰρ πολέμου ὀαριστύς.
ὃς δέ κε Πάτροκλον καὶ τεθνηῶτά περ ἔμπης
Τρῶας ἐς ἱπποδάμους ἐρύσῃ, εἴξῃ δέ οἱ Αἴας,
ἥμισυ τῷ ἐνάρων ἀποδάσσομαι, ἥμισυ δ᾽ αὐτὸς
ἕξω ἐγώ· τὸ δέ οἱ κλέος ἔσσεται ὅσσον ἐμοί περ."
Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, οἱ δ᾽ ἰθὺς Δαναῶν βρίσαντες ἔβησαν,
δούρατ᾽ ἀνασχόμενοι· μάλα δέ σφισιν ἔλπετο θυμὸς
νεκρὸν ὑπ᾽ Αἴαντος ἐρύειν Τελαμωνιάδαο,

[9] μεγαθύμου Πηλεΐωνος: μεγαθύμῳ Πηλεΐωνι Aristarchus, Πηληιάδεω Ἀχιλῆος Zenodotus.

entered into him Ares, the terrible Enyalius, and his limbs were filled within with valor and with strength. Then he went into the company of the famed allies, crying a great cry, and showed himself before the eyes of all, flashing in the armor of the great-hearted son of Peleus. And approaching each man he spoke and spurred him on, Mesthles and Glaucus and Medon and Thersilochus and Asteropaeus and Deisenor and Hippothous and Phorcys and Chromius and Ennomus, the augur—these he spurred on, and to them spoke winged words: "Hear me, tribes uncounted of allies who dwell round about. Not because I sought for numbers or had need of them did I gather each man of you here from your cities, but so that with eagerness you might save the Trojans' wives and their little ones from the war-loving Achaeans. With this intent I am wasting the substance of my own people so that you may have gifts and food, and in this way I increase the heart of each one of you. So let every man turn straight against the foe and die perhaps, or live; for this is the dalliance of war. And whoever drags Patroclus, dead though he is, into the midst of the horse-taming Trojans, and makes Aias yield, the half of the booty will I share with him, and the half will I keep myself; and his glory will be the same as my own."

So he spoke, and they charged straight against the Danaans with all their weight, with spears outstretched, and their hearts within them were full of hope to drag the corpse out from beneath Aias, son of Telamon—fools that

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10 Line 219 is omitted in some MSS.

νήπιοι· ἦ τε πολέσσιν ἐπ' αὐτῷ θυμὸν ἀπηύρα.
καὶ τότ' ἄρ' Αἴας εἶπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον·
"ὦ πέπον, ὦ Μενέλαε διοτρεφές, οὐκέτι νῶι
ἔλπομαι αὐτώ περ νοστησέμεν ἐκ πολέμοιο.
οὔ τι τόσον νέκυος περιδείδια Πατρόκλοιο,
ὅς κε τάχα Τρώων κορέει κύνας ἠδ' οἰωνούς,
ὅσσον ἐμῇ κεφαλῇ περιδείδια, μή τι πάθησι,
καὶ σῇ, ἐπεὶ πολέμοιο νέφος περὶ πάντα καλύπτει,
Ἕκτωρ, ἡμῖν δ' αὖτ' ἀναφαίνεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος.
ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἀριστῆας Δαναῶν κάλει, ἤν τις ἀκούσῃ."
Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος,
ἤυσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον Δαναοῖσι γεγωνώς·
"ὦ φίλοι Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
οἵ τε παρ' Ἀτρεΐδῃς, Ἀγαμέμνονι καὶ Μενελάῳ,
δήμια πίνουσιν καὶ σημαίνουσιν ἕκαστος
λαοῖς· ἐκ δὲ Διὸς τιμὴ καὶ κῦδος ὀπηδεῖ.
ἀργαλέον δέ μοί ἐστι διασκοπιᾶσθαι ἕκαστον
ἡγεμόνων· τόσση γὰρ ἔρις πολέμοιο δέδηεν·
ἀλλά τις αὐτὸς ἴτω, νεμεσιζέσθω δ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
Πάτροκλον Τρῳῇσι κυσὶν μέλπηθρα γενέσθαι."
Ὣς ἔφατ', ὀξὺ δ' ἄκουσεν Ὀιλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας·
πρῶτος δ' ἀντίος ἦλθε θέων ἀνὰ δηιοτῆτα,
τὸν δὲ μετ' Ἰδομενεὺς καὶ ὀπάων Ἰδομενῆος,
Μηριόνης, ἀτάλαντος Ἐνυαλίῳ ἀνδρεϊφόντῃ.
τῶν δ' ἄλλων τίς κεν ᾗσι φρεσὶν οὐνόματ' εἴποι,[11]
ὅσσοι δὴ μετόπισθε μάχην ἤγειραν Ἀχαιῶν;
Τρῶες δὲ προὔτυψαν ἀολλέες· ἦρχε δ' ἄρ' Ἕκτωρ.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐπὶ προχοῇσι διιπετέος ποταμοῖο

they were! Many indeed he robbed of life over that corpse. Then spoke Aias to Menelaus, good at the war cry, "Good Menelaus, nurtured by Zeus, no more have I hope that the two of us by ourselves will return from out of the war. In no way do I so much fear for the corpse of Patroclus, that will presently glut the dogs and birds of the Trojans, as I fear for my own life, lest some evil befall, and for yours as well, for a cloud of war shrouds everything about—Hector—and for us appears sheer destruction. But, come, call on the chief men of the Danaans, if any may hear."

So he spoke, and Menelaus, good at the war cry, failed not to obey, and he uttered a piercing shout, calling aloud to the Danaans: "Friends, leaders and rulers of the Argives, you who at the table of the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus, drink at the common cost and give commands each one to his men—you on whom attend honor and glory from Zeus—hard is it for me to discern each one of the chief men, for so great a strife of war has blazed up. But let every man go out without being named, and be indignant at heart that Patroclus should become the sport of the dogs of Troy."

So he spoke, and swift Aias, son of Oïleus, heard him clearly, and was first to come running to meet him through the battle, and after him Idomeneus and Idomeneus' comrade, Meriones, the peer of Enyalius slayer of men. But of the rest, what man from his own mind could name the names of all who came after these and roused the battle of the Achaeans?

Then the Trojans drove forward in close throng, and Hector led them. And as at the mouth of some heaven-fed

[11] Lines 260 f. were rejected by Zenodotus.

βέβρυχεν μέγα κῦμα ποτὶ ῥόον, ἀμφὶ δέ τ' ἄκραι
ἠιόνος[12] *βοόωσιν ἐρευγομένης ἁλὸς ἔξω,*
τόσση ἄρα Τρῶες ἰαχῇ ἴσαν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἕστασαν ἀμφὶ Μενοιτιάδῃ ἕνα θυμὸν ἔχοντες,
φραχθέντες[13] *σάκεσιν χαλκήρεσιν· ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα σφι*
λαμπρῇσιν κορύθεσσι Κρονίων ἠέρα πολλὴν
χεῦ', ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ Μενοιτιάδην ἤχθαιρε πάρος γε,
ὄφρα ζωὸς ἐὼν θεράπων ἦν Αἰακίδαο·
μίσησεν δ' ἄρα μιν δηίων κυσὶ κύρμα γενέσθαι
Τρῳῇσιν· τῶ καί οἱ ἀμυνέμεν ὦρσεν ἑταίρους.
Ὦσαν δὲ πρότεροι Τρῶες ἑλίκωπας Ἀχαιούς·
νεκρὸν δὲ προλιπόντες ὑπέτρεσαν, οὐδέ τιν' αὐτῶν
Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι ἕλον ἔγχεσιν ἱέμενοί περ,
ἀλλὰ νέκυν ἐρύοντο. μίνυνθα δὲ καὶ τοῦ Ἀχαιοὶ
μέλλον ἀπέσσεσθαι· μάλα γάρ σφεας ὦκ' ἐλέλιξεν
Αἴας, ὃς περὶ μὲν εἶδος, περὶ δ' ἔργα τέτυκτο
τῶν ἄλλων Δαναῶν μετ' ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα.
ἴθυσεν δὲ διὰ προμάχων συῒ εἴκελος ἀλκὴν
καπρίῳ, ὅς τ' ἐν ὄρεσσι κύνας θαλερούς τ' αἰζηοὺς
ῥηιδίως ἐκέδασσεν, ἑλιξάμενος διὰ βήσσας·
ὣς υἱὸς Τελαμῶνος ἀγαυοῦ, φαίδιμος Αἴας,
ῥεῖα μετεισάμενος Τρώων ἐκέδασσε φάλαγγας,
οἳ περὶ Πατρόκλῳ βέβασαν, φρόνεον δὲ μάλιστα
ἄστυ πότι σφέτερον ἐρύειν καὶ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι.
Ἦ τοι τὸν Λήθοιο Πελασγοῦ φαίδιμος υἱός,
Ἱππόθοος, ποδὸς ἕλκε κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην,

[12] *ἠιόνος*: *ἠιόνες*.

river the mighty wave roars against the stream and the headlands of the shore echo on either hand as the salt sea bellows beyond, with such din of shouting the Trojans came on. But the Achaeans stood firm about the son of Menoetius with one purpose, fenced about with shields of bronze. And the son of Cronos shed thick darkness over their bright helmets, for even before was the son of Menoetius not at all hated by him, while he was still alive and the attendant of the grandson of Aeacus; and now Zeus shrank from his becoming the sport of the dogs of his foe, the Trojans; so Zeus also roused his comrades to defend him.

And first the Trojans drove back the bright-eyed Achaeans, who left the corpse and shrank back before them; but not a man did the Trojans high of heart slay with their spears, though they were eager, but they began to drag away the corpse. Yet for only a short time were the Achaeans to hold back, for swiftly did Aias rally them who in beauty and in deeds of war was above all the other Danaans next to the incomparable son of Peleus. Straight through the foremost fighters he charged, in might like a wild boar that among the mountains easily scatters hounds and vigorous youths when he wheels on them in the glades; so the son of lordly Telamon, glorious Aias, when he had come among them, easily scattered the battalions of the Trojans who stood over Patroclus, and were intent above all to drag him to their city, and win glory.

Now Hippothous, the glorious son of Pelasgian Lethus, was dragging the corpse by the foot through the mighty

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[13] *φραχθέντες*: *ἀρθέντες*.

δησάμενος τελαμῶνι παρὰ σφυρὸν ἀμφὶ τένοντας,
Ἕκτορι καὶ Τρώεσσι χαριζόμενος· τάχα δ' αὐτῷ
ἦλθε κακόν, τό οἱ οὔ τις ἐρύκακεν ἱεμένων περ.
τὸν δ' υἱὸς Τελαμῶνος ἐπαΐξας δι' ὁμίλου
πλῆξ' αὐτοσχεδίην κυνέης διὰ χαλκοπαρῄου·
ἤρικε δ' ἱπποδάσεια κόρυς περὶ δουρὸς ἀκωκῇ,
πληγεῖσ' ἔγχεΐ τε μεγάλῳ καὶ χειρὶ παχείῃ,
ἐγκέφαλος δὲ παρ' αὐλὸν ἀνέδραμεν ἐξ ὠτειλῆς
αἱματόεις. τοῦ δ' αὖθι λύθη μένος, ἐκ δ' ἄρα χειρῶν
Πατρόκλοιο πόδα μεγαλήτορος ἧκε χαμᾶζε
κεῖσθαι· ὁ δ' ἄγχ' αὐτοῖο πέσε πρηνὴς ἐπὶ νεκρῷ,
τῆλ' ἀπὸ Λαρίσης ἐριβώλακος, οὐδὲ τοκεῦσι
θρέπτρα φίλοις ἀπέδωκε, μινυνθάδιος δέ οἱ αἰὼν
ἔπλεθ' ὑπ' Αἴαντος μεγαθύμου δουρὶ δαμέντι.
Ἕκτωρ δ' αὖτ' Αἴαντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ·
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος
τυτθόν· ὁ δὲ Σχεδίον, μεγαθύμου Ἰφίτου υἱόν,
Φωκήων ὄχ' ἄριστον, ὃς ἐν κλειτῷ Πανοπῆϊ
οἰκία ναιετάασκε πολέσσ' ἄνδρεσσιν ἀνάσσων,
τὸν βάλ' ὑπὸ κληῖδα μέσην· διὰ δ' ἀμπερὲς ἄκρη
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη παρὰ νείατον ὦμον ἀνέσχε·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.
Αἴας δ' αὖ Φόρκυνα, δαΐφρονα Φαίνοπος υἱόν,
Ἱπποθόῳ περιβάντα μέσην κατὰ γαστέρα τύψε·
ῥῆξε δὲ θώρηκος γύαλον, διὰ δ' ἔντερα χαλκὸς
ἤφυσ'· ὁ δ' ἐν κονίῃσι πεσὼν ἕλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ.
χώρησαν δ' ὑπό τε πρόμαχοι καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·
Ἀργεῖοι δὲ μέγα ἴαχον, ἐρύσαντο δὲ νεκρούς,

combat, and had bound his baldric around the tendons of either ankle, delighting Hector and the Trojans. But swiftly on him came evil that not one of them could ward off, though they were eager. For the son of Telamon darted through the throng and struck him from close at hand through the helmet with cheekpieces of bronze; and the helmet with horsehair crest was split about the spear-point, struck by the great spear and the stout hand; and the brain all mingled with blood spurted out from the wound along the socket of the spear. There then his strength was loosed, and from his hands he let fall the foot of great-hearted Patroclus to lie on the ground, and close by he himself fell forward on the corpse, far from deep-soiled Larisa; nor did he pay back to his dear parents the recompense of his upbringing, and brief was the span of his life, since he was laid low by the spear of great-hearted Aias. And Hector in turn cast at Aias with his bright spear, but Aias, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze, though by a little; and Hector struck Schedius, great-hearted Iphitus' son, far the best of the Phocians, who lived in a house in famous Panopeus, and was king over many men. Him Hector struck beneath the middle of the collarbone, and clean through passed the point of bronze, and came out beneath the base of the shoulder. And he fell with a thud, and over him his armor clanged. And Aias in his turn struck battle-minded Phorcys, son of Phaenops, square on the belly as he stood over Hippothous, and he broke the plate of his corselet, and the bronze let out the bowels through it; and he fell in the dust and clutched the earth with his hand. At that the foremost warriors and glorious Hector gave ground, and the Argives shouted aloud and dragged off the bodies, Phorcys

Φόρκυν θ᾽ Ἱππόθοόν τε, λύοντο δὲ τεύχε᾽ ἀπ᾽ ὤμων.
Ἔνθα κεν αὖτε Τρῶες ἀρηιφίλων ὑπ᾽ Ἀχαιῶν
Ἴλιον εἰσανέβησαν ἀναλκείῃσι δαμέντες,
Ἀργεῖοι δέ κε κῦδος ἕλον καὶ ὑπὲρ Διὸς αἶσαν
κάρτεϊ καὶ σθένεϊ σφετέρῳ· ἀλλ᾽ αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων
Αἰνείαν ὄτρυνε, δέμας Περίφαντι ἐοικώς,
κήρυκ᾽ Ἠπυτίδῃ, ὅς οἱ παρὰ πατρὶ γέροντι
κηρύσσων γήρασκε, φίλα φρεσὶ μήδεα εἰδώς·
τῷ μιν ἐεισάμενος προσέφη Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·
"Αἰνεία, πῶς ἂν καὶ ὑπὲρ θεὸν εἰρύσσαισθε
Ἴλιον αἰπεινήν; ὡς δὴ ἴδον ἀνέρας ἄλλους
κάρτεΐ τε σθένεΐ τε πεποιθότας ἠνορέῃ τε
πλήθεΐ τε σφετέρῳ, καὶ ὑπὲρ Δία[14] δῆμον ἔχοντας·
ἡμῖν δὲ Ζεὺς μὲν πολὺ βούλεται ἢ Δαναοῖσι
νίκην· ἀλλ᾽ αὐτοὶ τρεῖτ᾽ ἄσπετον οὐδὲ μάχεσθε."
Ὣς ἔφατ᾽, Αἰνείας δ᾽ ἑκατηβόλον Ἀπόλλωνα
ἔγνω ἐσάντα ἰδών, μέγα δ᾽ Ἕκτορα εἶπε βοήσας·
"Ἕκτορ τ᾽ ἠδ᾽ ἄλλοι Τρώων ἀγοὶ ἠδ᾽ ἐπικούρων,
αἰδὼς μὲν νῦν ἥδε γ᾽ ἀρηιφίλων ὑπ᾽ Ἀχαιῶν
Ἴλιον εἰσαναβῆναι ἀναλκείῃσι δαμέντας.
ἀλλ᾽ ἔτι γάρ τίς φησι θεῶν ἐμοὶ ἄγχι παραστὰς
Ζῆν᾽ ὕπατον μήστωρα μάχης ἐπιτάρροθον εἶναι·
τῶ ῥ᾽ ἰθὺς Δαναῶν ἴομεν, μηδ᾽ οἵ γε ἕκηλοι
Πάτροκλον νηυσὶν πελασαίατο τεθνηῶτα."
Ὣς φάτο, καί ῥα πολὺ προμάχων ἐξάλμενος ἔστη.
οἱ δ᾽ ἐλελίχθησαν καὶ ἐναντίοι ἔσταν Ἀχαιῶν.

[14] ὑπὲρ Δία Brocks: ὑπερδέα MSS.

and Hippothous, and began to loose the armor from their shoulders.

Then would the Trojans have been driven again by the Achaeans, dear to Ares, up to Ilios, vanquished in their lack of courage, and the Argives would have won glory even beyond the dispensation of Zeus because of their might and their strength, but Apollo himself urged on Aeneas, taking on the form of the herald, Periphas, son of Epytus, who in the house of his old father Anchises had grown old in his heraldship, and was of kindly mind toward him. In his likeness the son of Zeus, Apollo, spoke to Aeneas: "Aeneas, how could you even guard steep Ilios, if a god were against you? In fact I have seen other men who had trust in their strength and might, in their valor and in their numbers, who held their realm even in defiance of Zeus. But for us Zeus desires the victory far more than for the Danaans; yet yourselves you have measureless fear, and fight not."

So he spoke, and Aeneas recognized Apollo who strikes from afar when he saw his face, and he called aloud, and spoke to Hector: "Hector, and you other leaders of the Trojans and allies, shame surely is this, to be driven back to Ilios before the Achaeans, dear to Ares, vanquished in our lack of courage. But one of the gods, who stood by my side, declares that Zeus, the counselor most high, is our helper in the fight. So let us make straight for the Danaans, and let them not at their ease bring the dead Patroclus to the ships."

So he spoke, and leapt out far to the front of the foremost fighters, and stood there. And they rallied, and stood

ἔνθ' αὖτ' Αἰνείας Λειώκριτον οὔτασε δουρί,
υἱὸν Ἀρίσβαντος, Λυκομήδεος ἐσθλὸν ἑταῖρον.
τὸν δὲ πεσόντ' ἐλέησεν ἀρηΐφιλος Λυκομήδης,
στῆ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγὺς ἰών, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ,
καὶ βάλεν Ἱππασίδην Ἀπισάονα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
ἧπαρ ὑπὸ πραπίδων, εἶθαρ δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν,
ὅς ῥ' ἐκ Παιονίης ἐριβώλακος εἰληλούθει,
καὶ δὲ μετ' Ἀστεροπαῖον ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι.
τὸν δὲ πεσόντ' ἐλέησεν ἀρήιος Ἀστεροπαῖος,
ἴθυσεν δὲ καὶ ὁ πρόφρων Δαναοῖσι μάχεσθαι·
ἀλλ' οὔ πως ἔτι εἶχε· σάκεσσι γὰρ ἔρχατο πάντῃ
ἑσταότες περὶ Πατρόκλῳ, πρὸ δὲ δούρατ' ἔχοντο.
Αἴας γὰρ μάλα πάντας ἐπῴχετο πολλὰ κελεύων·
οὔτε τιν' ἐξοπίσω νεκροῦ χάζεσθαι ἀνώγει
οὔτε τινα προμάχεσθαι Ἀχαιῶν ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἀμφ' αὐτῷ βεβάμεν, σχεδόθεν δὲ μάχεσθαι·
ὣς Αἴας ἐπέτελλε πελώριος, αἵματι δὲ χθὼν
δεύετο πορφυρέῳ, τοὶ δ' ἀγχιστῖνοι ἔπιπτον
νεκροὶ ὁμοῦ Τρώων καὶ ὑπερμενέων ἐπικούρων
καὶ Δαναῶν· οὐδ' οἳ γὰρ ἀναιμωτί γε μάχοντο,
παυρότεροι δὲ πολὺ φθίνυθον· μέμνηντο γὰρ αἰεὶ[15]
ἀλλήλοις ἀν' ὅμιλον ἀλεξέμεναι φόνον[16] αἰπύν.
Ὣς οἳ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρός, οὐδέ κε φαίης
οὔτε ποτ' ἠέλιον σῶν ἔμμεναι οὔτε σελήνην·
ἠέρι γὰρ κατέχοντο μάχῃ ἔνι ὅσσοι[17] ἄριστοι

[15] Lines 364 f. were rejected by Zenodotus.

facing the Achaeans. Then with a thrust of his spear Aeneas wounded Leocritus, son of Arisbas and noble comrade of Lycomedes. And as he fell Lycomedes, dear to Ares, had pity for him, and came and stood close by and with a cast of his bright spear struck Apisaon, Hippasus' son, shepherd of men, in the liver below the midriff, and immediately loosed his knees—Apisaon who had come out of deep-soiled Paeonia, and next to Asteropaeus was preeminent in fight. But as he fell warlike Asteropaeus had pity for him, and he too rushed onward, eager to fight with the Danaans; but in no way could he still do so, for with shields were they fenced in on every side as they stood around Patroclus, and before them they held their spears. For Aias ranged to and fro among them urging them on; not one, he commanded them, should give ground backward from the corpse, nor yet fight in front of the rest of the Achaeans as one preeminent above all others; but stand firm close beside the corpse and do battle hand to hand. Thus huge Aias charged them, and the earth grew wet with dark blood, and the dead fell thick and fast alike of the Trojans and their mighty allies, and of the Danaans; for these too fought not without shedding of blood, but fewer of them by far were falling; for they ever took thought to ward sheer destruction from one another in the throng.

So they fought like blazing fire, nor would you say that sun or moon still remained intact, for with darkness were shrouded in the fight all the chief men who stood around

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16 *φόνον* Aristarchus: *πόνον*.

17 *μάχῃ ἔνι ὅσσοι*: *μάχης ἐπί θ' ὅσσον*.

ἔστασαν ἀμφὶ Μενοιτιάδῃ κατατεθνηῶτι.
οἱ δ' ἄλλοι Τρῶες καὶ ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
εὔκηλοι πολέμιζον ὑπ' αἰθέρι, πέπτατο δ' αὐγὴ
ἠελίου ὀξεῖα, νέφος δ' οὐ φαίνετο πάσης
γαίης οὐδ' ὀρέων· μεταπαυόμενοι δὲ μάχοντο,
ἀλλήλων ἀλεείνοντες βέλεα στονόεντα,
πολλὸν ἀφεσταότες. τοὶ δ' ἐν μέσῳ ἄλγε' ἔπασχον
ἠέρι καὶ πολέμῳ, τείροντο δὲ νηλέι χαλκῷ
ὅσσοι ἄριστοι ἔσαν. δύο δ' οὔ πω φῶτε πεπύσθην,
ἀνέρε κυδαλίμω, Θρασυμήδης Ἀντίλοχός τε,
Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος ἀμύμονος, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἔφαντο
ζωὸν ἐνὶ πρώτῳ ὁμάδῳ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι.
τὼ δ' ἐπιοσσομένω θάνατον καὶ φύζαν ἑταίρων
νόσφιν ἐμαρνάσθην, ἐπεὶ ὣς ἐπετέλλετο Νέστωρ,
ὀτρύνων πόλεμόνδε μελαινάων ἀπὸ νηῶν.

Τοῖς δὲ πανημερίοις ἔριδος μέγα νεῖκος ὀρώρει
ἀργαλέης· καμάτῳ δὲ καὶ ἱδρῷ νωλεμὲς αἰεὶ
γούνατά τε κνῆμαί τε πόδες θ' ὑπένερθεν ἑκάστου
χεῖρές τ' ὀφθαλμοί τε παλάσσετο μαρναμένοιιν
ἀμφ' ἀγαθὸν θεράποντα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ταύροιο βοὸς μεγάλοιο βοείην
λαοῖσιν δώῃ τανύειν, μεθύουσαν ἀλοιφῇ·
δεξάμενοι δ' ἄρα τοί γε διαστάντες τανύουσι
κυκλόσ', ἄφαρ δέ τε ἰκμὰς ἔβη, δύνει δέ τ' ἀλοιφὴ
πολλῶν ἑλκόντων, τάνυται δέ τε πᾶσα διαπρό·
ὣς οἵ γ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα νέκυν ὀλίγῃ ἐνὶ χώρῃ

[1] The simile portrays a primitive method of preparing hides.

the slain son of Menoetius. But the rest of the Trojans and the well-greaved Achaeans fought unimpeded under clear air, and over them was spread the piercing brightness of the sun, and on all the earth and the mountains was no cloud seen; and they fought resting themselves at times, avoiding one another's shafts laden with groans, and standing far apart. But those in the middle suffered woes because of the darkness and the war, and were worn down with the pitiless bronze, all they who were chief men. But two men had not yet learned—the famous warriors Thrasymedes and Antilochus—that incomparable Patroclus was dead, but thought that, still alive, he was fighting with the Trojans in the forefront of the throng. And they, watching out for the death and rout of their comrades, were warring in a place apart, since so had Nestor charged them when he urged them to the battle from the black ships.

So then all day long raged the great strife of their cruel fray, and with the sweat of toil were the knees and legs and feet of each man beneath him ever ceaselessly spattered, and his arms and eyes, as the two armies fought about the noble attendant of the swift-footed grandson of Aeacus. And as a man gives to his people the hide of a great bull for stretching, all drenched in fat, and when they have taken it they stand in a circle and stretch it, and immediately its moisture goes out and the fat enters in at the tugging of many hands, and all the hide is stretched to the utmost,[1] so they on either side were trying to drag the corpse this way

[1] The hide was soaked in fat, and then stretched, with the idea, apparently, that the stretching would force the natural moisture (ἰκμάς) out of the pores, and make it easy for the fat to enter in. M.

εἷλκεον ἀμφότεροι· μάλα δέ σφισιν ἔλπετο θυμός,
Τρωσὶν μὲν ἐρύειν προτὶ Ἴλιον, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοῖς
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· περὶ δ᾽ αὐτοῦ μῶλος ὀρώρει
ἄγριος· οὐδέ κ᾽ Ἄρης λαοσσόος οὐδέ κ᾽ Ἀθήνη
τόν γε ἰδοῦσ᾽ ὀνόσαιτ᾽, οὐδ᾽ εἰ μάλα μιν χόλος ἵκοι.
Τοῖον Ζεὺς ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ ἀνδρῶν τε καὶ ἵππων
ἤματι τῷ ἐτάνυσσε κακὸν πόνον. οὐδ᾽ ἄρα πώ τι
ᾔδεε Πάτροκλον τεθνηότα δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
πολλὸν γάρ ῥ᾽ ἀπάνευθε νεῶν μάρναντο θοάων,
τείχει ὕπο Τρώων· τό μιν οὔ ποτε ἔλπετο θυμῷ[18]
τεθνάμεν, ἀλλὰ ζωὸν ἐνιχριμφθέντα πύλῃσιν
ἂψ ἀπονοστήσειν, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ τὸ ἔλπετο πάμπαν,
ἐκπέρσειν πτολίεθρον ἄνευ ἕθεν, οὐδὲ σὺν αὐτῷ·
πολλάκι γὰρ τό γε μητρὸς ἐπεύθετο νόσφιν ἀκούων,
ἥ οἱ ἀπαγγέλλεσκε Διὸς μεγάλοιο νόημα.
δὴ τότε γ᾽ οὔ οἱ ἔειπε κακὸν τόσον ὅσσον ἐτύχθη
μήτηρ, ὅττι ῥά οἱ πολὺ φίλτατος ὤλεθ᾽ ἑταῖρος.
Οἱ δ᾽ αἰεὶ περὶ νεκρὸν ἀκαχμένα δούρατ᾽ ἔχοντες
νωλεμὲς ἐγχρίμπτοντο καὶ ἀλλήλους ἐνάριζον.
ὧδε δέ τις εἴπεσκεν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων·
"ὦ φίλοι, οὐ μὰν ἧμιν ἐυκλεὲς ἀπονέεσθαι
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς, ἀλλ᾽ αὐτοῦ γαῖα μέλαινα
πᾶσι χάνοι· τό κεν ἧμιν ἄφαρ πολὺ κέρδιον εἴη,
εἰ τοῦτον Τρώεσσι μεθήσομεν ἱπποδάμοισιν
ἄστυ πότι σφέτερον ἐρύσαι καὶ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι."
Ὣς δέ τις αὖ Τρώων μεγαθύμων αὐδήσασκεν·[19]

[18] Lines 404–425 were omitted by Zenodotus.

and that in a small space; and their hearts within them were full of hope, the Trojans that they might drag him to Ilios, but the Achaeans to the hollow ships; and around him wild battle arose, nor could even Ares, rouser of armies, nor Athene at sight of that strife have made light of it, though their anger were exceeding great.

Such was the evil toil of men and horses that Zeus on that day drew taut over Patroclus. Nor as yet did noble Achilles know anything of Patroclus' death, for far from the swift ships were they fighting beneath the wall of the Trojans. So Achilles never expected in his heart that he was dead, but that he would return alive after he had reached the gates; nor yet did he expect this at all, that Patroclus would try to sack the city without him, nor with him, for often he had heard this from his mother, hearing her apart from others when she brought him tidings of the purpose of great Zeus. But then his mother did not tell him the great evil that had come to pass, that his comrade, far the dearest, had been slain.

But the others round about the corpse with sharp spears in their hands ever pressed on continually, and were slaying one another. And thus would one of the bronze-clad Achaeans say: "Friends, surely no fair fame would it be for us to return to the hollow ships; but right here let the black earth gape open for us all. That would be for us immediately far better, if we are to yield this man to the Trojans, tamers of horses, to drag to their city and win glory."

And thus in like manner would one of the great-hearted

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[19] Line 420 was rejected by Aristarchus.

"ὦ φίλοι, εἰ καὶ μοῖρα παρ' ἀνέρι τῷδε δαμῆναι
πάντας ὁμῶς, μή πώ τις ἐρωείτω πολέμοιο."
Ὣς ἄρα τις εἴπεσκε, μένος δ' ὄρσασκεν ἑκάστου.
ὣς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο, σιδήρειος δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς
χάλκεον οὐρανὸν ἷκε δι' αἰθέρος ἀτρυγέτοιο·
ἵπποι δ' Αἰακίδαο μάχης ἀπάνευθεν ἐόντες
κλαῖον, ἐπεὶ δὴ πρῶτα πυθέσθην ἡνιόχοιο
ἐν κονίῃσι πεσόντος ὑφ' Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο.
ἦ μὰν Αὐτομέδων, Διώρεος ἄλκιμος υἱός,
πολλὰ μὲν ἂρ μάστιγι θοῇ ἐπεμαίετο θείνων,
πολλὰ δὲ μειλιχίοισι προσηύδα, πολλὰ δ' ἀρειῇ·
τὼ δ' οὔτ' ἂψ ἐπὶ νῆας ἐπὶ πλατὺν Ἑλλήσποντον
ἠθελέτην ἰέναι οὔτ' ἐς πόλεμον μετ' Ἀχαιούς,
ἀλλ' ὥς τε στήλη μένει ἔμπεδον, ἥ τ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
ἀνέρος ἑστήκῃ τεθνηότος ἠὲ γυναικός,
ὣς μένον ἀσφαλέως περικαλλέα δίφρον ἔχοντες,
οὔδει ἐνισκίμψαντε καρήατα· δάκρυα δέ σφι
θερμὰ κατὰ βλεφάρων χαμάδις ῥέε μυρομένοισιν
ἡνιόχοιο πόθῳ· θαλερὴ δ' ἐμιαίνετο χαίτη
ζεύγλης ἐξεριποῦσα παρὰ ζυγὸν ἀμφοτέρωθεν.
μυρομένω δ' ἄρα τώ γε ἰδὼν ἐλέησε Κρονίων,
κινήσας δὲ κάρη προτὶ ὃν μυθήσατο θυμόν·
"ἆ δειλώ, τί σφωι δόμεν Πηλῆι ἄνακτι
θνητῷ, ὑμεῖς δ' ἐστὸν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε;
ἦ ἵνα δυστήνοισι μετ' ἀνδράσιν ἄλγε' ἔχητον;
οὐ μὲν γάρ τί πού ἐστιν ὀιζυρώτερον ἀνδρὸς
πάντων ὅσσα τε γαῖαν ἔπι πνείει τε καὶ ἕρπει.
ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν ὑμῖν γε καὶ ἅρμασι δαιδαλέοισιν

Trojans speak: "Friends, though it be our fate all together to be slain beside this man, let no one yet draw backward from the fight."

Thus would one speak and rouse the might of each man. So they fought on, and the iron din went up through the unresting air to the brazen heaven. But the horses of the grandson of Aeacus being apart from the battle were weeping, when first they learned that their charioteer had fallen in the dust at the hands of man-slaying Hector. Indeed Automedon, valiant son of Diores, often plied them with blows of the swift whip, and often with gentle words addressed them, and often with threats; yet neither back to the ships to the broad Hellespont were the two minded to go, nor yet into the battle among the Achaeans. But as a pillar remains firm that stands on the tomb of a dead man or woman, so they remained immovably holding the beautiful chariot, bowing their heads down to the earth. And hot tears ever flowed from their eyes to the ground, as they wept in longing for their charioteer, and their rich manes were befouled, streaming from beneath the yoke pad beside the yoke from both sides. And as they mourned, the son of Cronos saw them and pitied them, and he shook his head, and spoke to his own heart: "Ah unhappy pair, why did we give you to king Peleus, a mortal, while you are ageless and immortal? Was it so that among wretched men you should have sorrows? For truly there is nothing, I think, more miserable than man among all things that breathe and move on earth. But surely not on you and your elabo-

Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης ἐποχήσεται· οὐ γὰρ ἐάσω.
ἦ οὐχ ἅλις ὡς καὶ τεύχε᾽ ἔχει καὶ ἐπεύχεται αὔτως;
σφῶιν δ᾽ ἐν γούνεσσι βαλῶ μένος ἠδ᾽ ἐνὶ θυμῷ,
ὄφρα καὶ Αὐτομέδοντα σαώσετον ἐκ πολέμοιο
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· ἔτι γάρ σφισι κῦδος ὀρέξω,
κτείνειν, εἰς ὅ κε νῆας ἐυσσέλμους ἀφίκωνται
δύῃ τ᾽ ἠέλιος καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἱερὸν ἔλθῃ."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἵπποισιν ἐνέπνευσεν μένος ἠύ.[20]
τὼ δ᾽ ἀπὸ χαιτάων κονίην οὖδάσδε βαλόντε
ῥίμφα φέρον θοὸν ἅρμα μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιούς.
τοῖσι δ᾽ ἐπ᾽ Αὐτομέδων μάχετ᾽ ἀχνύμενός περ ἑταίρου,
ἵπποις ἀίσσων ὥς τ᾽ αἰγυπιὸς μετὰ χῆνας·
ῥέα μὲν γὰρ φεύγεσκεν ὑπὲκ Τρώων ὀρυμαγδοῦ,
ῥεῖα δ᾽ ἐπαΐξασκε πολὺν καθ᾽ ὅμιλον ὀπάζων.
ἀλλ᾽ οὐχ ᾕρει φῶτας, ὅτε σεύαιτο διώκειν·
οὐ γάρ πως ἦν οἶον ἐόνθ᾽ ἱερῷ ἐνὶ δίφρῳ
ἔγχει ἐφορμᾶσθαι καὶ ἐπίσχειν ὠκέας ἵππους.
ὀψὲ δὲ δή μιν ἑταῖρος ἀνὴρ ἴδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
Ἀλκιμέδων, υἱὸς Λαέρκεος Αἱμονίδαο·
στῆ δ᾽ ὄπιθεν δίφροιο, καὶ Αὐτομέδοντα προσηύδα·
"Αὐτόμεδον, τίς τοί νυ θεῶν νηκερδέα βουλὴν
ἐν στήθεσσιν ἔθηκε, καὶ ἐξέλετο φρένας ἐσθλάς;
οἶον πρὸς Τρῶας μάχεαι πρώτῳ ἐν ὁμίλῳ
μοῦνος· ἀτάρ τοι ἑταῖρος ἀπέκτατο, τεύχεα δ᾽ Ἕκτωρ
αὐτὸς ἔχων ὤμοισιν ἀγάλλεται Αἰακίδαο."

[20] ἐνέπνευσεν μένος ἠύ: μένος πολυθαρσὲς ἐνῆκεν Zenodotus, who also added the line,

αὐτὸς δ᾽ Οὔλυμπόνδε μετ᾽ ἀθανάτοισι βεβήκει.

rate chariot will Hector, Priam's son, mount; that I will not allow. Is it not enough that he has the armor and boasts about it vainly? In your knees and in your heart I will put might so that you may bring Automedon also safe out of the war to the hollow ships; for still I shall grant glory to the Trojans, to slay and slay, until they come to the well-benched ships, and the sun sets and holy darkness comes on."

So saying he breathed great might into the horses. And they shook the dust from their manes to the ground, and lightly bore the swift chariot among the Trojans and Achaeans. And behind them fought Automedon, though he sorrowed for his comrade, swooping with his chariot like a vulture on a flock of geese, for easily would he flee out of the battle din of the Trojans, and easily charge, setting on them through the great throng. But no man could he slay as he hurried to pursue them, for in no way was it possible for him alone in the holy chariot[2] to attack them with the spear and to hold the swift horses. But at last a comrade spied him with his eyes, Alcimedon, son of Laerces, son of Haemon, and he stood behind the chariot and spoke to Automedon: "Automedon, what god has put in your breast unprofitable counsel and taken from you your good sense, that in this way in the foremost throng you fight with the Trojans, alone as you are? For your comrade has been slain, and his armor Hector himself wears on his shoulders, the armor of the grandson of Aeacus, and glories in it."

[2] The chariot is "sacred" possibly as being drawn by immortal horses. M.

Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Αὐτομέδων προσέφη, Διώρεος υἱός·
"Ἀλκίμεδον, τίς γάρ τοι Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλος ὁμοῖος
ἵππων ἀθανάτων ἐχέμεν δμῆσίν τε μένος τε,
εἰ μὴ Πάτροκλος, θεόφιν μήστωρ ἀτάλαντος,
ζωὸς ἐών; νῦν αὖ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κιχάνει.[21]
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία σιγαλόεντα
δέξαι, ἐγὼ δ' ἵππων ἀποβήσομαι, ὄφρα μάχωμαι."
Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀλκιμέδων δὲ βοηθόον ἅρμ' ἐπορούσας
καρπαλίμως μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία λάζετο χερσίν·
Αὐτομέδων δ' ἀπόρουσε. νόησε δὲ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ,
αὐτίκα δ' Αἰνείαν προσεφώνεεν ἐγγὺς ἐόντα·
"Αἰνεία, Τρώων βουληφόρε χαλκοχιτώνων,
ἵππω τώδ' ἐνόησα ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο
ἐς πόλεμον προφανέντε σὺν ἡνιόχοισι κακοῖσι·
τώ κεν ἐελποίμην αἱρησέμεν, εἰ σύ γε θυμῷ
σῷ ἐθέλεις, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἂν ἐφορμηθέντε γε νῶι
τλαῖεν ἐναντίβιον στάντες μαχέσασθαι Ἄρηι."
Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησεν ἐὺς πάις Ἀγχίσαο.
τὼ δ' ἰθὺς βήτην βοέῃς εἰλυμένω ὤμους
αὔῃσι στερεῇσι· πολὺς δ' ἐπελήλατο χαλκός.
τοῖσι δ' ἅμα Χρομίος τε καὶ Ἄρητος θεοειδὴς
ἤισαν ἀμφότεροι· μάλα δέ σφισιν ἔλπετο θυμὸς
αὐτώ τε κτενέειν ἐλάαν τ' ἐριαύχενας ἵππους·
νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔμελλον ἀναιμωτί γε νέεσθαι
αὖτις ἀπ' Αὐτομέδοντος. ὁ δ' εὐξάμενος Διὶ πατρὶ
ἀλκῆς καὶ σθένεος πλῆτο φρένας ἀμφὶ μελαίνας·
αὐτίκα δ' Ἀλκιμέδοντα προσηύδα, πιστὸν ἑταῖρον·

To him then made answer Automedon, son of Diores: "Alcimedon, what other man of the Achaeans is equal to curb and guide the might of immortal steeds, save only Patroclus, the peer of the gods in counsel, while he still lived? But now death and fate have come upon him. But you take the whip and the shining reins, and I will dismount to fight."

So he spoke, and Alcimedon leapt on the chariot that was swift in battle, and quickly grasped in his hands the whip and reins; and Automedon leapt down. And glorious Hector noticed them, and immediately spoke to Aeneas, who was near: "Aeneas, counselor of the bronze-clad Trojans, I perceive here the horses of the swift-footed grandson of Aeacus appearing in the battle with weakling charioteers. These two I might hope to take, if you in your heart are minded, since the two of them would not await the two of us coming at them, and stand to contend with us in battle."

So he spoke, and the mighty son of Anchises failed not to obey. And the two went straight forward, their shoulders clad with shields of bull's hide, dry and tough, and much bronze had been welded on them. And with them went Chromius, and godlike Aretus both, and their hearts within them were full of hope to slay the two men and drive off the horses with high-arched necks—fools that they were! For not without shedding of blood would they get away from Automedon. He made prayer to father Zeus, and his dark heart within him was filled with valor and strength; and immediately he spoke to Alcimedon, his

21 κιχάνει: κάλυψεν.

"Ἀλκίμεδον, μὴ δή μοι ἀπόπροθεν ἰσχέμεν ἵππους,
ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐμπνείοντε μεταφρένῳ· οὐ γὰρ ἐγώ γε
Ἕκτορα Πριαμίδην μένεος σχήσεσθαι ὀίω,
πρίν γ' ἐπ' Ἀχιλλῆος καλλίτριχε βήμεναι ἵππω
νῶι κατακτείναντα, φοβῆσαί τε στίχας ἀνδρῶν
Ἀργείων, ἤ κ' αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισιν ἁλοίη."
 Ὣς εἰπὼν Αἴαντε καλέσσατο καὶ Μενέλαον·
"Αἴαντ', Ἀργείων ἡγήτορε, καὶ Μενέλαε,
ἦ τοι μὲν τὸν νεκρὸν ἐπιτράπεθ' οἵ περ ἄριστοι,
ἀμφ' αὐτῷ βεβάμεν καὶ ἀμύνεσθαι στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
νῶιν δὲ ζωοῖσιν ἀμύνετε νηλεὲς ἦμαρ·
τῇδε γὰρ ἔβρισαν πόλεμον κάτα δακρυόεντα
Ἕκτωρ Αἰνείας θ', οἳ Τρώων εἰσὶν ἄριστοι.
ἀλλ' ἦ τοι μὲν ταῦτα θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται·
ἥσω γὰρ καὶ ἐγώ, τὰ δέ κεν Διὶ πάντα μελήσει."
 Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
καὶ βάλεν Ἀρήτοιο κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐίσην·
ἡ δ' οὐκ ἔγχος ἔρυτο, διαπρὸ δὲ εἴσατο χαλκός,[22]
νειαίρῃ δ' ἐν γαστρὶ διὰ ζωστῆρος ἔλασσεν.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ὀξὺν ἔχων πέλεκυν αἰζήιος ἀνήρ,
κόψας ἐξόπιθεν κεράων βοὸς ἀγραύλοιο,
ἶνα τάμῃ διὰ πᾶσαν, ὁ δὲ προθορὼν ἐρίπῃσιν,
ὣς ἄρ' ὅ γε προθορὼν πέσεν ὕπτιος· ἐν δέ οἱ ἔγχος
νηδυίοισι μάλ' ὀξὺ κραδαινόμενον λύε γυῖα.
Ἕκτωρ δ' Αὐτομέδοντος ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ·
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο χάλκεον ἔγχος·
πρόσσω γὰρ κατέκυψε, τὸ δ' ἐξόπιθεν δόρυ μακρὸν
οὔδει ἐνισκίμφθη, ἐπὶ δ' οὐρίαχος πελεμίχθη

trusty comrade: "Alcimedon, not far from me hold the horses, but let their breath strike on my very back; for I surely think that Hector, son of Priam, will not be stayed from his might until he mounts behind the fair-maned horses of Achilles, having slain the two of us, and drives in rout the ranks of the Argive warriors—or he might himself be slain among the foremost."

So he spoke, and called to the two Aiantes and Menelaus: "Aiantes, leaders of the Argives, and you, Menelaus, leave the corpse in charge of those who are bravest to stand about it and to ward off the ranks of men; but from the two of us who still live ward off the pitiless day of doom, for here are pressing hard in tearful war Hector and Aeneas, the best men of the Trojans. But these things surely lie on the knees of the gods: I too will cast, and the issue will rest with Zeus."

He spoke, and poised his far-shadowing spear and hurled it, and struck the shield of Aretus that was well-balanced on every side, and this stayed not the spear, but it passed clean through the bronze, and into the lower belly he drove it through the belt. And as a strong man with sharp axe in hand strikes behind the horns of an ox of the fields and cuts clean through the sinew, and the ox leaps forward and falls, so Aretus leapt forward and fell on his back, and the spear, exceeding sharp, lodged quivering in his entrails and loosed his limbs. But Hector cast at Automedon with his bright spear, but he, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze, for he stooped forward, and the long spear fixed itself in the ground behind

22 χαλκός: καὶ τῆς.

ἔγχεος· ἔνθα δ᾽ ἔπειτ᾽ ἀφίει μένος ὄβριμος Ἄρης.
καί νύ κε δὴ ξιφέεσσ᾽ αὐτοσχεδὸν ὁρμηθήτην
εἰ μή σφω᾽ Αἴαντε διέκριναν μεμαῶτε,
οἵ ῥ᾽ ἦλθον καθ᾽ ὅμιλον ἑταίρου κικλήσκοντος·
τοὺς ὑποταρβήσαντες ἐχώρησαν πάλιν αὖτις
Ἕκτωρ Αἰνείας τ᾽ ἠδὲ Χρομίος θεοειδής,
Ἄρητον δὲ κατ᾽ αὖθι λίπον δεδαϊγμένον ἦτορ,
κείμενον· Αὐτομέδων δὲ θοῷ ἀτάλαντος Ἄρηι
τεύχεά τ᾽ ἐξενάριξε καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·
"ἦ δὴ μὰν ὀλίγον γε Μενοιτιάδαο θανόντος
κῆρ ἄχεος μεθέηκα χερείονά περ καταπεφνών."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐς δίφρον ἑλὼν ἔναρα βροτόεντα
θῆκ᾽, ἂν δ᾽ αὐτὸς ἔβαινε πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὕπερθεν
αἱματόεις ὥς τίς τε λέων κατὰ ταῦρον ἐδηδώς.
Ἂψ δ᾽ ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ τέτατο κρατερὴ ὑσμίνη
ἀργαλέη πολύδακρυς, ἔγειρε δὲ νεῖκος Ἀθήνη
οὐρανόθεν καταβᾶσα· προῆκε γὰρ εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς[23]
ὀρνύμεναι Δαναούς· δὴ γὰρ νόος ἐτράπετ᾽ αὐτοῦ.
ἠύτε πορφυρέην ἶριν θνητοῖσι τανύσσῃ
Ζεὺς ἐξ οὐρανόθεν, τέρας ἔμμεναι ἢ πολέμοιο,
ἢ καὶ χειμῶνος δυσθαλπέος, ὅς ῥά τε ἔργων
ἀνθρώπους ἀνέπαυσεν ἐπὶ χθονί, μῆλα δὲ κήδει,
ὣς ἡ πορφυρέῃ νεφέλῃ πυκάσασα ἓ αὐτὴν
δύσετ᾽ Ἀχαιῶν ἔθνος, ἔγειρε δὲ φῶτα ἕκαστον.
πρῶτον δ᾽ Ἀτρέος υἱὸν ἐποτρύνουσα προσηύδα,
ἴφθιμον Μενέλαον, ὃ γάρ ῥά οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἦεν,
εἰσαμένη Φοίνικι δέμας καὶ ἀτειρέα φωνήν·
"σοὶ μὲν δή, Μενέλαε, κατηφείη καὶ ὄνειδος

him, and the butt of the spear quivered; but there at length did mighty Ares stay its fury. And now they would have thrust with their swords in close fight if the two Aiantes had not parted them in their fury, for they came through the throng at the call of their comrade, and seized with fear of them Hector and Aeneas and godlike Chromius gave ground again and left Aretus lying there stricken to the death. And Automedon, the peer of swift Ares, stripped him of his armor, and exulted, saying: "Surely, though only a little, have I eased my heart for the death of Menoetius' son, though it is but a lesser man that I have slain."

So saying, he took up the blood-stained armor, and set it in the chariot, and himself mounted on it, his feet and his hands above bloody, like a lion that has devoured a bull.

Then again over Patroclus was stretched taut the mighty combat, painful and fraught with tears, and Athene roused the strife, having come down from heaven; for Zeus, whose voice resounds afar, had sent her to urge on the Danaans, for his mind had been turned. As Zeus stretches for mortals a dark-shimmering rainbow out of heaven to be a portent either of war or of chill storm that makes men cease from their work on the face of the earth, and troubles the flocks, so Athene, wrapping herself in a dark-shimmering cloud, entered the throng of the Danaans, and roused each man. To encourage him, she spoke first to Atreus' son, mighty Menelaus, for he was near her, likening herself to Phoenix, in form and untiring voice: "For you, surely, Menelaus, will it be a rebuke and a

[23] Line 545 was rejected by Zenodotus.

ἔσσεται, εἴ κ᾽ Ἀχιλῆος ἀγαυοῦ πιστὸν ἑταῖρον
τείχει ὕπο Τρώων ταχέες κύνες ἑλκήσουσιν.
ἀλλ᾽ ἔχεο κρατερῶς, ὄτρυνε δὲ λαὸν ἅπαντα."
Τὴν δ᾽ αὖτε προσέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·
"Φοῖνιξ, ἄττα γεραιὲ παλαιγενές, εἰ γὰρ Ἀθήνη
δοίη κάρτος ἐμοί, βελέων δ᾽ ἀπερύκοι ἐρωήν.
τῶ κεν ἐγώ γ᾽ ἐθέλοιμι παρεστάμεναι καὶ ἀμύνειν
Πατρόκλῳ· μάλα γάρ με θανὼν ἐσεμάσσατο θυμόν.
ἀλλ᾽ Ἕκτωρ πυρὸς αἰνὸν ἔχει μένος, οὐδ᾽ ἀπολήγει
χαλκῷ δηιόων· τῷ γὰρ Ζεὺς κῦδος ὀπάζει."
Ὣς φάτο, γήθησεν δὲ θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
ὅττι ῥά οἱ πάμπρωτα θεῶν ἠρήσατο πάντων.
ἐν δὲ βίην ὤμοισι καὶ ἐν γούνεσσιν ἔθηκε,
καί οἱ μυίης θάρσος ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐνῆκεν,
ἥ τε καὶ ἐργομένη μάλα περ χροὸς ἀνδρομέοιο
ἰσχανάᾳ δακέειν, λαρόν τέ οἱ αἷμ᾽ ἀνθρώπου·
τοίου μιν θάρσευς πλῆσε φρένας ἀμφὶ μελαίνας,
βῆ δ᾽ ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ, καὶ ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ.
ἔσκε δ᾽ ἐνὶ Τρώεσσι Ποδῆς, υἱὸς Ἠετίωνος,
ἀφνειός τ᾽ ἀγαθός τε· μάλιστα δέ μιν τίεν Ἕκτωρ
δήμου, ἐπεί οἱ ἑταῖρος ἔην φίλος εἰλαπιναστής.
τόν ῥα κατὰ ζωστῆρα βάλε ξανθὸς Μενέλαος
ἀΐξαντα φόβονδε, διαπρὸ δὲ χαλκὸν ἔλασσε·
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών· ἀτὰρ Ἀτρεΐδης Μενέλαος
νεκρὸν ὑπὲκ Τρώων ἔρυσεν μετὰ ἔθνος ἑταίρων.
Ἕκτορα δ᾽ ἐγγύθεν ἱστάμενος ὤτρυνεν Ἀπόλλων,[24]
Φαίνοπι Ἀσιάδῃ ἐναλίγκιος, ὅς οἱ ἁπάντων

cause of shame, if the trusty comrade of lordly Achilles is torn by swift dogs beneath the wall of the Trojans. But hold your ground and urge on all the men."

Then Menelaus, good at the war cry, answered her: "Phoenix, old sire, my father of ancient days, would that Athene would give me strength and keep from me the onrush of missiles. So should I be minded to stand by Patroclus' side and protect him; for his death has touched me to the heart. But Hector has the dread fury of fire, and does not cease to make havoc with the bronze; for it is to him that Zeus grants glory."

So he spoke, and the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, rejoiced, since to her first of all the gods he made his prayer. And she put strength into his shoulders and his knees, and in his breast set the daring of the fly that, though it be driven away often from the skin of a man, ever persists in biting, and sweet to it is the blood of man; with such daring she filled his dark heart within him, and he stood over Patroclus and hurled with his bright spear. There was among the Trojans one Podes, Eëtion's son, a rich man and good, and Hector honored him above all the people, since he was his comrade, a welcome companion at the feast. Him tawny-haired Menelaus struck on the belt with a spear cast as he started to flee, and drove the bronze clean through; and he fell with a thud. But Menelaus, son of Atreus, dragged the dead body from among the Trojans into the throng of his comrades.

Then Apollo came up to Hector and urged him on, in the likeness of Asius' son Phaenops, who of all his guest-

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[24] Line 582 was given by Zenodotus in the form:
Ἕκτορα δὲ φρένα δῖος Ἄρης ὄτρυνε μετελθών

ξείνων φίλτατος ἔσκεν, Ἀβυδόθι οἰκία ναίων·
τῷ μιν ἐεισάμενος προσέφη ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·[25]
"Ἕκτορ, τίς κέ σ' ἔτ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν ταρβήσειεν;
οἷον δὴ Μενέλαον ὑπέτρεσας, ὃς τὸ πάρος γε
μαλθακὸς αἰχμητής· νῦν δ' οἴχεται οἶος ἀείρας
νεκρὸν ὑπὲκ Τρώων, σὸν δ' ἔκτανε πιστὸν ἑταῖρον,
ἐσθλὸν ἐνὶ προμάχοισι, Ποδῆν, υἱὸν Ἠετίωνος."
Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ' ἄχεος νεφέλη ἐκάλυψε μέλαινα,
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ.
καὶ τότ' ἄρα Κρονίδης ἕλετ' αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν
μαρμαρέην, Ἴδην δὲ κατὰ νεφέεσσι κάλυψεν,
ἀστράψας δὲ μάλα μεγάλ' ἔκτυπε, τὴν[26] δ' ἐτίναξε,
νίκην δὲ Τρώεσσι δίδου, ἐφόβησε δ' Ἀχαιούς.
Πρῶτος Πηνέλεως Βοιώτιος ἦρχε φόβοιο.
βλῆτο γὰρ ὦμον δουρὶ πρόσω τετραμμένος αἰεὶ
ἄκρον ἐπιλίγδην· γράψεν δέ οἱ ὀστέον ἄχρις
αἰχμὴ Πουλυδάμαντος· ὁ γάρ ῥ' ἔβαλε σχεδὸν ἐλθών.
Λήιτον αὖθ' Ἕκτωρ σχεδὸν οὔτασε χεῖρ' ἐπὶ καρπῷ,
υἱὸν Ἀλεκτρυόνος μεγαθύμου, παῦσε δὲ χάρμης·
τρέσσε δὲ παπτήνας, ἐπεὶ οὐκέτι ἔλπετο θυμῷ
ἔγχος ἔχων ἐν χειρὶ μαχήσεσθαι Τρώεσσιν.
Ἕκτορα δ' Ἰδομενεὺς μετὰ Λήιτον ὁρμηθέντα
βεβλήκει θώρηκα κατὰ στῆθος παρὰ μαζόν·
ἐν καυλῷ δ' ἐάγη δολιχὸν δόρυ, τοὶ δὲ βόησαν
Τρῶες. ὁ δ' Ἰδομενῆος ἀκόντισε Δευκαλίδαο
δίφρῳ ἐφεσταότος· τοῦ μέν ῥ' ἀπὸ τυτθὸν ἄμαρτεν·

[25] Line 585 is omitted in the best MSS.

friends was dearest to him, and had his house at Abydus. In his likeness Apollo who works from afar spoke to Hector: "Hector, what other man of the Achaeans will terrify you now, since you have fled before Menelaus, who in the past was a weakling warrior? Now with no one to aid him he has taken the dead out of the ranks of the Trojans and is gone—and he has slain your trusty comrade, a good man among the foremost fighters, Podes, son of Eëtion."

So he spoke, and a black cloud of grief enfolded Hector, and he went among the foremost fighters, armored in ruddy bronze. And then the son of Cronos took his tasselled aegis, all gleaming bright, and enfolded Ida with clouds, and lightened and thundered mightily, and shook the aegis, giving victory to the Trojans, but the Achaeans he drove in rout.

First to begin the rout was Peneleos the Boeotian. For as he stood ever facing the foe he was struck on the top of the shoulder with a spear, a glancing blow, but the spear point of Polydamas cut clean to the bone, for he it was who cast at him from near at hand. And Leïtus again, the son of great-hearted Alectryon, did Hector wound in close fight, on the hand at the wrist, and made him cease from the fight; and with an anxious glance about him he shrank back, since he no longer had hope that spear in hand he would do battle with the Trojans. And as Hector pursued Leïtus, Idomeneus struck him on the corselet, on the chest beside the nipple; but the long spear shaft was broken in the socket, and the Trojans shouted aloud. And Hector cast at Idomeneus, Deucalion's son, as he stood on his chariot,

26 τὴν: γῆν Zenodotus.

αὐτὰρ ὁ Μηριόναο ὀπάονά θ' ἡνίοχόν τε,
Κοίρανον, ὅς ῥ' ἐκ Λύκτου ἐυκτιμένης ἕπετ' αὐτῷ—
πεζὸς γὰρ τὰ πρῶτα λιπὼν νέας ἀμφιελίσσας
ἤλυθε, καί κε Τρωσὶ μέγα κράτος ἐγγυάλιξεν,
εἰ μὴ Κοίρανος ὦκα ποδώκεας ἤλασεν ἵππους·
καὶ τῷ μὲν φάος ἦλθεν, ἄμυνε δὲ νηλεὲς ἦμαρ,
αὐτὸς δ' ὤλεσε θυμὸν ὑφ' Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο—
τὸν βάλ' ὑπὸ γναθμοῖο καὶ οὔατος, ἐκ δ' ἄρ' ὀδόντας
ὦσε δόρυ πρυμνόν, διὰ δὲ γλῶσσαν τάμε μέσσην.
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων, κατὰ δ' ἡνία χεῦεν ἔραζε.
καὶ τά γε Μηριόνης ἔλαβεν χείρεσσι φίλῃσι
κύψας ἐκ πεδίοιο, καὶ Ἰδομενῆα προσηύδα·
"μάστιε νῦν, ἧός κε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἵκηαι.
γιγνώσκεις δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς ὅ τ' οὐκέτι κάρτος Ἀχαιῶν."
Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἰδομενεὺς δ' ἵμασεν καλλίτριχας ἵππους
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· δὴ γὰρ δέος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ.
Οὐδ' ἔλαθ' Αἴαντα μεγαλήτορα καὶ Μενέλαον
Ζεύς, ὅτε δὴ Τρώεσσι δίδου ἑτεραλκέα νίκην.
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
"ὢ πόποι, ἤδη μέν κε καὶ ὃς μάλα νήπιός ἐστι
γνοίη ὅτι Τρώεσσι πατὴρ Ζεὺς αὐτὸς ἀρήγει.
τῶν μὲν γὰρ πάντων βέλε' ἅπτεται, ὅς τις ἀφήῃ,
ἢ κακὸς ἢ ἀγαθός· Ζεὺς δ' ἔμπης πάντ' ἰθύνει·
ἡμῖν δ' αὔτως πᾶσιν ἐτώσια πίπτει ἔραζε.

[3] This rendering takes *πρυμνόν* as an adverb. To take it as an

and missed him by but little; but he struck Coeranus the comrade and charioteer of Meriones who followed him from well-built Lyctus—for on foot had Idomeneus come at the first from the curved ships, and would have yielded great victory to the Trojans, had not Coeranus speedily driven up the swift-footed horses. Thus to Idomeneus he came as a light of deliverance, and warded from him the pitiless day of doom, but he himself lost his life at the hands of man-slaying Hector—this Coeranus did Hector strike beneath the jaw under the ear, and the spear dashed out his teeth by the roots,[3] and cut through the middle of his tongue; and he fell from the chariot, and let fall the reins down on the ground. And Meriones stooped and gathered them in his own hands from the earth, and spoke to Idomeneus: "Ply now the whip until you come to the swift ships. You yourself realize that strength is no more with the Achaeans."

So he spoke, and Idomeneus lashed the fair-maned horses back to the hollow ships; for fear had fallen on his heart.

Nor did it escape great-hearted Aias and Menelaus that Zeus was giving the Trojans victory to turn the tide of battle; and of the two great Telamonian Aias was first to speak, saying: "Well! Now any man, no matter how foolish, may realize that father Zeus himself is aiding the Trojans. For the missiles of all of them strike home, whoever hurls them, whether brave man or coward: Zeus in any case guides them all straight; but for us the shafts of every man

adjective in agreement with δορύ and to render "the spear end" seems impossible, as the phrase would naturally mean "the butt end." M.

ἀλλ' ἄγετ' αὐτοί περ φραζώμεθα μῆτιν ἀρίστην,
ἠμὲν ὅπως τὸν νεκρὸν ἐρύσσομεν, ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
χάρμα φίλοις ἑτάροισι γενώμεθα νοστήσαντες,
οἵ που δεῦρ' ὁρόωντες ἀκηχέδατ', οὐδ' ἔτι φασὶν
Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀάπτους
σχήσεσθ', ἀλλ' ἐν νηυσὶ μελαίνῃσιν πεσέεσθαι.
εἴη δ' ὅς τις ἑταῖρος ἀπαγγείλειε τάχιστα
Πηλεΐδῃ, ἐπεὶ οὔ μιν ὀίομαι οὐδὲ πεπύσθαι
λυγρῆς ἀγγελίης, ὅτι οἱ φίλος ὤλεθ' ἑταῖρος.
ἀλλ' οὔ πῃ δύναμαι ἰδέειν τοιοῦτον Ἀχαιῶν·
ἠέρι γὰρ κατέχονται ὁμῶς αὐτοί τε καὶ ἵπποι.
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀλλὰ σὺ ῥῦσαι ὑπ' ἠέρος υἷας Ἀχαιῶν,
ποίησον δ' αἴθρην, δὸς δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι·
ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον, ἐπεί νύ τοι εὔαδεν οὕτως."
Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δὲ πατὴρ ὀλοφύρατο δάκρυ χέοντα·
αὐτίκα δ' ἠέρα μὲν σκέδασεν καὶ ἀπῶσεν ὀμίχλην,
ἠέλιος δ' ἐπέλαμψε, μάχη δ' ἐπὶ πᾶσα φαάνθη.
καὶ τότ' ἄρ' Αἴας εἶπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸν Μενέλαον·
"σκέπτεο νῦν, Μενέλαε διοτρεφές, αἴ κεν ἴδηαι
ζωὸν ἔτ' Ἀντίλοχον, μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱόν,
ὄτρυνον δ' Ἀχιλῆϊ δαΐφρονι θᾶσσον ἰόντα
εἰπεῖν ὅττι ῥά οἱ πολὺ φίλτατος ὤλεθ' ἑταῖρος."
Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος,
βῆ δ' ἰέναι ὥς τίς τε λέων ἀπὸ μεσσαύλοιο,
ὅς τ' ἐπεὶ ἄρ κε κάμῃσι κύνας τ' ἄνδρας τ' ἐρεθίζων,
οἵ τέ μιν οὐκ εἰῶσι βοῶν ἐκ πῖαρ ἑλέσθαι
πάννυχοι ἐγρήσσοντες· ὁ δὲ κρειῶν ἐρατίζων
ἰθύει, ἀλλ' οὔ τι πρήσσει· θαμέες γὰρ ἄκοντες

fall vainly to the ground. But come, let us of ourselves devise the counsel that is best, so that we may both drag away the corpse, and ourselves return home for the joy of our dear comrades, who I imagine are distressed as they look on, and say that the might and the invincible hands of man-slaying Hector will no longer be stayed, but will fall on the black ships. But I wish there were some comrade to bring word with all speed to the son of Peleus, for I think he has not even heard the woeful message that his dear comrade is slain. But nowhere can I see such a one among the Achaeans, for in darkness are they all shrouded, themselves and their horses. Father Zeus, protect from the darkness the sons of the Achaeans, and make clear sky, and grant us to see with our eyes. In the light even slay us, since such is your pleasure."

So he spoke, and the father had pity on him as he wept, and immediately scattered the darkness and drove away the mist, and the sun shone on them and all the battle was made plain to view. Then Aias spoke to Menelaus, good at the war cry: "Look now, Menelaus, nurtured by Zeus, in the hope that you may see Antilochus still alive, the son of great-hearted Nestor, and rouse him to go quickly to battle-minded Achilles, to tell him that far the dearest of his comrades has been slain."

So he spoke, and Menelaus, good at the war cry, failed not to obey, but set out to go like a lion from a farmstead when he grows weary with vexing the dogs and men that allow him not to seize the fattest of the herd, as they watch the whole night through; but he in his lust for flesh goes straight on, yet accomplishes nothing, for thick the missiles

ἀντίον ἀίσσουσι θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν,
καιόμεναί τε δεταί, τάς τε τρεῖ ἐσσύμενός περ·
ἠῶθεν δ' ἀπονόσφιν ἔβη τετιηότι θυμῷ·
ὣς ἀπὸ Πατρόκλοιο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος
ἤιε πόλλ' ἀέκων· περὶ γὰρ δίε μή μιν Ἀχαιοὶ
ἀργαλέου πρὸ φόβοιο ἕλωρ δηίοισι λίποιεν.
πολλὰ δὲ Μηριόνῃ τε καὶ Αἰάντεσσ' ἐπέτελλεν·
"Αἴαντ', Ἀργείων ἡγήτορε, Μηριόνη τε,
νῦν τις ἐνηείης Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο
μνησάσθω· πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐπίστατο μείλιχος εἶναι
ζωὸς ἐών· νῦν αὖ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κιχάνει."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος,
πάντοσε παπταίνων ὥς τ' αἰετός, ὅν ῥά τέ φασιν
ὀξύτατον δέρκεσθαι ὑπουρανίων πετεηνῶν,
ὅν τε καὶ ὑψόθ' ἐόντα πόδας ταχὺς οὐκ ἔλαθε πτὼξ
θάμνῳ ὑπ' ἀμφικόμῳ κατακείμενος, ἀλλά τ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ
ἔσσυτο, καί τέ μιν ὦκα λαβὼν ἐξείλετο θυμόν.
ὣς τότε σοί, Μενέλαε διοτρεφές, ὄσσε φαεινὼ
πάντοσε δινείσθην πολέων κατὰ ἔθνος ἑταίρων,
εἴ που Νέστορος υἱὸν ἔτι ζώοντα ἴδοιτο.
τὸν δὲ μάλ' αἶψ' ἐνόησε μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ πάσης
θαρσύνονθ' ἑτάρους καὶ ἐποτρύνοντα μάχεσθαι,
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱστάμενος προσέφη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος·
"Ἀντίλοχ', εἰ δ' ἄγε δεῦρο, διοτρεφές, ὄφρα πύθηαι
λυγρῆς ἀγγελίης, ἣ μὴ ὤφελλε γενέσθαι.
ἤδη μὲν σὲ καὶ αὐτὸν ὀίομαι εἰσορόωντα
γιγνώσκειν ὅτι πῆμα θεὸς Δαναοῖσι κυλίνδει,
νίκη δὲ Τρώων· πέφαται δ' ὤριστος Ἀχαιῶν,

fly to meet him, hurled by bold hands, and blazing torches, before which he quails, though he is very eager, and at dawn he goes away with sullen heart; so from Patroclus went away Menelaus, good at the war cry, much against his will; for exceedingly did he fear lest the Achaeans in painful rout should leave him to be a prey to the foe. And many a charge he laid on Meriones and the Aiantes, saying: "Aiantes, leaders of the Argives, and you, Meriones, now let each man remember the kindliness of poor Patroclus; for to all was he ever gentle while yet he lived, but now death and fate have come on him."

So saying, tawny-haired Menelaus went away, glancing warily on every side like an eagle, which, men say, has the keenest sight of all winged things under heaven, by whom, though he be on high, the swift-footed hare is not unseen as he crouches beneath a leafy bush, but the eagle swoops on him and swiftly seizes him, and takes away his life. So then, Menelaus, nurtured by Zeus, did your bright eyes range everywhere over the throng of your many comrades, in the hope that they might see Nestor's son still alive. Him he caught sight of very quickly on the left of the whole battle, encouraging his comrades and urging them on to fight. And drawing near tawny-haired Menelaus spoke to him, saying: "Antilochus, up, come here, nurtured by Zeus, so that you may learn woeful tidings, such as I wish had never been. By now, I suppose, you realize, for your eyes look on it, that a god is rolling ruin on the Danaans, and that victory is with the men of Troy. And slain is the best man of the

Πάτροκλος, μεγάλη δὲ ποθὴ Δαναοῖσι τέτυκται.
ἀλλὰ σύ γ' αἶψ' Ἀχιλῆι θέων ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
εἰπεῖν, αἴ κε τάχιστα νέκυν ἐπὶ νῆα σαώσῃ
γυμνόν· ἀτὰρ τά γε τεύχε' ἔχει κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ."
Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀντίλοχος δὲ κατέστυγε μῦθον ἀκού-
σας·
δὴν δέ μιν ἀμφασίη ἐπέων λάβε, τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε
δακρυόφι πλῆσθεν, θαλερὴ δέ οἱ ἔσχετο φωνή.
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὧς Μενελάου ἐφημοσύνης ἀμέλησε,
βῆ δὲ θέειν, τὰ δὲ τεύχε' ἀμύμονι δῶκεν ἑταίρῳ,
Λαοδόκῳ, ὅς οἱ σχεδὸν ἔστρεφε μώνυχας ἵππους.
Τὸν μὲν δάκρυ χέοντα πόδες φέρον ἐκ πολέμοιο,
Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλῆι κακὸν ἔπος ἀγγελέοντα.
οὐδ' ἄρα σοί, Μενέλαε διοτρεφές, ἤθελε θυμὸς
τειρομένοις ἑτάροισιν ἀμυνέμεν, ἔνθεν ἀπῆλθεν
Ἀντίλοχος, μεγάλη δὲ ποθὴ Πυλίοισιν ἐτύχθη·
ἀλλ' ὅ γε τοῖσιν μὲν Θρασυμήδεα δῖον ἀνῆκεν,
αὐτὸς δ' αὖτ' ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ ἥρωι βεβήκει,
στῆ δὲ παρ' Αἰάντεσσι θέων, εἶθαρ δὲ προσηύδα·
"κεῖνον μὲν δὴ νηυσὶν ἐπιπροέηκα θοῇσιν,
ἐλθεῖν εἰς Ἀχιλῆα πόδας ταχύν· οὐδέ μιν οἴω
νῦν ἰέναι μάλα περ κεχολωμένον Ἕκτορι δίῳ·
οὐ γάρ πως ἂν γυμνὸς ἐὼν Τρώεσσι μάχοιτο.
ἡμεῖς δ' αὐτοί περ φραζώμεθα μῆτιν ἀρίστην,
ἠμὲν ὅπως τὸν νεκρὸν ἐρύσσομεν, ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
Τρώων ἐξ ἐνοπῆς θάνατον καὶ κῆρα φύγωμεν."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
"πάντα κατ' αἶσαν ἔειπες, ἀγακλεὲς ὦ Μενέλαε·

Achaeans, Patroclus, and great longing for him has been fashioned for the Danaans. But quickly run to the ships of the Achaeans and bring word to Achilles, in the hope that he may immediately bring the corpse safe to his ship—the naked corpse; but his armor Hector of the flashing helmet holds."

So he spoke, and Antilochus was stricken with horror as he heard these words. Long was he speechless, and his eyes were filled with tears, and the flow of his voice was checked. Yet not even so did he neglect the charge of Menelaus, but set out to run, and gave his armor to his incomparable comrade Laodocus, who close beside him was wheeling his single-hoofed horses.

His feet then carried him, weeping, out of the battle to bring an evil tale to Peleus' son Achilles. Nor was your heart, Menelaus, nurtured by Zeus, minded to assist the hard-pressed comrades from whom Antilochus had gone away and great longing had been fashioned for the men of Pylos. But to them he sent noble Thrasymedes, and himself went again to stand over the warrior Patroclus; and he ran, and stood beside the Aiantes, and immediately said : "That man I have sent on to the swift ships, to go to Achilles, fleet of foot. But I think that Achilles will not come out, though he is very angry with noble Hector; for in no way would he fight against the Trojans unarmed as he is. But let us of ourselves devise the counsel that is best, so that we may both drag away the corpse, and ourselves escape death and fate among the battle din of the Trojans."

Then great Telamonian Aias answered him: "All this have you spoken rightly, most glorious Menelaus. You and

ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν καὶ Μηριόνης ὑποδύντε μάλ' ὦκα
νεκρὸν ἀείραντες φέρετ' ἐκ πόνου· αὐτὰρ ὄπισθε
νῶι μαχησόμεθα Τρωσίν τε καὶ Ἕκτορι δίῳ,
ἶσον θυμὸν ἔχοντες ὁμώνυμοι, οἳ τὸ πάρος περ
μίμνομεν ὀξὺν Ἄρηα παρ' ἀλλήλοισι μένοντες."
  Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα νεκρὸν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἀγκάζοντο
ὕψι μάλα μεγάλως· ἐπὶ δ' ἴαχε λαὸς ὄπισθε
Τρωικός, ὡς εἴδοντο νέκυν αἴροντας Ἀχαιούς.
ἴθυσαν δὲ κύνεσσιν ἐοικότες, οἵ τ' ἐπὶ κάπρῳ
βλημένῳ ἀίξωσι πρὸ κούρων θηρητήρων·
ἕως μὲν γάρ τε θέουσι διαρραῖσαι μεμαῶτες,
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἐν τοῖσιν ἑλίξεται ἀλκὶ πεποιθώς,
ἄψ τ' ἀνεχώρησαν διά τ' ἔτρεσαν ἄλλυδις ἄλλος·
ὣς Τρῶες ἦος μὲν ὁμιλαδὸν αἰὲν ἕποντο,
νύσσοντες ξίφεσίν τε καὶ ἔγχεσιν ἀμφιγύοισιν·
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' Αἴαντε μεταστρεφθέντε κατ' αὐτοὺς
σταίησαν, τῶν δὲ τράπετο χρώς, οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
πρόσσω ἀίξας περὶ νεκροῦ δηριάασθαι.
  Ὣς οἵ γ' ἐμμεμαῶτε νέκυν φέρον ἐκ πολέμοιο
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς· ἐπὶ δὲ πτόλεμος τέτατό σφιν
ἄγριος ἠύτε πῦρ, τό τ' ἐπεσσύμενον πόλιν ἀνδρῶν
ὄρμενον ἐξαίφνης φλεγέθει, μινύθουσι δὲ οἶκοι
ἐν σέλαϊ μεγάλῳ· τὸ δ' ἐπιβρέμει ἲς ἀνέμοιο.
ὣς μὲν τοῖς ἵππων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν αἰχμητάων
ἀζηχὴς ὀρυμαγδὸς ἐπήιεν ἐρχομένοισιν·
οἱ δ' ὥς θ' ἡμίονοι κρατερὸν μένος ἀμφιβαλόντες
ἕλκωσ' ἐξ ὄρεος κατὰ παιπαλόεσσαν ἀταρπὸν
ἢ δοκὸν ἠὲ δόρυ μέγα νήιον· ἐν δέ τε θυμὸς

Meriones be swift to stoop beneath the corpse, and raise him up, and carry him out of the toil of war; but behind you we two will do battle with the Trojans and noble Hector, one in heart as we are one in name, we who in the past have been used to stand firm in fierce battle, staying each by the other's side."

So he spoke, and they took in their arms the dead from the ground, and lifted him high with great effort; and at that the army of the Trojans behind them shouted aloud, when they saw the Achaeans lifting the corpse. And they charged straight on them like hounds that in front of hunting youths dart on a wounded wild boar; for a while they rush on him eager to destroy him utterly, but when he wheels among them, trusting in his might, then they give ground and scatter in flight, one here, one there; so the Trojans for a while ever pressed on in throngs, thrusting with swords and two-edged spears, but whenever the two Aiantes wheeled about and stood against them, then would their color change, and no man dared dart out and do battle for the dead.

Thus the two were hurrying to carry the corpse out of the battle to the hollow ships, and against them was strained a conflict fierce as fire that, rushing on a city of men with sudden onset, sets it aflame, and houses fall in the mighty glare, and the might of the wind drives it roaring on. So against them as they went came ever the ceaseless din of chariots and of spearmen. But as mules put forth on either side their great strength and drag from the mountain down a rugged path a beam perhaps, or a great ship's timber, and within them their hearts as they strive

τείρεθ' ὁμοῦ καμάτῳ τε καὶ ἱδρῷ σπευδόντεσσιν·
ὣς οἵ γ' ἐμμεμαῶτε νέκυν φέρον. αὐτὰρ ὄπισθεν
Αἴαντ' ἰσχανέτην, ὥς τε πρὼν ἰσχάνει ὕδωρ
ὑλήεις, πεδίοιο διαπρύσιον τετυχηκώς,
ὅς τε καὶ ἰφθίμων ποταμῶν ἀλεγεινὰ ῥέεθρα
ἴσχει, ἄφαρ δέ τε πᾶσι ῥόον πεδίονδε τίθησι
πλάζων· οὐδέ τί μιν σθένεϊ ῥηγνῦσι ῥέοντες.
ὣς αἰεὶ Αἴαντε μάχην ἀνέεργον ὀπίσσω
Τρώων· οἱ δ' ἅμ' ἕποντο, δύω δ' ἐν τοῖσι μάλιστα,
Αἰνείας τ' Ἀγχισιάδης καὶ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ.
τῶν δ' ὥς τε ψαρῶν νέφος ἔρχεται ἠὲ κολοιῶν,
οὖλον κεκλήγοντες, ὅτε προΐδωσιν ἰόντα
κίρκον, ὅ τε σμικρῇσι φόνον φέρει ὀρνίθεσσιν,
ὣς ἄρ' ὑπ' Αἰνείᾳ τε καὶ Ἕκτορι κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν
οὖλον κεκλήγοντες ἴσαν, λήθοντο δὲ χάρμης.
πολλὰ δὲ τεύχεα καλὰ πέσον περί τ' ἀμφί τε τάφρον
φευγόντων Δαναῶν· πολέμου δ' οὐ γίγνετ' ἐρωή.

are distressed with weariness and sweat, so they hurried to carry the corpse. And behind them the two Aiantes held back the foe, as a ridge holds back a flood—some wooded ridge that chances to lie all across a plain and that holds back even the harmful streams of mighty rivers, and immediately turns the current of them all to wander over the plain, nor does the might of their flood break through it—so the two Aiantes ever kept back the battle of the Trojans, but these ever followed after and two among them especially, Aeneas, Anchises' son, and glorious Hector. And as a cloud of starlings or daws flies, shrieking cries of destruction, when they see a falcon coming on them that brings death to small birds, so before Aeneas and Hector fled the youths of the Achaeans, shrieking cries of destruction, and forgot all fighting. And many fair pieces of armor fell around and about the trench as the Danaans fled; but there was no ceasing from war.

Σ

Ὣς οἱ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο,
Ἀντίλοχος δ' Ἀχιλῆι πόδας ταχὺς ἄγγελος ἦλθε.
τὸν δ' εὗρε προπάροιθε νεῶν ὀρθοκραιράων
τὰ φρονέοντ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἃ δὴ τετελεσμένα ἦεν·
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·
"ὤ μοι ἐγώ, τί τ' ἄρ' αὖτε κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ
νηυσὶν ἔπι κλονέονται ἀτυζόμενοι πεδίοιο;
μὴ δή μοι τελέσωσι θεοὶ κακὰ κήδεα θυμῷ,
ὥς ποτέ μοι μήτηρ διεπέφραδε, καί μοι ἔειπε
Μυρμιδόνων τὸν ἄριστον ἔτι ζώοντος ἐμεῖο[1]
χερσὶν ὕπο Τρώων λείψειν φάος ἠελίοιο.
ἦ μάλα δὴ τέθνηκε Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱός,
σχέτλιος· ἦ τ' ἐκέλευον ἀπωσάμενον δήιον πῦρ
ἂψ ἐπὶ νῆας ἴμεν, μηδ' Ἕκτορι ἶφι μάχεσθαι."
Ἧος ὁ ταῦθ' ὥρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,
τόφρα οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἦλθεν ἀγαυοῦ Νέστορος υἱός,
δάκρυα θερμὰ χέων, φάτο δ' ἀγγελίην ἀλεγεινήν·
"ὤ μοι, Πηλέος υἱὲ δαΐφρονος, ἦ μάλα λυγρῆς
πεύσεαι ἀγγελίης, ἣ μὴ ὤφελλε γενέσθαι.
κεῖται Πάτροκλος, νέκυος δὲ δὴ ἀμφιμάχονται
γυμνοῦ· ἀτὰρ τά γε τεύχε' ἔχει κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ."

BOOK 18

So they fought like blazing fire, but Antilochus, swift of foot, came as a messenger to Achilles. He found him in front of his ships with raised sterns, pondering in his heart the thing that even now had come to pass; and in agitation he spoke to his proud heart: "Ah, woe is me, how is it that again the long-haired Achaeans are being driven toward the ships in rout over the plain? Let it not be that the gods have brought to pass grievous woes for my heart, just as once my mother declared to me, and said that while I still lived the best man of the Myrmidons would leave the light of the sun at the hands of the Trojans! Surely the mighty son of Menoetius must now be dead, foolhardy one, though I told him to come back again to the ships when he had thrust off the consuming fire, and not to battle mightily with Hector."

While he pondered thus in mind and heart, there came up to him the son of lordly Nestor, shedding hot tears, and spoke the grievous tidings: "Alas, son of battle-minded Peleus, woeful is the tidings you must hear, such as I would wish had never been. Low lies Patroclus, and around his corpse they are fighting—his naked corpse—but his armor Hector of the flashing helmet holds."

[1] Lines 10 f. were rejected by Aristophanes and Rhianus.

Ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ' ἄχεος νεφέλη ἐκάλυψε μέλαινα·
ἀμφοτέρῃσι δὲ χερσὶν ἑλὼν κόνιν αἰθαλόεσσαν
χεύατο κὰκ κεφαλῆς, χαρίεν δ' ᾔσχυνε πρόσωπον·
νεκταρέῳ δὲ χιτῶνι μέλαιν' ἀμφίζανε τέφρη.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐν κονίῃσι μέγας μεγαλωστὶ τανυσθεὶς
κεῖτο, φίλῃσι δὲ χερσὶ κόμην ᾔσχυνε δαΐζων.
δμῳαὶ δ' ἃς Ἀχιλεὺς ληίσσατο Πάτροκλός τε
θυμὸν ἀκηχέμεναι μεγάλ' ἴαχον, ἐκ δὲ θύραζε
ἔδραμον ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆα δαΐφρονα, χερσὶ δὲ πᾶσαι
στήθεα πεπλήγοντο, λύθεν δ' ὑπὸ γυῖα ἑκάστης.
Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἑτέρωθεν ὀδύρετο δάκρυα λείβων,
χεῖρας ἔχων Ἀχιλῆος· ὁ δ' ἔστενε κυδάλιμον κῆρ·
δείδιε γὰρ μὴ λαιμὸν ἀποτμήξειε[2] σιδήρῳ.
σμερδαλέον δ' ᾤμωξεν· ἄκουσε δὲ πότνια μήτηρ
ἡμένη ἐν βένθεσσιν ἁλὸς παρὰ πατρὶ γέροντι,
κώκυσέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα· θεαὶ δέ μιν ἀμφαγέροντο,
πᾶσαι ὅσαι κατὰ βένθος ἁλὸς Νηρηίδες ἦσαν.
ἔνθ' ἄρ' ἔην Γλαύκη τε Θάλειά τε Κυμοδόκη τε,[3]
Νησαίη Σπειώ τε Θόη θ' Ἁλίη τε βοῶπις,
Κυμοθόη τε καὶ Ἀκταίη καὶ Λιμνώρεια
καὶ Μελίτη καὶ Ἴαιρα καὶ Ἀμφιθόη καὶ Ἀγαύη,
Δωτώ τε Πρωτώ τε Φέρουσά τε Δυναμένη τε,
Δεξαμένη τε καὶ Ἀμφινόμη καὶ Καλλιάνειρα,
Δωρὶς καὶ Πανόπη καὶ ἀγακλειτὴ Γαλάτεια,
Νημερτής τε καὶ Ἀψευδὴς καὶ Καλλιάνασσα·
ἔνθα δ' ἔην Κλυμένη Ἰάνειρά τε καὶ Ἰάνασσα,
Μαῖρα καὶ Ὠρείθυια ἐυπλόκαμός τ' Ἀμάθεια,
ἄλλαι θ' αἳ κατὰ βένθος ἁλὸς Νηρηίδες ἦσαν.

So he spoke, and a black cloud of grief enfolded Achilles, and with both hands he took the dark dust and poured it over his head and defiled his fair face, and on his fragrant tunic the black ashes fell. And he himself in the dust lay outstretched, mighty in his mightiness, and with his own hands he tore and marred his hair. And the handmaids whom Achilles and Patroclus had taken as booty shrieked aloud in anguish of heart, and ran out from inside around battle-minded Achilles, and all beat their breasts with their hands, and the knees of each one were loosed beneath her. And facing them Antilochus wailed and shed tears, holding the hands of Achilles, who groaned in his noble heart; for he feared that he might cut his throat with the knife. Then terribly did Achilles groan aloud, and his queenly mother heard him as she sat in the depths of the sea beside the old man her father. Then she uttered a shrill cry, and the goddesses thronged about her, all the daughters of Nereus who were in the depths of the sea. There were Glauce and Thaleia and Cymodoce, Nesaea and Speio and Thoë and ox-eyed Halië, and Cymothoë and Actaeë and Limnoreia, and Melite and Iaera and Amphithoë and Agave, Doto and Proto and Pherusa and Dynamene, and Dexamene and Amphinome and Callianeira, Doris and Panope and glorious Galatea, Nemertes and Apseudes and Callianassa, and there were Clymene and Ianeira and Ianassa, Maera and Oreithyia and fair-tressed Amatheia, and other Nereids who were in

[2] ἀποτμήξειε Zenodotus: ἀπαμήσειε Aristarchus.

[3] Lines 39–49 were rejected by Zenodotus and Aristarchus.

τῶν δὲ καὶ ἀργύφεον πλῆτο σπέος· αἱ δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι
στήθεα πεπλήγοντο, Θέτις δ' ἐξῆρχε γόοιο·
"κλῦτε, κασίγνηται Νηρηΐδες, ὄφρ' εὖ πᾶσαι
εἴδετ' ἀκούουσαι ὅσ' ἐμῷ ἔνι κήδεα θυμῷ.
ὤ μοι ἐγὼ δειλή, ὤ μοι δυσαριστοτόκεια,
ἥ τ' ἐπεὶ ἂρ τέκον υἱὸν ἀμύμονά τε κρατερόν τε,
ἔξοχον ἡρώων· ὁ δ' ἀνέδραμεν ἔρνεϊ ἶσος·
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ θρέψασα, φυτὸν ὣς γουνῷ ἀλωῆς,
νηυσὶν ἐπιπροέηκα κορωνίσιν Ἴλιον εἴσω
Τρωσὶ μαχησόμενον· τὸν δ' οὐχ ὑποδέξομαι αὖτις
οἴκαδε νοστήσαντα δόμον Πηλήιον εἴσω.
ὄφρα δέ μοι ζώει καὶ ὁρᾷ φάος ἠελίοιο
ἄχνυται, οὐδέ τί οἱ δύναμαι χραισμῆσαι ἰοῦσα.
ἀλλ' εἶμ', ὄφρα ἴδωμι φίλον τέκος, ἠδ' ἐπακούσω
ὅττι μιν ἵκετο πένθος ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο μένοντα."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα λίπε σπέος· αἱ δὲ σὺν αὐτῇ
δακρυόεσσαι ἴσαν, περὶ δέ σφισι κῦμα θαλάσσης
ῥήγνυτο· ταὶ δ' ὅτε δὴ Τροίην ἐρίβωλον ἵκοντο,
ἀκτὴν εἰσανέβαινον ἐπισχερώ, ἔνθα θαμειαὶ
Μυρμιδόνων εἴρυντο νέες ταχὺν ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆα.
τῷ δὲ βαρὺ στενάχοντι παρίστατο πότνια μήτηρ,
ὀξὺ δὲ κωκύσασα κάρη λάβε παιδὸς ἑοῖο,[4]
καί ῥ' ὀλοφυρομένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"τέκνον, τί κλαίεις; τί δέ σε φρένας ἵκετο πένθος;
ἐξαύδα, μὴ κεῦθε· τὰ μὲν δή τοι τετέλεσται
ἐκ Διός, ὡς ἄρα δὴ πρίν γ' εὔχεο χεῖρας ἀνασχών,
πάντας ἐπὶ πρύμνῃσιν ἀλήμεναι υἷας Ἀχαιῶν
σεῦ ἐπιδευομένους, παθέειν τ' ἀεκήλια ἔργα."

the depths of the sea. With these the bright cave was filled, and they all alike beat their breasts, and Thetis was leader in their lamenting: "Listen, sister Nereids, so that one and all you may hear and know all the woes that are in my heart. Ah me, unhappy that I am; ah me, who bore to my sorrow the best of men, for after I had borne a son incomparable and mighty, preeminent among warriors, and he shot up like a sapling, then when I had reared him like a tree in a rich orchard plot, I sent him in the beaked ships to Ilios to war with the Trojans; but never again shall I welcome him back to his home, to the house of Peleus. And while yet he lives and looks upon the light of the sun, he has sorrow, nor can I in any way help him, though I go to him. But go I will, so that I may look on my dear child, and hear what grief has come on him while yet he remains apart from the war."

So saying she left the cave, and the nymphs went with her weeping, and around them the waves of the sea were parted. And when they had come to the deep-soiled land of Troy, they stepped out on to the beach, one after the other, where the ships of the Myrmidons were drawn up in close lines around swift Achilles. Then to his side, as he groaned heavily, came his queenly mother, and with a shrill cry she clasped the head of her son, and with wailing spoke to him winged words: "My child, why do you weep? What sorrow has come on your heart? Speak out; do not hide it. Your wish has been brought to pass for you by Zeus, as earlier you prayed, lifting up your hands, that one and all the sons of the Achaeans should be huddled at the sterns of the ships in great need of you, and should suffer cruel things."

[4] ἑοῖο: ἑῆος.

Τὴν δὲ βαρὺ στενάχων προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"μῆτερ ἐμή, τὰ μὲν ἄρ μοι Ὀλύμπιος ἐξετέλεσσεν·
ἀλλὰ τί μοι τῶν ἦδος, ἐπεὶ φίλος ὤλεθ᾽ ἑταῖρος,
Πάτροκλος, τὸν ἐγὼ περὶ πάντων τῖον ἑταίρων,
ἶσον ἐμῇ κεφαλῇ· τὸν ἀπώλεσα, τεύχεα δ᾽ Ἕκτωρ
δῃώσας ἀπέδυσε πελώρια, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι,
καλά· τὰ μὲν Πηλῆι θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε σε βροτοῦ ἀνέρος ἔμβαλον εὐνῇ.
αἴθ᾽ ὄφελες σὺ μὲν αὖθι μετ᾽ ἀθανάτῃς ἁλίῃσι
ναίειν, Πηλεὺς δὲ θνητὴν ἀγαγέσθαι ἄκοιτιν.
νῦν δ᾽ ἵνα καὶ σοὶ πένθος ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μυρίον εἴη
παιδὸς ἀποφθιμένοιο, τὸν οὐχ ὑποδέξεαι αὖτις
οἴκαδε νοστήσαντ᾽, ἐπεὶ οὐδ᾽ ἐμὲ θυμὸς ἄνωγε
ζώειν οὐδ᾽ ἄνδρεσσι μετέμμεναι, αἴ κε μὴ Ἕκτωρ
πρῶτος ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεὶς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσῃ,
Πατρόκλοιο δ᾽ ἕλωρα Μενοιτιάδεω ἀποτίσῃ."
Τὸν δ᾽ αὖτε προσέειπε Θέτις κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα·
"ὠκύμορος δή μοι, τέκος, ἔσσεαι, οἷ᾽ ἀγορεύεις·
αὐτίκα γάρ τοι ἔπειτα μεθ᾽ Ἕκτορα πότμος ἑτοῖμος."
Τὴν δὲ μέγ᾽ ὀχθήσας προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"αὐτίκα τεθναίην, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρ᾽ ἔμελλον ἑταίρῳ
κτεινομένῳ ἐπαμῦναι· ὁ μὲν μάλα τηλόθι πάτρης
ἔφθιτ᾽, ἐμεῖο δὲ δῆσεν ἀρῆς ἀλκτῆρα γενέσθαι.
νῦν δ᾽ ἐπεὶ οὐ νέομαί γε φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
οὐδέ τι Πατρόκλῳ γενόμην φάος οὐδ᾽ ἑτάροισι
τοῖς ἄλλοις, οἳ δὴ πολέες δάμεν Ἕκτορι δίῳ,

Then groaning heavily spoke to her Achilles, swift of foot: "Mother, these prayers indeed has the Olympian brought to pass for me, but what pleasure have I from them, since my dear comrade is dead, Patroclus, whom I honored above all my comrades and equally with myself? Him I have lost, and his armor Hector who slew him has stripped from him, that fair armor, huge of size, a wonder to look on, that the gods gave as a glorious gift to Peleus on the day when they placed you in the bed of a mortal man. I wish you had remained where you were among the immortal maidens of the sea, and that Peleus had taken to his home a mortal bride. But now—it was so that you too might have measureless grief at heart for your dead son, whom you will never again welcome back to his home; for my heart commands me neither to live on nor to remain among men, unless Hector first, struck by my spear, loses his life, and pays for his despoiling of Patroclus, son of Menoetius."

Then, shedding tears, Thetis answered him: "Doomed then to a speedy death, my child, will you be, from what you say; for immediately after Hector is your own death ready at hand."

Then, in great agitation, swift-footed Achilles spoke to her: "Immediately let me die, since I was not to protect my comrade at his slaying. Far, far from his own land has he fallen, and had need of me to be a warder off of ruin. Now therefore, since I will not return to my dear native land, nor proved in any way a light of deliverance to Patroclus or to my other comrades, those many who have been slain by

ἀλλ' ἧμαι παρὰ νηυσὶν ἐτώσιον ἄχθος ἀρούρης,
τοῖος ἐὼν οἷος οὔ τις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
ἐν πολέμῳ· ἀγορῇ δέ τ' ἀμείνονές εἰσι καὶ ἄλλοι.
ὡς ἔρις ἔκ τε θεῶν ἔκ τ' ἀνθρώπων ἀπόλοιτο,
καὶ χόλος, ὅς τ' ἐφέηκε πολύφρονά περ χαλεπῆναι,
ὅς τε πολὺ γλυκίων μέλιτος καταλειβομένοιο
ἀνδρῶν ἐν στήθεσσιν ἀέξεται ἠύτε καπνός·
ὡς ἐμὲ νῦν ἐχόλωσεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτετύχθαι ἐάσομεν ἀχνύμενοί περ,
θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλον δαμάσαντες ἀνάγκῃ·
νῦν δ' εἶμ', ὄφρα φίλης κεφαλῆς ὀλετῆρα κιχείω,
Ἕκτορα· κῆρα δ' ἐγὼ τότε δέξομαι, ὁππότε κεν δὴ
Ζεὺς ἐθέλῃ τελέσαι ἠδ' ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι.
οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδὲ βίη Ἡρακλῆος φύγε κῆρα,
ὅς περ φίλτατος ἔσκε Διὶ Κρονίωνι ἄνακτι·
ἀλλά ἑ μοῖρ' ἐδάμασσε καὶ ἀργαλέος χόλος Ἥρης.
ὣς καὶ ἐγών, εἰ δή μοι ὁμοίη μοῖρα τέτυκται,
κείσομ' ἐπεί κε θάνω· νῦν δὲ κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἀροίμην,
καί τινα Τρωιάδων καὶ Δαρδανίδων βαθυκόλπων
ἀμφοτέρῃσιν χερσὶ παρειάων ἁπαλάων
δάκρυ' ὀμορξαμένην ἁδινὸν στοναχῆσαι ἐφείην,
γνοῖεν δ' ὡς δὴ δηρὸν ἐγὼ πολέμοιο πέπαυμαι.
μηδέ μ' ἔρυκε μάχης φιλέουσά περ· οὐδέ με πείσεις."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα·
"ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε, τέκνον, ἐτήτυμον οὐ κακόν ἐστι,
τειρομένοις ἑτάροισιν ἀμυνέμεν αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον.
ἀλλά τοι ἔντεα καλὰ μετὰ Τρώεσσιν ἔχονται,
χάλκεα μαρμαίροντα· τὰ μὲν κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ

noble Hector, but sit here by the ships, a profitless burden on the earth—I who in war am such as is no other of the bronze-clad Achaeans, though in council there are others better—may strife perish from among gods and men, and anger that sets a man on to rage, though he be very wise, and that, sweeter far than trickling honey, increases like smoke in the breasts of men; just as but now the lord of men, Agamemnon, moved me to rage. But these things will we let be as past and done, for all our pain, curbing the heart in our breasts because we must. Now therefore will I go out so that I may catch Hector, the slayer of that dear head; as for my death, I will accept it when Zeus is minded to bring it to pass, and the other immortal gods. For not even the mighty Heracles escaped death, though he was most dear to lord Zeus, son of Cronos, but fate overcame him, and the painful wrath of Hera. So also shall I, if a like fate has been fashioned for me, lie when I am dead. But now let me win glorious renown, and set many a one among the deep-bosomed Trojan and Dardanian women to wipe the tears from her tender cheeks with both hands, and to moan ceaselessly; and let them know that long have I kept apart from the war. Seek not then to hold me back from battle, though you love me; you will not persuade me."

Then answered him the goddess, silver-footed Thetis: "Yes indeed, what you say, my child, is true: it is no ill thing to ward sheer destruction from your comrades who are hard pressed. But your fair armor is in the hands of the Trojans, your shining armor of bronze. This does Hector of

αὐτὸς ἔχων ὤμοισιν ἀγάλλεται· οὐδέ ἕ φημι
δηρὸν ἐπαγλαϊεῖσθαι, ἐπεὶ φόνος ἐγγύθεν αὐτῷ.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν μή πω καταδύσεο μῶλον Ἄρηος,
πρίν γ' ἐμὲ δεῦρ' ἐλθοῦσαν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδηαι·
ἠῶθεν γὰρ νεῦμαι ἅμ' ἠελίῳ ἀνιόντι
τεύχεα καλὰ φέρουσα παρ' Ἡφαίστοιο ἄνακτος."
　Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα πάλιν τράπεθ' υἷος ἑοῖο,[5]
καὶ στρεφθεῖσ' ἁλίῃσι κασιγνήτῃσι μετηύδα·
"ὑμεῖς μὲν νῦν δῦτε θαλάσσης εὐρέα κόλπον,
ὀψόμεναί τε γέρονθ' ἅλιον καὶ δώματα πατρός,
καί οἱ πάντ' ἀγορεύσατ'· ἐγὼ δ' ἐς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον
εἶμι παρ' Ἥφαιστον κλυτοτέχνην, αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσιν
υἱεῖ ἐμῷ δόμεναι κλυτὰ τεύχεα παμφανόωντα."
　Ὣς ἔφαθ', αἱ δ' ὑπὸ κῦμα θαλάσσης αὐτίκ' ἔδυσαν·
ἡ δ' αὖτ' Οὔλυμπόνδε θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα
ἤιεν, ὄφρα φίλῳ παιδὶ κλυτὰ τεύχε' ἐνείκαι.
　Τὴν μὲν ἄρ' Οὔλυμπόνδε πόδες φέρον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
θεσπεσίῳ ἀλαλητῷ ὑφ' Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
φεύγοντες νῆάς τε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντον ἵκοντο.
οὐδέ κε Πάτροκλόν περ ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐκ βελέων ἐρύσαντο νέκυν, θεράποντ' Ἀχιλῆος·
αὖτις γὰρ δὴ τόν γε κίχον λαός τε καὶ ἵπποι
Ἕκτωρ τε Πριάμοιο πάις, φλογὶ[6] εἴκελος ἀλκήν.

[5] ἑοῖο: ἑῆος.

the flashing helmet wear on his shoulders, and exult in it. Yet I say that not for long will he exult in it, since his own death is near at hand. But do not yet enter into the turmoil of Ares until your eyes shall look on me again coming here. For in the morning I will return at the rising of the sun, bringing fair armor from the lord Hephaestus."

So saying she turned away from her son and, having turned, she spoke among her sisters of the sea: "You now plunge beneath the broad bosom of the deep to visit the old man of the sea and the halls of our father, and tell him all. But I will go to high Olympus to the house of Hephaestus, the famed craftsman, in the hope that he may be minded to give my son glorious shining armor."

So she spoke, and they immediately plunged beneath the surge of the sea, while she, the goddess, silver-footed Thetis, went to Olympus, so that she might bring glorious armor for her dear son.

Her feet then carried her to Olympus; but the Achaeans fleeing with wondrous shouting from before man-slaying Hector came to the ships and the Hellespont. But Patroclus, the attendant of Achilles, the well-greaved Achaeans could not drag from among the missiles; for now again there overtook him the men and the chariots of Troy, and Hector, son of Priam, in valor like a flame. Thrice from

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6 *φλογὶ*: *σὺ̈ν* Zenodotus.

τρὶς μέν μιν μετόπισθε ποδῶν λάβε φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ[7]
ἑλκέμεναι μεμαώς, μέγα δὲ Τρώεσσιν ὁμόκλα.
τρὶς δὲ δύ᾽ Αἴαντες, θοῦριν ἐπιειμένοι ἀλκήν,
νεκροῦ ἀπεστυφέλιξαν. ὁ δ᾽ ἔμπεδον ἀλκὶ πεποιθὼς
ἄλλοτ᾽ ἐπαΐξασκε κατὰ μόθον, ἄλλοτε δ᾽ αὖτε
στάσκε μέγα ἰάχων·[8] ὀπίσω δ᾽ οὐ χάζετο πάμπαν.
ὡς δ᾽ ἀπὸ σώματος οὔ τι λέοντ᾽ αἴθωνα δύνανται
ποιμένες ἄγραυλοι μέγα πεινάοντα δίεσθαι,
ὥς ῥα τὸν οὐκ ἐδύναντο δύω Αἴαντε κορυστὰ
Ἕκτορα Πριαμίδην ἀπὸ νεκροῦ δειδίξασθαι.
καί νύ κεν εἴρυσσέν τε καὶ ἄσπετον ἤρατο κῦδος,
εἰ μὴ Πηλεΐωνι ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις
ἄγγελος ἦλθε θέουσ᾽ ἀπ᾽ Ὀλύμπου θωρήσσεσθαι,
κρύβδα Διὸς ἄλλων τε θεῶν· πρὸ γὰρ ἧκέ μιν Ἥρη.
ἀγχοῦ δ᾽ ἱσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"ὄρσεο, Πηλεΐδη, πάντων ἐκπαγλότατ᾽ ἀνδρῶν·
Πατρόκλῳ ἐπάμυνον, οὗ εἵνεκα φύλοπις αἰνὴ
ἕστηκε πρὸ νεῶν. οἱ δ᾽ ἀλλήλους ὀλέκουσιν
οἱ μὲν ἀμυνόμενοι νέκυος πέρι τεθνηῶτος,
οἱ δὲ ἐρύσσασθαι ποτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν
Τρῶες ἐπιθύουσι· μάλιστα δὲ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
ἑλκέμεναι μέμονεν· κεφαλὴν δέ ἑ θυμὸς ἄνωγε[9]
πῆξαι ἀνὰ σκολόπεσσι ταμόνθ᾽ ἁπαλῆς ἀπὸ δειρῆς.

[7] In place of 155 f. Zenodotus gave the following:

ὅς μιν τρὶς μετόπισθε ποδῶν λάβε καὶ μέγ᾽ ἀύτει
ἑλκέμεναι μεμαώς, κεφαλὴν δέ ἑ θυμὸς ἀνώγει
πῆξαι ἀνὰ σκολόπεσσι ταμόνθ᾽ ἁπαλῆς ἀπὸ δειρῆς

behind did glorious Hector seize him by the feet, eager to drag him away, and called mightily on the Trojans, and thrice did the two Aiantes, clothed in furious valor, hurl him back from the corpse. But he, ever trusting in his might, would now charge on them in the fray, and would now stand and shout aloud; but backward he gave not an inch. And as shepherds in the field cannot in any way drive from a carcase a tawny lion when he hungers greatly, so the two warrior Aiantes could not frighten Hector, Priam's son, away from the corpse. And now he would have dragged away the body, and have won glory unspeakable, had not wind-footed swift Iris speeding from Olympus, with the message that he should arm himself for battle, come to the son of Peleus, unknown to Zeus and the other gods, for Hera had sent her. And she came up to him, and spoke winged words: "Rise up, son of Peleus, of all men most daunting. Protect Patroclus, for whose sake dread strife has arisen before the ships. And men are slaying one another, some seeking to defend the corpse of the dead, while the Trojans charge on to drag him to windy Ilios; and especially glorious Hector is eager to drag him away; and his heart commands him to cut the head from the tender neck and fix it on the stakes of the wall. But up then,

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"who thrice seized him from behind by the feet, and shouted mightily, being eager to drag him off, and his heart bade him cut the head from the tender neck and fix it upon the stakes of the wall." (Cf. 176 f.)

[8] *ἰάχων*: *ἀχέων* Zenodotus.

[9] Lines 176 f were omitted by Zenodotus.

ἀλλ' ἄνα, μηδ' ἔτι κεῖσο· σέβας δέ σε θυμὸν ἱκέσθω
Πάτροκλον Τρῳῇσι κυσὶν μέλπηθρα γενέσθαι·
σοὶ λώβη, αἴ κέν τι νέκυς ᾐσχυμμένος ἔλθῃ."
Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Ἶρι θεά, τίς τ' ἄρ' σε θεῶν ἐμοὶ ἄγγελον ἧκε;"
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις·
"Ἥρη με προέηκε, Διὸς κυδρὴ παράκοιτις·
οὐδ' οἶδε Κρονίδης ὑψίζυγος οὐδέ τις ἄλλος
ἀθανάτων, οἳ Ὄλυμπον ἀγάννιφον ἀμφινέμονται."
Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλ-
λεύς·
"πῶς τ' ἄρ' ἴω μετὰ μῶλον; ἔχουσι δὲ τεύχεα κεῖνοι·
μήτηρ δ' οὔ με φίλη πρίν γ' εἴα θωρήσσεσθαι,
πρίν γ' αὐτὴν ἐλθοῦσαν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδωμαι·
στεῦτο γὰρ Ἡφαίστοιο πάρ' οἰσέμεν ἔντεα καλά.
ἄλλου δ' οὔ τευ οἶδα τεῦ ἂν κλυτὰ τεύχεα δύω,
εἰ μὴ Αἴαντός γε σάκος Τελαμωνιάδαο.
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς ὅ γ', ἔλπομ', ἐνὶ πρώτοισιν[10] ὁμιλεῖ,
ἔγχεϊ δηιόων περὶ Πατρόκλοιο θανόντος."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις·
"εὖ νυ καὶ ἡμεῖς ἴδμεν ὅ τοι κλυτὰ τεύχε' ἔχονται·
ἀλλ' αὔτως[11] ἐπὶ τάφρον ἰὼν Τρώεσσι φάνηθι,
αἴ κέ σ' ὑποδδείσαντες ἀπόσχωνται πολέμοιο
Τρῶες, ἀναπνεύσωσι δ' ἀρήιοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν
τειρόμενοι· ὀλίγη δέ τ' ἀνάπνευσις πολέμοιο."
Ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη πόδας ὠκέα Ἶρις,
αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς ὦρτο διίφιλος· ἀμφὶ δ' Ἀθήνη

lie here no longer! Let shame come on your heart that Patroclus should become the sport of the dogs of Troy. Yours will be the reproach, if he comes to us a corpse mutilated in any way."

Then swift-footed noble Achilles answered her: "Goddess Iris, who of the gods sent you as a messenger to me?"

And to him again spoke wind-footed swift Iris: "Hera sent me, the glorious wife of Zeus; and the son of Cronos, throned on high, knows nothing of it, nor does any other of the immortals who dwell on snowy Olympus."

In answer to her spoke Achilles, swift of foot: "But how shall I enter the fray? They have my battle gear; and my dear mother forbade me to array myself for the fight until my eyes look on her again coming here; for she pledged to bring fair armor from Hephaestus. No other man do I know whose glorious armor I might put on, except for the shield of Aias, son of Telamon. But he too, I suppose, is engaged in battle among the foremost fighters, as he makes havoc with his spear in defense of dead Patroclus."

And to him again spoke wind-footed swift Iris: "Well we ourselves know that your glorious armor is in their hands; but just as you are go to the trench, and show yourself to the men of Troy, in the hope that seized with fear of you the Trojans may hold off from war, and the warlike sons of the Achaeans may take breath, worn out as they are; for scant is the breathing space in battle."

So spoke swift-footed Iris and went away; but Achilles, dear to Zeus, rose up, and around his mighty shoulders

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10 *πρώτοισιν*: Τρώεσσιν.

11 *αὔτως*: *αὐτὸς* Zenodotus and Aristophanes.

ὤμοις ἰφθίμοισι βάλ' αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν,
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κεφαλῇ νέφος ἔστεφε δῖα θεάων
χρύσεον, ἐκ δ' αὐτοῦ δαῖε φλόγα παμφανόωσαν.
ὡς δ' ὅτε καπνὸς ἰὼν ἐξ ἄστεος[12] αἰθέρ' ἵκηται,
τηλόθεν ἐκ νήσου, τὴν δήιοι ἀμφιμάχωνται,
οἵ τε πανημέριοι στυγερῷ κρίνονται Ἄρηι
ἄστεος ἐκ σφετέρου·[13] ἅμα δ' ἠελίῳ καταδύντι
πυρσοί τε φλεγέθουσιν ἐπήτριμοι, ὑψόσε δ' αὐγὴ
γίγνεται ἀίσσουσα περικτιόνεσσιν ἰδέσθαι,
αἴ κέν πως σὺν νηυσὶν ἄρεω ἀλκτῆρες ἵκωνται·
ὣς ἀπ' Ἀχιλλῆος κεφαλῆς σέλας αἰθέρ' ἵκανε·
στῆ δ' ἐπὶ τάφρον ἰὼν ἀπὸ τείχεος, οὐδ' ἐς Ἀχαιοὺς
μίσγετο· μητρὸς γὰρ πυκινὴν ὠπίζετ' ἐφετμήν.
ἔνθα στὰς ἤυσ', ἀπάτερθε δὲ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
φθέγξατ'· ἀτὰρ Τρώεσσιν ἐν ἄσπετον ὦρσε κυδοιμόν.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀριζήλη φωνή, ὅτε τ' ἴαχε σάλπιγξ
ἄστυ περιπλομένων δηίων ὕπο θυμοραϊστέων,
ὣς τότ' ἀριζήλη φωνὴ γένετ' Αἰακίδαο.
οἱ δ' ὡς οὖν ἄιον ὄπα χάλκεον Αἰακίδαο,
πᾶσιν ὀρίνθη θυμός· ἀτὰρ καλλίτριχες ἵπποι
ἂψ ὄχεα τρόπεον· ὄσσοντο γὰρ ἄλγεα θυμῷ.
ἡνίοχοι δ' ἔκπληγεν, ἐπεὶ ἴδον ἀκάματον πῦρ
δεινὸν ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς μεγαθύμου Πηλεΐωνος
δαιόμενον· τὸ δὲ δαῖε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.
τρὶς μὲν ὑπὲρ τάφρου μεγάλ' ἴαχε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
τρὶς δὲ κυκήθησαν Τρῶες κλειτοί τ' ἐπίκουροι.

[12] The beginning of line 207 was given by Aristarchus in the

Athene flung her tasselled aegis, and around his head the fair goddess set thick a golden cloud, and from the man made blaze a gleaming flame. And as smoke goes up from a city and reaches to heaven from afar, from an island that foes beleaguer, and its men contend all day long in hateful war from their city's walls, and then at sunset flame out the beacon fires one after another, and high aloft darts their glare for dwellers round about to look on, in the hope that they may come in their ships to be warders off of ruin, so from the head of Achilles went up the gleam toward heaven. Then he went from the wall to the trench, and there stood, but did not join the company of the Achaeans, for he observed his mother's wise charge. There he stood and shouted, and from afar Pallas Athene called out; but among the Trojans he roused unspeakable confusion. Clear as the trumpet's voice when it sounds aloud when a city is pressed by murderous foes, so clear was then the voice of the grandson of Aeacus. And when they heard the brazen voice of the grandson of Aeacus the hearts of all were dismayed; and the fair-maned horses turned their chariots backward, since they saw woe in their hearts. And the charioteers were stricken with terror when they saw the unwearied fire blaze terribly above the head of the great-hearted son of Peleus; for the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, made it blaze. Thrice over the trench shouted mightily the noble Achilles, and thrice the Trojans and their famed allies were stricken with panic. And there and

latter of his two editions in the form: ὡς δ' ὅτε πῦρ ἐπὶ πόντον ἀριπρεπὲς.

13 ἄστεος ἐκ σφετέρου: ἄστυ ποτὶ σφέτερον Zenodotus.

ἔνθα δὲ καὶ τότ᾽ ὄλοντο δυώδεκα φῶτες ἄριστοι[14]
ἀμφὶ σφοῖς ὀχέεσσι καὶ ἔγχεσιν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἀσπασίως Πάτροκλον ὑπὲκ βελέων ἐρύσαντες
κάτθεσαν ἐν λεχέεσσι· φίλοι δ᾽ ἀμφέσταν ἑταῖροι
μυρόμενοι· μετὰ δέ σφι ποδώκης εἵπετ᾽ Ἀχιλλεὺς
δάκρυα θερμὰ χέων, ἐπεὶ εἴσιδε πιστὸν ἑταῖρον
κείμενον ἐν φέρτρῳ δεδαϊγμένον ὀξέι χαλκῷ.
τόν ῥ᾽ ἤ τοι μὲν ἔπεμπε σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν
ἐς πόλεμον, οὐδ᾽ αὖτις ἐδέξατο νοστήσαντα.
  Ἠέλιον δ᾽ ἀκάμαντα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη
πέμψεν ἐπ᾽ Ὠκεανοῖο ῥοὰς ἀέκοντα νέεσθαι·
ἠέλιος μὲν ἔδυ, παύσαντο δὲ δῖοι Ἀχαιοὶ
φυλόπιδος κρατερῆς καὶ ὁμοιίου πολέμοιο.
  Τρῶες δ᾽ αὖθ᾽ ἑτέρωθεν ἀπὸ κρατερῆς ὑσμίνης
χωρήσαντες ἔλυσαν ὑφ᾽ ἅρμασιν ὠκέας ἵππους,
ἐς δ᾽ ἀγορὴν ἀγέροντο, πάρος δόρποιο μέδεσθαι.
ὀρθῶν δ᾽ ἑσταότων ἀγορὴ γένετ᾽, οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
ἕζεσθαι· πάντας γὰρ ἔχε τρόμος,[15] οὕνεκ᾽ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐξεφάνη, δηρὸν δὲ μάχης ἐπέπαυτ᾽ ἀλεγεινῆς.
τοῖσι δὲ Πουλυδάμας πεπνυμένος ἦρχ᾽ ἀγορεύειν
Πανθοΐδης· ὁ γὰρ οἶος ὅρα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω·
Ἕκτορι δ᾽ ἦεν ἑταῖρος, ἰῇ δ᾽ ἐν νυκτὶ γένοντο,
ἀλλ᾽ ὁ μὲν ἂρ μύθοισιν, ὁ δ᾽ ἔγχεϊ πολλὸν ἐνίκα·
ὅ σφιν ἐὺ φρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·
"ἀμφὶ μάλα φράζεσθε, φίλοι· κέλομαι γὰρ ἐγώ γε

[14] Lines 230 f. were given by Zenodotus in the form:
ἔνθα δὲ κοῦροι ὄλοντο δυώδεκα πάντες ἄριστοι
οἷσιν ἐνὶ βελέεσσι.

then perished twelve of their best men among their own chariots and their own spears. But the Achaeans with gladness drew Patroclus out from the missiles and laid him on a bier, and his dear comrades stood about him weeping; and among them followed swift-footed Achilles shedding hot tears, since he saw his trusted comrade lying on the bier, mangled by the sharp sword. Him had he sent out with horses and chariot into the war, but never again did he welcome him on his return.

Then was the unwearying Sun sent by ox-eyed queenly Hera to return, unwilling, to the stream of Ocean. So the sun set and the noble Achaeans ceased from the mighty strife and the evil war.

And on their side, the Trojans, when they came back from the mighty combat, loosed from beneath their chariots their swift horses, and gathered themselves in assembly before taking thought of their evening meal. On their feet they stood while the assembly was held, nor did any man dare sit; for trembling fear held them all because Achilles had appeared, and he had long kept himself away from grievous battle. Then among them prudent Polydamas was first to speak, the son of Panthous; for he alone saw both before and after. Comrade was he of Hector, and in the one night were they born: but in speech one was far the best, the other with the spear. He with good intent addressed their assembly and spoke among them: "On both sides, my friends, take thought well. For my own part I urge you to

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15 τρόμος: φόβος Zenodotus.

ἄστυδε νῦν ἰέναι, μὴ μίμνειν Ἠῶ δῖαν
ἐν πεδίῳ παρὰ νηυσίν· ἑκὰς δ' ἀπὸ τείχεός εἰμεν.
ὄφρα μὲν οὗτος ἀνὴρ Ἀγαμέμνονι μήνιε δίῳ,
τόφρα δὲ ῥηΐτεροι πολεμίζειν ἦσαν Ἀχαιοί·
χαίρεσκον γὰρ ἐγώ γε θοῇς ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἰαύων
ἐλπόμενος νῆας αἱρησέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας.
νῦν δ' αἰνῶς δείδοικα ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα·
οἷος κείνου θυμὸς ὑπέρβιος, οὐκ ἐθελήσει
μίμνειν ἐν πεδίῳ, ὅθι περ Τρῶες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐν μέσῳ ἀμφότεροι μένος Ἄρηος δατέονται,
ἀλλὰ περὶ πτόλιός τε μαχήσεται ἠδὲ γυναικῶν.
ἀλλ' ἴομεν προτὶ ἄστυ, πίθεσθέ μοι· ὧδε γὰρ ἔσται.
νῦν μὲν νὺξ ἀπέπαυσε ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα
ἀμβροσίη· εἰ δ' ἄμμε κιχήσεται ἐνθάδ' ἐόντας
αὔριον ὁρμηθεὶς σὺν τεύχεσιν, εὖ νύ τις αὐτὸν
γνώσεται· ἀσπασίως γὰρ ἀφίξεται Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
ὅς κε φύγῃ, πολλοὺς δὲ κύνες καὶ γῦπες ἔδονται
Τρώων· αἲ γὰρ δή μοι ἀπ' οὔατος ὧδε γένοιτο.
εἰ δ' ἂν ἐμοῖς ἐπέεσσι πιθώμεθα κηδόμενοί περ,
νύκτα μὲν εἰν ἀγορῇ σθένος ἕξομεν, ἄστυ δὲ πύργοι
ὑψηλαί τε πύλαι σανίδες τ' ἐπὶ τῇς ἀραρυῖαι
μακραὶ ἐΰξεστοι ἐζευγμέναι εἰρύσσονται·
πρῶι δ' ὑπηοῖοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
στησόμεθ' ἂμ πύργους· τῷ δ' ἄλγιον, αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσιν
ἐλθὼν ἐκ νηῶν περὶ τείχεος ἄμμι μάχεσθαι.
ἂψ πάλιν εἶσ' ἐπὶ νῆας, ἐπεί κ' ἐριαύχενας ἵππους
παντοίου δρόμου ἄσῃ ὑπὸ πτόλιν ἠλασκάζων·
εἴσω δ' οὔ μιν θυμὸς ἐφορμηθῆναι ἐάσει,

return now to the city and not to await bright Dawn on the plain beside the ships, for far from the wall are we. As long as this man continued in wrath against noble Agamemnon, so long were the Achaeans easier to fight against; for I too was glad, when hard by the swift ships I spent the night, hoping to take the curved ships. But now I dreadfully fear the swift-footed son of Peleus; so impetuous is his heart, he will not be minded to remain in the plain, in the middle of which both Trojans and Achaeans share in the fury of Ares; but for our city he will fight, and for our wives. But let us go to the city; obey me, for this is the way it will be. For now has immortal night stayed the swift-footed son of Peleus, but if on the morrow he comes out armed and catches us still here, well will many a one come to know him; for with joy will he who escapes reach sacred Ilios, but many of the Trojans will the dogs and vultures devour—far from my ear be that tale. But if we obey my words though we are loath to do so, this night we will keep our forces in the place of assembly, and the city will be guarded by the walls and high gates and by the tall well-polished doors that are set in them bolted fast. But in the morning at the coming of Dawn, arrayed in our armor we will make our stand on the walls; and the worse will it be for him if he is minded to come out from the ships and fight with us to win the wall. Back again to his ships will he go, when he has given his arched-necked horses enough of coursing to and fro, as he drives vainly under the city's walls. But to force his way inside will his heart not allow him nor will he lay it waste;

οὐδέ ποτ᾽ ἐκπέρσει· πρίν μιν κύνες ἀργοὶ ἔδονται."
Τὸν δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"Πουλυδάμα, σὺ μὲν οὐκέτ᾽ ἐμοὶ φίλα ταῦτ᾽ ἀγορεύεις,
ὃς κέλεαι κατὰ ἄστυ ἀλήμεναι αὖτις ἰόντας.
ἦ οὔ πω κεκόρησθε ἐελμένοι ἔνδοθι πύργων;
πρὶν μὲν γὰρ Πριάμοιο πόλιν μέροπες ἄνθρωποι
πάντες μυθέσκοντο πολύχρυσον πολύχαλκον·
νῦν δὲ δὴ ἐξαπόλωλε δόμων κειμήλια καλά,
πολλὰ δὲ δὴ Φρυγίην καὶ Μῃονίην ἐρατεινὴν
κτήματα περνάμεν᾽ ἵκει, ἐπεὶ μέγας ὠδύσατο Ζεύς.
νῦν δ᾽ ὅτε πέρ μοι ἔδωκε Κρόνου πάϊς ἀγκυλομήτεω
κῦδος ἀρέσθ᾽ ἐπὶ νηυσί, θαλάσσῃ τ᾽ ἔλσαι Ἀχαιούς,
νήπιε, μηκέτι ταῦτα νοήματα φαῖν᾽ ἐνὶ δήμῳ·
οὐ γάρ τις Τρώων ἐπιπείσεται· οὐ γὰρ ἐάσω.
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγεθ᾽ ὡς ἂν ἐγὼ εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.
νῦν μὲν δόρπον ἕλεσθε κατὰ στρατὸν ἐν τελέεσσι,
καὶ φυλακῆς μνήσασθε, καὶ ἐγρήγορθε ἕκαστος·
Τρώων δ᾽ ὃς κτεάτεσσιν ὑπερφιάλως ἀνιάζει,
συλλέξας λαοῖσι δότω καταδημοβορῆσαι·
τῶν τινὰ βέλτερόν ἐστιν ἐπαυρέμεν ἤ περ Ἀχαιούς.
πρῶι δ᾽ ὑπηοῖοι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐγείρομεν ὀξὺν Ἄρηα.
εἰ δ᾽ ἐτεὸν παρὰ ναῦφιν ἀνέστη δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
ἄλγιον, αἴ κ᾽ ἐθέλῃσι, τῷ ἔσσεται· οὔ μιν ἐγώ γε
φεύξομαι ἐκ πολέμοιο δυσηχέος, ἀλλὰ μάλ᾽ ἄντην

[1] The thought is, if anyone being possessed of wealth fears to

before that will the swift dogs devour him."

Then with an angry glance spoke to him Hector of the flashing helmet: "Polydamas, these things you are saying are no longer pleasing to me, since you ask us to go back and be pent up inside the city. Have you really not yet had your fill of being pent up inside the walls? For earlier all mortal men were used to tell of Priam's city, for its wealth of gold, its wealth of bronze; but now have its fair treasures perished from its homes, and many possessions have been sold away to Phrygia and lovely Maeonia, since great Zeus grew angry. But now, when the son of crooked-counseling Cronos has granted me to win glory at the ships and to pen the Achaeans in beside the sea, do not, you fool, show counsels such as these among the people. For not a man of the Trojans will obey you; for that I will not allow. But come; just as I shall say, let us all obey. For now take your meal throughout the army by companies, and take thought of keeping watch, and be wakeful every man. And of the Trojans whoever is distressed greatly for his goods, let him gather them together and give them to the people for them to feast on in common; better is it that they have profit of them than the Achaeans.[1] But in the morning at the coming of Dawn, arrayed in our armor let us rouse sharp battle at the hollow ships. But if in truth noble Achilles has roused himself to action by the ships, the worse will it be for him, if he is so minded. I certainly will not flee from him out of dolorous war, but face to face will I stand against

spend the night in bivouac far from the city, let him give his goods outright to the populace, rather than allow them to be seized by the Achaeans which, Hector implies, would be the inevitable result if the counsel of Polydamas were followed. M.

στήσομαι, ἤ κε φέρῃσι μέγα κράτος, ἦ κε φεροίμην.
ξυνὸς Ἐνυάλιος, καί τε κτανέοντα κατέκτα."
Ὣς Ἕκτωρ ἀγόρευ', ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶες κελάδησαν,
νήπιοι· ἐκ γάρ σφεων φρένας εἵλετο Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη.
Ἕκτορι μὲν γὰρ ἐπῄνησαν κακὰ μητιόωντι,
Πουλυδάμαντι δ' ἄρ' οὔ τις, ὃς ἐσθλὴν φράζετο
βουλήν.
δόρπον ἔπειθ' εἵλοντο κατὰ στρατόν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
παννύχιοι Πάτροκλον ἀνεστενάχοντο γοῶντες.
τοῖσι δὲ Πηλεΐδης ἁδινοῦ ἐξῆρχε γόοιο,
χεῖρας ἐπ' ἀνδροφόνους θέμενος στήθεσσιν ἑταίρου,
πυκνὰ μάλα στενάχων ὥς τε λὶς ἠυγένειος,
ᾧ ῥά θ' ὑπὸ σκύμνους ἐλαφηβόλος ἁρπάσῃ ἀνὴρ
ὕλης ἐκ πυκινῆς· ὁ δέ τ' ἄχνυται ὕστερος ἐλθών,
πολλὰ δέ τ' ἄγκε' ἐπῆλθε μετ' ἀνέρος ἴχνι' ἐρευνῶν,
εἴ ποθεν ἐξεύροι· μάλα γὰρ δριμὺς χόλος αἱρεῖ·
ὣς ὁ βαρὺ στενάχων μετεφώνεε Μυρμιδόνεσσιν·
"Ὢ πόποι, ἦ ῥ' ἅλιον ἔπος ἔκβαλον ἤματι κείνῳ
θαρσύνων ἥρωα Μενοίτιον ἐν μεγάροισι·
φῆν δέ οἱ εἰς Ὀπόεντα περικλυτὸν υἱὸν ἀπάξειν
Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσαντα, λαχόντα τε ληΐδος αἶσαν.
ἀλλ' οὐ Ζεὺς ἄνδρεσσι νοήματα πάντα τελευτᾷ·
ἄμφω γὰρ πέπρωται ὁμοίην γαῖαν ἐρεῦσαι
αὐτοῦ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, ἐπεὶ οὐδ' ἐμὲ νοστήσαντα
δέξεται ἐν μεγάροισι γέρων ἱππηλάτα Πηλεὺς
οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ, ἀλλ' αὐτοῦ γαῖα καθέξει.
νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν, Πάτροκλε, σεῦ ὕστερος εἶμ' ὑπὸ
γαῖαν,

him, whether he will win great victory, or perhaps I. Alike to all is the god of war, and he slays him who would slay."

So Hector addressed their assembly, and the Trojans shouted aloud in assent, fools that they were! For from them Pallas Athene took away their senses. To Hector they all gave praise who devised ill, but Polydamas no man praised, though he devised counsel that was good. So then they took their meal throughout the army; but the Achaeans the whole night through made moan in lamentation for Patroclus. And among them the son of Peleus was leader in the vehement lamentation, laying his man-slaying hands on the breast of his comrade and uttering many a groan, like a bearded lion whose whelps some hunter of stags has snatched away out of the thick wood; and the lion coming back later grieves, and through many a glen he ranges on the track of the footsteps of the man, in the hope that he may find him somewhere; for anger exceeding bitter lays hold of him. So groaning heavily spoke Achilles among the Myrmidons:

"Well, now! Vain indeed was the word I uttered on that day when I sought to encourage the warrior Menoetius in our halls, and said that when I had sacked Ilios I would bring back to him to Opoeis his glorious son with the share of the spoil that would fall to his lot. But Zeus fulfills not for men all their purposes; for both of us are fated to redden the selfsame earth with our blood here in the land of Troy; since neither shall I come back to be welcomed by the old horseman Peleus in his halls, nor by my mother Thetis, but here will the earth hold me fast. But now, Patroclus, since I shall pass beneath the earth after you, I will not give you

οὔ σε πρὶν κτεριῶ, πρίν γ᾽ Ἕκτορος ἐνθάδ᾽ ἐνεῖκαι
τεύχεα καὶ κεφαλήν, μεγαθύμου σεῖο φονῆος·
δώδεκα δὲ προπάροιθε πυρῆς ἀποδειροτομήσω
Τρώων ἀγλαὰ τέκνα, σέθεν κταμένοιο χολωθείς.
τόφρα δέ μοι παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσι κείσεαι αὔτως,
ἀμφὶ δὲ σὲ Τρῳαὶ καὶ Δαρδανίδες βαθύκολποι
κλαύσονται νύκτας τε καὶ ἤματα δάκρυ χέουσαι,
τὰς αὐτοὶ καμόμεσθα βίηφί τε δουρί τε μακρῷ,
πιείρας πέρθοντε πόλεις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων."
    Ὣς εἰπὼν ἑτάροισιν ἐκέκλετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἀμφὶ πυρὶ στῆσαι τρίποδα μέγαν, ὄφρα τάχιστα
Πάτροκλον λούσειαν ἄπο βρότον αἱματόεντα.
οἱ δὲ λοετροχόον τρίποδ᾽ ἵστασαν ἐν πυρὶ κηλέῳ,
ἐν δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὕδωρ ἔχεαν, ὑπὸ δὲ ξύλα δαῖον ἑλόντες.
γάστρην μὲν τρίποδος πῦρ ἄμφεπε, θέρμετο δ᾽ ὕδωρ·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ ζέσσεν ὕδωρ ἐνὶ ἤνοπι χαλκῷ,
καὶ τότε δὴ λοῦσάν τε καὶ ἤλειψαν λίπ᾽ ἐλαίῳ,
ἐν δ᾽ ὠτειλὰς πλῆσαν ἀλείφατος ἐννεώροιο·
ἐν λεχέεσσι δὲ θέντες ἑανῷ λιτὶ κάλυψαν
ἐς πόδας ἐκ κεφαλῆς, καθύπερθε δὲ φάρεϊ λευκῷ.
παννύχιοι μὲν ἔπειτα πόδας ταχὺν ἀμφ᾽ Ἀχιλῆα
Μυρμιδόνες Πάτροκλον ἀνεστενάχοντο γοῶντες·
Ζεὺς δ᾽ Ἥρην προσέειπε κασιγνήτην ἄλοχόν τε·[16]
"ἔπρηξας καὶ ἔπειτα, βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη,
ἀνστήσασ᾽ Ἀχιλῆα πόδας ταχύν· ἦ ῥά νυ σεῖο
ἐξ αὐτῆς ἐγένοντο κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί."
    Τὸν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη·
"αἰνότατε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες.

burial till I have brought here the armor and the head of Hector, the slayer of you, the great-hearted; and of twelve glorious sons of the Trojans will I cut the throats before your pyre in my wrath at your slaying. Until then beside the beaked ships will you lie, just as you are, and round about you will deep-bosomed Trojan and Dardanian women make lament night and day with shedding of tears, the ones we two toiled to get by our might and our long spears, when we wasted rich cities of mortal men."

So saying, noble Achilles ordered his comrades to set on the fire a great cauldron, so that quickly they might wash the bloody gore from Patroclus. And they set on the blazing fire the cauldron for filling the bath, and poured in water, and took billets of wood and kindled them beneath it. Then the fire played about the belly of the cauldron, and the water grew warm. But when the water boiled in the bright bronze, then they washed him and anointed him richly with oil, filling his wounds with ointment nine years old; and they laid him on his bed, and covered him with a soft linen cloth from head to foot, and on top of it a white robe. So the whole night through around Achilles, swift of foot, the Myrmidons made moan in lamentation for Patroclus; but Zeus spoke to Hera, his sister and his wife: "You have then had your way, ox-eyed queenly Hera; you have roused Achilles, swift of foot. The long-haired Achaeans must surely be children of your own womb."

Then made answer to him the ox-eyed queenly Hera: "Most dread son of Cronos, what a word have you said!

[16] Lines 356–367 were rejected by Zenodotus.

καὶ μὲν δή πού τις μέλλει βροτὸς ἀνδρὶ τελέσσαι,
ὅς περ θνητός τ' ἐστὶ καὶ οὐ τόσα μήδεα οἶδε·
πῶς δὴ ἐγώ γ', ἥ φημι θεάων ἔμμεν ἀρίστη,
ἀμφότερον, γενεῇ τε καὶ οὕνεκα σὴ παράκοιτις
κέκλημαι, σὺ δὲ πᾶσι μετ' ἀθανάτοισιν ἀνάσσεις,
οὐκ ὄφελον Τρώεσσι κοτεσσαμένη κακὰ ῥάψαι;"
Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον·
Ἡφαίστου δ' ἵκανε δόμον Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα
ἄφθιτον ἀστερόεντα, μεταπρεπέ' ἀθανάτοισι,
χάλκεον, ὅν ῥ' αὐτὸς ποιήσατο κυλλοποδίων.
τὸν δ' εὗρ' ἱδρώοντα ἑλισσόμενον περὶ φύσας
σπεύδοντα· τρίποδας γὰρ ἐείκοσι πάντας ἔτευχεν
ἑστάμεναι περὶ τοῖχον ἐϋσταθέος μεγάροιο,
χρύσεα δέ σφ' ὑπὸ κύκλα ἑκάστῳ πυθμένι θῆκεν,
ὄφρα οἱ αὐτόματοι θεῖον δυσαίατ' ἀγῶνα
ἠδ' αὖτις πρὸς δῶμα νεοίατο, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι.
οἱ δ' ἤ τοι τόσσον μὲν ἔχον τέλος οὔατα δ' οὔ πω
δαιδάλεα προσέκειτο· τά ῥ' ἤρτυε, κόπτε δὲ δεσμούς.
ὄφρ' ὅ γε ταῦτα πονεῖτο ἰδυίῃσι πραπίδεσσι,
τόφρα οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα.[17]
τὴν δὲ ἴδε προμολοῦσα Χάρις λιπαροκρήδεμνος
καλή, τὴν ὤπυιε περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις·
ἔν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζε·
"τίπτε, Θέτι τανύπεπλε, ἱκάνεις ἡμέτερον δῶ
αἰδοίη τε φίλη τε; πάρος γε μὲν οὔ τι θαμίζεις.
ἀλλ' ἕπεο προτέρω, ἵνα τοι πὰρ ξείνια θείω."

[17] Line 381 is omitted in many MSS.

Even a human being, I suppose, is likely to accomplish what he wills for another man, one who is only mortal and knows not all the wisdom that is mine. How then was I, who say that I am the best of goddesses—doubly so, since I am eldest and am called your wife, and you are king among all the immortals—how was I not in my resentment against the Trojans to stitch evils for them?"

Thus they spoke to one another; but silver-footed Thetis came to the house of Hephaestus, imperishable, decked with stars, preeminent among the houses of immortals, all of bronze, that the crook-foot god himself had built. Him she found sweating with toil as he moved to and fro about his bellows in eager haste; for he was fashioning tripods, twenty in all, to stand around the wall of his well-built hall, and golden wheels he had set beneath the base of each so that of themselves they might enter the assembly of the gods at his wish and again return to his house, a wonder to look on. Thus much were they fully finished, that not yet were the elaborate ears set on them; these he was making ready, and was forging the rivets. And while he labored at this with cunning skill, meanwhile there came near him the goddess, silver-footed Thetis. And Charis of the gleaming veil came forward and saw her—fair Charis, whom the famed god of the two lame legs had wedded. And she clasped her by the hand, and spoke, and addressed her: "Why, long-robed Thetis, have you come to our house, a revered and welcome guest? Before this you have not been used to come. But follow me inside, so that I may set hospitality before you."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα πρόσω ἄγε δῖα θεάων.
τὴν μὲν ἔπειτα καθεῖσεν ἐπὶ θρόνου ἀργυροήλου
καλοῦ δαιδαλέου· ὑπὸ δὲ θρῆνυς ποσὶν ἦεν·
κέκλετο δ᾽ Ἥφαιστον κλυτοτέχνην εἶπέ τε μῦθον·
"Ἥφαιστε, πρόμολ᾽ ὧδε· Θέτις νύ τι σεῖο χατίζει."
τὴν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις·
"ἦ ῥά νύ μοι δεινή τε καὶ αἰδοίη θεὸς ἔνδον,
ἥ μ᾽ ἐσάωσ᾽, ὅτε μ᾽ ἄλγος ἀφίκετο τῆλε πεσόντα
μητρὸς ἐμῆς ἰότητι κυνώπιδος, ἥ μ᾽ ἐθέλησε
κρύψαι χωλὸν ἐόντα· τότ᾽ ἂν πάθον ἄλγεα θυμῷ,
εἰ μή μ᾽ Εὐρυνόμη τε Θέτις θ᾽ ὑπεδέξατο κόλπῳ,
Εὐρυνόμη, θυγάτηρ ἀψορρόου Ὠκεανοῖο.
τῇσι παρ᾽ εἰνάετες χάλκευον δαίδαλα πολλά,[18]
πόρπας τε γναμπτάς θ᾽ ἕλικας κάλυκάς τε καὶ ὅρμους
ἐν σπῆι γλαφυρῷ· περὶ δὲ ῥόος Ὠκεανοῖο
ἀφρῷ μορμύρων ῥέεν ἄσπετος· οὐδέ τις ἄλλος
ᾔδεεν οὔτε θεῶν οὔτε θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων,
ἀλλὰ Θέτις τε καὶ Εὐρυνόμη ἴσαν, αἵ μ᾽ ἐσάωσαν.
ἣ νῦν ἡμέτερον δόμον ἵκει· τῶ με μάλα χρεὼ
πάντα Θέτι καλλιπλοκάμῳ ζῳάγρια τίνειν.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν οἱ παράθες ξεινήια καλά,
ὄφρ᾽ ἂν ἐγὼ φύσας ἀποθείομαι ὅπλα τε πάντα."
Ἦ, καὶ ἀπ᾽ ἀκμοθέτοιο πέλωρ αἴητον ἀνέστη
χωλεύων· ὑπὸ δὲ κνῆμαι ῥώοντο ἀραιαί.
φύσας μέν ῥ᾽ ἀπάνευθε τίθει πυρός, ὅπλα τε πάντα
λάρνακ᾽ ἐς ἀργυρέην συλλέξατο, τοῖς ἐπονεῖτο·
σπόγγῳ δ᾽ ἀμφὶ πρόσωπα καὶ ἄμφω χεῖρ᾽ ἀπομόργνυ
αὐχένα τε στιβαρὸν καὶ στήθεα λαχνήεντα,

So saying the bright goddess led her in. Then she had her sit on a silver-studded chair, a beautiful chair, elaborately worked, and beneath it was a stool for the feet; and she called to Hephaestus, the famed craftsman, and spoke to him, saying: "Hephaestus, come out here; Thetis has need of you." And the famous god of the two lame legs answered her: "Well, then, a dread and revered goddess is in my halls, she who saved me when pain came upon me after I had fallen far through the will of my shameless mother, who was minded to hide me away because of my lameness. Then I would have suffered woes at heart, if Eurynome and Thetis had not received me into their bosom—Eurynome, daughter of backward-flowing Oceanus. With them then for nine years I forged much cunning handiwork, brooches, and spiral armbands, and rosettes and necklaces, inside their hollow cave; and round about me flowed the stream of Oceanus, seething with foam, a flood unspeakable. Nor did any other know, either of gods or of mortal men, but Thetis knew and Eurynome, they who saved me. And now has Thetis come to my house; so surely on me the need is great to pay to fair-tressed Thetis the full price for the saving of my life. But set before her fair hospitality, while I put aside my bellows and all my tools."

He spoke and rose from the anvil, a huge, panting bulk, limping along, but beneath him his slender legs moved nimbly. The bellows he set away from the fire, and gathered all the tools with which he worked into a silver chest; and with a sponge he wiped his face and both his hands, and his mighty neck and shaggy breast, and put on a tunic,

18 πολλά: πάντα Zenodotus and Aristophanes.

δῦ δὲ χιτῶν', ἕλε δὲ σκῆπτρον παχύ, βῆ δὲ θύραζε
χωλεύων· ὑπὸ δ' ἀμφίπολοι ῥώοντο ἄνακτι
χρύσειαι, ζωῇσι νεήνισιν εἰοικυῖαι.
τῇς ἐν μὲν νόος ἐστὶ μετὰ φρεσίν, ἐν δὲ καὶ αὐδὴ
καὶ σθένος, ἀθανάτων δὲ θεῶν ἄπο ἔργα ἴσασιν.
αἱ μὲν ὕπαιθα ἄνακτος ἐποίπνυον· αὐτὰρ ὁ ἔρρων
πλησίον, ἔνθα Θέτις περ, ἐπὶ θρόνου ἷζε φαεινοῦ,
ἔν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζε·
"τίπτε, Θέτι τανύπεπλε, ἱκάνεις ἡμέτερον δῶ
αἰδοίη τε φίλη τε; πάρος γε μὲν οὔ τι θαμίζεις.
αὔδα ὅ τι φρονέεις· τελέσαι δέ με θυμὸς ἄνωγεν,
εἰ δύναμαι τελέσαι γε καὶ εἰ τετελεσμένον ἐστίν."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Θέτις κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα·
"Ἥφαιστ', ἦ ἄρα δή τις, ὅσαι θεαί εἰσ' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ,
τοσσάδ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ᾗσιν ἀνέσχετο κήδεα λυγρά,
ὅσσ' ἐμοὶ ἐκ πασέων Κρονίδης Ζεὺς ἄλγε' ἔδωκεν;
ἐκ μέν μ' ἀλλάων ἁλιάων ἀνδρὶ δάμασσεν,
Αἰακίδῃ Πηλῆι, καὶ ἔτλην ἀνέρος εὐνὴν
πολλὰ μάλ' οὐκ ἐθέλουσα. ὁ μὲν δὴ γήραϊ λυγρῷ
κεῖται ἐνὶ μεγάροις ἀρημένος, ἄλλα δέ μοι νῦν·
υἱὸν ἐπεί μοι δῶκε γενέσθαι τε τραφέμεν τε,
ἔξοχον ἡρώων· ὁ δ' ἀνέδραμεν ἔρνεϊ ἶσος·
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ θρέψασα φυτὸν ὣς γουνῷ ἀλωῆς,
νηυσὶν ἐπιπροέηκα κορωνίσιν Ἴλιον εἴσω
Τρωσὶ μαχησόμενον· τὸν δ' οὐχ ὑποδέξομαι αὖτις
οἴκαδε νοστήσαντα δόμον Πηλήιον εἴσω.[19]
ὄφρα δέ μοι ζώει καὶ ὁρᾷ φάος ἠελίοιο,
ἄχνυται, οὐδέ τί οἱ δύναμαι χραισμῆσαι ἰοῦσα.

and grasped a stout staff, and went out limping; and there moved swiftly to support their lord handmaids made of gold in the semblance of living girls. In them is understanding in their minds, and in them speech and strength, and they know cunning handiwork by gift of the immortal gods. They busily moved to support their lord, and he, limping near to where Thetis was, sat down on a shining chair; and he clasped her by the hand, and spoke, and addressed her: "Why, long-robed Thetis, have you come to our house, a revered and welcome guest? Before this you have not been used to come. Speak what is in your mind; my heart commands me to fulfill it, if fulfill it I can, and if it is a thing that has fulfillment."

And then, shedding tears, Thetis answered him: "Hephaestus, is there now any goddess, of all those that are in Olympus, who has endured so many grievous woes in her heart as are the sorrows that Zeus, son of Cronos, has given me beyond all others? Of all the daughters of the sea he subdued me alone to a mortal, to Peleus, son of Aeacus, and I endured the bed of a mortal man though very much against my will. And he lies in his halls overcome with grievous old age, but now other griefs are mine. A son he gave me to bear and to rear, preeminent among warriors, and he shot up like a sapling; then when I had reared him like a tree in a rich orchard plot, I sent him in the beaked ships to Ilios to war with the Trojans; but never again will I welcome him back to his home, to the house of Peleus. And while yet he lives and looks on the light of the sun, he has sorrow, nor can I in any way help him, though I go to

[19] Line 441 was lacking in some ancient editions.

κούρην ἣν ἄρα οἱ γέρας ἔξελον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,[20]
τὴν ἂψ ἐκ χειρῶν ἕλετο κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων.
ἦ τοι ὁ τῆς ἀχέων φρένας ἔφθιεν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
Τρῶες ἐπὶ πρύμνῃσιν ἐείλεον, οὐδὲ θύραζε
εἴων ἐξιέναι· τὸν δὲ λίσσοντο γέροντες
Ἀργείων, καὶ πολλὰ περικλυτὰ δῶρ' ὀνόμαζον.
ἔνθ' αὐτὸς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἠναίνετο λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι,
αὐτὰρ ὁ Πάτροκλον περὶ μὲν τὰ ἃ τεύχεα ἕσσε,
πέμπε δέ μιν πόλεμόνδε, πολὺν δ' ἅμα λαὸν ὄπασσε.
πᾶν δ' ἦμαρ μάρναντο περὶ Σκαιῇσι πύλῃσι·
καί νύ κεν αὐτῆμαρ πόλιν ἔπραθον, εἰ μὴ Ἀπόλλων
πολλὰ κακὰ ῥέξαντα Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμον υἱὸν
ἔκταν' ἐνὶ προμάχοισι καὶ Ἕκτορι κῦδος ἔδωκε.
τοὔνεκα νῦν τὰ σὰ γούναθ' ἱκάνομαι, αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσθα
υἱεῖ ἐμῷ ὠκυμόρῳ δόμεν ἀσπίδα καὶ τρυφάλειαν
καὶ καλὰς κνημῖδας ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας,
καὶ θώρηχ'· ὃ γὰρ ἦν οἱ ἀπώλεσε πιστὸς ἑταῖρος
Τρωσὶ δαμείς· ὁ δὲ κεῖται ἐπὶ χθονὶ θυμὸν ἀχεύων."

Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις·
"θάρσει· μή τοι ταῦτα μετὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι μελόντων.
αἲ γάρ μιν θανάτοιο δυσηχέος ὧδε δυναίμην
νόσφιν ἀποκρύψαι, ὅτε μιν μόρος αἰνὸς ἱκάνοι,
ὥς οἱ τεύχεα καλὰ παρέσσεται,[21] οἷά τις αὖτε
ἀνθρώπων πολέων θαυμάσσεται, ὅς κεν ἴδηται."

Ὣς εἰπὼν τὴν μὲν λίπεν αὐτοῦ, βῆ δ' ἐπὶ φύσας·
τὰς δ' ἐς πῦρ ἔτρεψε κέλευσέ τε ἐργάζεσθαι.

[20] Lines 444–456 were rejected by Aristarchus.

him. The girl that the sons of the Achaeans chose out for him as a prize, her has the lord Agamemnon taken back from his arms. It was in grief for her that he was wasting his heart; but the Trojans were penning in the Achaeans at the sterns of the ships, and would not allow them to go out. And him the elders of the Argives begged, and named many glorious gifts. Then he refused himself to ward ruin from them, but he armed Patroclus in his own armor and sent him into the war, and gave many men besides. All day long they fought around the Scaean gates, and on that very day they would have laid the city waste, if Apollo had not, after the valiant son of Menoetius had done much harm, slain him among the foremost fighters and given glory to Hector. Therefore I have now come to your knees, in the hope that you will be minded to give my son, who is doomed to a speedy death, shield and helmet and noble greaves fitted with ankle pieces and a corselet. For the armor that he had before his trusty comrade lost when he was slain by the Trojans; and my son lies on the ground grieving at heart."

Then the famous god of the two lame legs answered her: "Take heart, and do not let these things concern your mind. I wish that I might so surely be able to hide him far from dolorous death, when dread fate comes on him, as surely fair armor will be his, such that in future many a one among the multitude of men shall marvel, whoever looks on it."

So saying he left her there and went to his bellows, and he turned them toward the fire and commanded them to

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21 παρέσσεται: παρέξομαι Zenodotus and Aristophanes.

φῦσαι δ᾽ ἐν χοάνοισιν ἐείκοσι πᾶσαι ἐφύσων,
παντοίην εὔπρηστον ἀυτμὴν ἐξανιεῖσαι,
ἄλλοτε μὲν σπεύδοντι παρέμμεναι, ἄλλοτε δ᾽ αὖτε,
ὅππως Ἥφαιστός τ᾽ ἐθέλοι καὶ ἔργον ἄνοιτο.
χαλκὸν δ᾽ ἐν πυρὶ βάλλεν ἀτειρέα κασσίτερόν τε
καὶ χρυσὸν τιμῆντα καὶ ἄργυρον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
θῆκεν ἐν ἀκμοθέτῳ μέγαν ἄκμονα, γέντο δὲ χειρὶ
ῥαιστῆρα κρατερήν, ἑτέρηφι δὲ γέντο πυράγρην.
Ποίει δὲ πρώτιστα σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε
πάντοσε δαιδάλλων, περὶ δ᾽ ἄντυγα βάλλε φαεινὴν
τρίπλακα μαρμαρέην, ἐκ δ᾽ ἀργύρεον τελαμῶνα.
πέντε δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ αὐτοῦ ἔσαν σάκεος πτύχες· αὐτὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ
ποίει δαίδαλα πολλὰ ἰδυίῃσι πραπίδεσσιν.
Ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔτευξ᾽, ἐν δ᾽ οὐρανόν, ἐν δὲ θάλασσαν,[22]
ἠέλιόν τ᾽ ἀκάμαντα σελήνην τε πλήθουσαν,
ἐν δὲ τὰ τείρεα πάντα, τά τ᾽ οὐρανὸς ἐστεφάνωται,[23]
Πληιάδας θ᾽ Ὑάδας τε τό τε σθένος Ὠρίωνος
Ἄρκτον θ᾽, ἣν καὶ Ἄμαξαν ἐπίκλησιν καλέουσιν,
ἥ τ᾽ αὐτοῦ στρέφεται καί τ᾽ Ὠρίωνα δοκεύει,
οἴη δ᾽ ἄμμορός ἐστι λοετρῶν Ὠκεανοῖο.
Ἐν δὲ δύω ποίησε πόλεις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων
καλάς. ἐν τῇ μέν ῥα γάμοι τ᾽ ἔσαν εἰλαπίναι τε,
νύμφας δ᾽ ἐκ θαλάμων δαΐδων ὕπο λαμπομενάων
ἠγίνεον ἀνὰ ἄστυ, πολὺς δ᾽ ὑμέναιος ὀρώρει.
κοῦροι δ᾽ ὀρχηστῆρες ἐδίνεον, ἐν δ᾽ ἄρα τοῖσιν
αὐλοὶ φόρμιγγές τε βοὴν ἔχον· αἱ δὲ γυναῖκες
ἱστάμεναι θαύμαζον ἐπὶ προθύροισιν ἑκάστη.

work. And the bellows, twenty in all, blew on the melting vats, sending out a ready blast of every force, now to further him as he labored hard, and again in whatever way Hephaestus wished and his work went on. And on the fire he put stubborn bronze and tin and precious gold and silver; and then he set on the anvil block a great anvil, and took in one hand a massive hammer, and in the other he took the tongs.

First he made a shield, great and sturdy, adorning it cunningly in every part, and round about it set a bright rim, threefold and glittering, and from it he fastened a silver baldric. Five were the layers of the shield itself; and on it he made many adornments with cunning skill.

On it he fashioned the earth, on it the heavens, on it the sea, and the unwearied sun, and the moon at the full, and on it all the constellations with which heaven is crowned—the Pleiades and the Hyades and mighty Orion and the Bear, that men call also the Wain, that circles ever in its place, and watches Orion, and alone has no part in the baths of Ocean.

On it he made also two fair cities of mortal men. In the one there were marriages and feastings, and by the light of the blazing torches they were leading the brides from their rooms through the city, and loud rose the bridal song. And young men were whirling in the dance, and with them flutes and lyres sounded continually; and the women stood each at her door and marveled. But the people were gath-

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22 Lines 483–608 were rejected by Zenodotus.

23 *οὐρανὸς ἐστεφάνωται*: *οὐρανὸν ἐστεφάνωκε* Aristarchus, *οὐρανὸν ἐστήρικται* Zenodotus.

λαοὶ δ᾽ εἰν ἀγορῇ ἔσαν ἀθρόοι· ἔνθα δὲ νεῖκος
ὠρώρει, δύο δ᾽ ἄνδρες ἐνείκεον εἵνεκα ποινῆς
ἀνδρὸς ἀποκταμένου·[24] ὁ μὲν εὔχετο πάντ᾽ ἀποδοῦναι
δήμῳ πιφαύσκων, ὁ δ᾽ ἀναίνετο μηδὲν ἑλέσθαι·
ἄμφω δ᾽ ἱέσθην ἐπὶ ἴστορι πεῖραρ ἑλέσθαι.
λαοὶ δ᾽ ἀμφοτέροισιν ἐπήπυον, ἀμφὶς ἀρωγοί.
κήρυκες δ᾽ ἄρα λαὸν ἐρήτυον· οἱ δὲ γέροντες
ἥατ᾽ ἐπὶ ξεστοῖσι λίθοις ἱερῷ ἐνὶ κύκλῳ,
σκῆπτρα δὲ κηρύκων ἐν χέρσ᾽ ἔχον ἠεροφώνων·
τοῖσιν ἔπειτ᾽ ἤισσον, ἀμοιβηδὶς δὲ δίκαζον.
κεῖτο δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐν μέσσοισι δύω χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,
τῷ δόμεν ὃς μετὰ τοῖσι δίκην ἰθύντατα εἴποι.
Τὴν δ᾽ ἑτέρην πόλιν ἀμφὶ δύω στρατοὶ ἥατο λαῶν
τεύχεσι λαμπόμενοι· δίχα δέ σφισιν ἥνδανε βουλή,
ἠὲ διαπραθέειν ἢ ἄνδιχα πάντα δάσασθαι,
κτῆσιν ὅσην πτολίεθρον ἐπήρατον ἐντὸς ἔεργεν·
οἱ δ᾽ οὔ πω πείθοντο, λόχῳ δ᾽ ὑπεθωρήσσοντο.
τεῖχος μέν ῥ᾽ ἄλοχοί τε φίλαι καὶ νήπια τέκνα
ῥύατ᾽ ἐφεσταότες, μετὰ δ᾽ ἀνέρες οὓς ἔχε γῆρας·
οἱ δ᾽ ἴσαν· ἦρχε δ᾽ ἄρα σφιν Ἄρης καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
ἄμφω χρυσείω, χρύσεια δὲ εἵματα ἕσθην,
καλὼ καὶ μεγάλω σὺν τεύχεσιν, ὥς τε θεώ περ
ἀμφὶς ἀριζήλω· λαοὶ δ᾽ ὑπ᾽ ὀλίζονες ἦσαν.
οἱ δ᾽ ὅτε δή ῥ᾽ ἵκανον ὅθι σφίσιν εἶκε λοχῆσαι,
ἐν ποταμῷ, ὅθι τ᾽ ἀρδμὸς ἔην πάντεσσι βοτοῖσιν,

[24] ἀποκταμένου Zenodotus: ἀποφθιμένου.

ered in the place of assembly; for there a strife had arisen, and two men were striving about the blood price of a man slain; the one claimed that he had paid all, declaring his cause to the people, but the other refused to accept anything; and each was eager to win the decision on the word of an arbitrator. Moreover, the people were cheering both, showing favor to one side or the other. And heralds held back the people, and the elders were sitting on polished stones in the sacred circle, holding in their hands the staves of the loud-voiced heralds. With them then would they spring up and give judgment, each in turn. And in their midst lay two talents of gold, to be given to the one who among them should utter the straightest judgment.

But around the other city lay two armies of warriors gleaming in armor. And two plans found favor with them, either to lay waste the town or to divide in two all the substance that the lovely city contained.[2] But the besieged would not hear it, but were arming to meet the foe in an ambush. Their dear wives and young children were guarding the wall as they stood on it, and with them the men whom old age held; but the rest were going out, led by Ares and Pallas Athene, both fashioned in gold, and of gold were the clothes with which they were clad. Fair were they and tall in their armor, as befits gods, clear to view among the rest, and the people at their feet were smaller. But when they had come to the place where it seemed good to them to set their ambush, in a riverbed where there was a

[2] The thought is that the besiegers might be "bought off," and led to spare the city, if half the possessions of the townsfolk were handed over to them as ransom. In 22.117-121 Hector debates whether he should not make this very proposal to Achilles. M.

ἔνθ᾽ ἄρα τοί γ᾽ ἵζοντ᾽ εἰλυμένοι αἴθοπι χαλκῷ.
τοῖσι δ᾽ ἔπειτ᾽ ἀπάνευθε δύω σκοποὶ ἥατο λαῶν,
δέγμενοι ὁππότε μῆλα ἰδοίατο καὶ ἕλικας βοῦς.
οἱ δὲ τάχα προγένοντο, δύω δ᾽ ἅμ᾽ ἕποντο νομῆες
τερπόμενοι σύριγξι· δόλον δ᾽ οὔ τι προνόησαν.
οἱ μὲν τὰ προϊδόντες ἐπέδραμον, ὦκα δ᾽ ἔπειτα
τάμνοντ᾽ ἀμφὶ βοῶν ἀγέλας καὶ πώεα καλὰ[25]
ἀργεννέων οἰῶν, κτεῖνον δ᾽ ἐπὶ μηλοβοτῆρας.
οἱ δ᾽ ὡς οὖν ἐπύθοντο πολὺν κέλαδον παρὰ βουσὶν
εἰράων προπάροιθε καθήμενοι, αὐτίκ᾽ ἐφ᾽ ἵππων
βάντες ἀερσιπόδων μετεκίαθον, αἶψα δ᾽ ἵκοντο.
στησάμενοι δ᾽ ἐμάχοντο μάχην ποταμοῖο παρ᾽ ὄχθας,
βάλλον δ᾽ ἀλλήλους χαλκήρεσιν ἐγχείῃσιν.
ἐν δ᾽ Ἔρις ἐν δὲ Κυδοιμὸς ὁμίλεον, ἐν δ᾽ ὀλοὴ Κήρ,
ἄλλον ζωὸν ἔχουσα νεούτατον, ἄλλον ἄουτον,
ἄλλον τεθνηῶτα κατὰ μόθον ἕλκε ποδοῖιν·
εἷμα δ᾽ ἔχ᾽ ἀμφ᾽ ὤμοισι δαφοινεὸν αἵματι φωτῶν.
ὡμίλευν δ᾽ ὥς τε ζωοὶ βροτοὶ ἠδ᾽ ἐμάχοντο,
νεκρούς τ᾽ ἀλλήλων ἔρυον κατατεθνηῶτας.

Ἐν δ᾽ ἐτίθει νειὸν μαλακήν, πίειραν ἄρουραν,
εὐρεῖαν τρίπολον· πολλοὶ δ᾽ ἀροτῆρες ἐν αὐτῇ
ζεύγεα δινεύοντες ἐλάστρεον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.
οἱ δ᾽ ὁπότε στρέψαντες ἱκοίατο τέλσον ἀρούρης,
τοῖσι δ᾽ ἔπειτ᾽ ἐν χερσὶ δέπας μελιηδέος οἴνου
δόσκεν ἀνὴρ ἐπιών· τοὶ δὲ στρέψασκον ἀν᾽ ὄγμους,
ἱέμενοι νειοῖο βαθείης τέλσον ἱκέσθαι.

[25] πώεα καλὰ: πῶυ μέγ᾽ οἰῶν Zenodotus.

watering place for all herds alike, there they sat down, clothed about with ruddy bronze. Then two scouts were by them set apart from the army, waiting till they should have sight of the sheep and sleek cattle. And these came soon, and two herdsmen followed with them playing on pipes; and of the guile they had no foreknowledge at all. But the ambushers, when they saw them coming on, rushed out against them and speedily cut off the herds of cattle and fair flocks of white-fleeced sheep and slew the herdsmen. But the besiegers, as they sat before the places of assembly and heard much tumult among the cattle, mounted immediately behind their high-stepping horses, and set out, and speedily came on them. Then they set their battle in array and fought beside the riverbanks, and were ever striking one another with bronze-tipped spears. And among them Strife and Tumult joined, and destructive Fate, grasping one man alive, fresh-wounded, another without a wound, and another she dragged dead through the melee by the feet; and the raiment that she had about her shoulders was red with the blood of men. Just like living mortals joined they and fought; and they each were dragging away the bodies of the others' slain.

On it he set also soft fallowland, rich soil and wide, that was three times ploughed; and in it many plowmen were wheeling their teams and driving them back and forth. And whenever after turning they came to the end of the field, then would a man come up to each and give into his hands a cup of honey-sweet wine; and the ploughmen would turn in the furrows, eager to reach the end of the

ἡ δὲ μελαίνετ᾽ ὄπισθεν, ἀρηρομένῃ δὲ ἐῴκει,
χρυσείη περ ἐοῦσα· τὸ δὴ περὶ θαῦμα τέτυκτο.
Ἐν δ᾽ ἐτίθει τέμενος βασιλήιον·[26] ἔνθα δ᾽ ἔριθοι
ἤμων ὀξείας δρεπάνας ἐν χερσὶν ἔχοντες.
δράγματα δ᾽ ἄλλα μετ᾽ ὄγμον ἐπήτριμα πῖπτον ἔραζε,
ἄλλα δ᾽ ἀμαλλοδετῆρες ἐν ἐλλεδανοῖσι δέοντο.
τρεῖς δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἀμαλλοδετῆρες ἐφέστασαν· αὐτὰρ ὄπισθε
παῖδες δραγμεύοντες, ἐν ἀγκαλίδεσσι φέροντες,
ἀσπερχὲς πάρεχον· βασιλεὺς δ᾽ ἐν τοῖσι σιωπῇ
σκῆπτρον ἔχων ἑστήκει ἐπ᾽ ὄγμου γηθόσυνος κῆρ.
κήρυκες δ᾽ ἀπάνευθεν ὑπὸ δρυῒ δαῖτα πένοντο,
βοῦν δ᾽ ἱερεύσαντες μέγαν ἄμφεπον· αἱ δὲ γυναῖκες
δεῖπνον ἐρίθοισιν λεύκ᾽ ἄλφιτα πολλὰ πάλυνον.
Ἐν δὲ τίθει σταφυλῇσι μέγα βρίθουσαν ἀλωὴν
καλὴν χρυσείην· μέλανες δ᾽ ἀνὰ βότρυες ἦσαν,
ἑστήκει δὲ κάμαξι διαμπερὲς ἀργυρέῃσιν.
ἀμφὶ δὲ κυανέην κάπετον, περὶ δ᾽ ἕρκος ἔλασσε
κασσιτέρου· μία δ᾽ οἴη ἀταρπιτὸς ἦεν ἐπ᾽ αὐτήν,
τῇ νίσοντο φορῆες, ὅτε τρυγόῳεν ἀλωήν.
παρθενικαὶ δὲ καὶ ἠίθεοι ἀταλὰ φρονέοντες
πλεκτοῖς ἐν ταλάροισι φέρον μελιηδέα καρπόν.
τοῖσιν δ᾽ ἐν μέσσοισι πάις φόρμιγγι λιγείῃ
ἱμερόεν κιθάριζε, λίνον[27] δ᾽ ὑπὸ καλὸν ἄειδε
λεπταλέῃ φωνῇ· τοὶ δὲ ῥήσσοντες ἁμαρτῇ
μολπῇ τ᾽ ἰυγμῷ τε ποσὶ σκαίροντες ἕποντο.

[26] βασιλήιον: βαθυλήιον.
[27] λίνον: λίνος Zenodotus.

deep soil. And the field grew black behind and looked as if it had been ploughed, though it was of gold; that was the great marvel of the work.

On it he set also a king's estate, in which laborers were reaping, holding sharp sickles in their hands. Some handfuls were falling in rows to the ground along the swath, while others the binders of sheaves were binding with twisted ropes of straw. Three binders stood by, while behind them boys would gather the handfuls, and carrying them in their arms would continually give them to the binders; and among them the king, staff in hand, was standing in silence at the swath, glad at heart. And heralds apart underneath an oak were making ready a feast, and were dressing a great ox they had slain for sacrifice; and the women sprinkled the flesh with white barley in abundance for the workers' meal.

On it he set also a vineyard heavily laden with clusters, a vineyard fair and golden; black were the grapes, and the vines were set up throughout on silver poles. And around it he drove a trench of cyanus, and about that a fence of tin; and one single path led to it by which the vintagers went and came whenever they gathered the vintage. And maidens and youths in childish glee were carrying the honey-sweet fruit in wicker baskets. And in their midst a boy made pleasant music with a clear-toned lyre, and to it sang sweetly the Linos song[3] with his delicate voice; and they beating the earth in accompaniment followed on with skipping feet and dance and shouting.

[3] For Linos and the Linos song, see Mark W. Edwards ad loc. in the Cambridge commentary. W.

Ἐν δ᾽ ἀγέλην ποίησε βοῶν ὀρθοκραιράων·
αἱ δὲ βόες χρυσοῖο τετεύχατο κασσιτέρου τε,
μυκηθμῷ δ᾽ ἀπὸ κόπρου ἐπεσσεύοντο νομόνδε
πὰρ ποταμὸν κελάδοντα, παρὰ ῥοδανὸν δονακῆα.
χρύσειοι δὲ νομῆες ἅμ᾽ ἐστιχόωντο βόεσσι
τέσσαρες, ἐννέα δέ σφι κύνες πόδας ἀργοὶ ἕποντο.
σμερδαλέω δὲ λέοντε δύ᾽ ἐν πρώτῃσι βόεσσι
ταῦρον ἐρύγμηλον ἐχέτην· ὁ δὲ μακρὰ μεμυκὼς
ἕλκετο· τὸν δὲ κύνες μετεκίαθον ἠδ᾽ αἰζηοί.
τὼ μὲν ἀναρρήξαντε βοὸς μεγάλοιο βοείην
ἔγκατα καὶ μέλαν αἷμα λαφύσσετον· οἱ δὲ νομῆες
αὔτως[28] ἐνδίεσαν ταχέας κύνας ὀτρύνοντες.
οἱ δ᾽ ἤ τοι δακέειν μὲν ἀπετρωπῶντο λεόντων,
ἱστάμενοι δὲ μάλ᾽ ἐγγὺς ὑλάκτεον ἔκ τ᾽ ἀλέοντο.
Ἐν δὲ νομὸν ποίησε περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις
ἐν καλῇ βήσσῃ μέγαν οἰῶν ἀργεννάων,
σταθμούς τε κλισίας τε κατηρεφέας ἰδὲ σηκούς.
Ἐν δὲ χορὸν ποίκιλλε περικλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις
τῷ ἴκελον οἷόν ποτ᾽ ἐνὶ Κνωσῷ εὐρείῃ
Δαίδαλος ἤσκησεν καλλιπλοκάμῳ Ἀριάδνῃ.
ἔνθα μὲν ἠίθεοι καὶ παρθένοι ἀλφεσίβοιαι
ὠρχεῦντ᾽, ἀλλήλων ἐπὶ καρπῷ χεῖρας ἔχοντες.
τῶν δ᾽ αἱ μὲν λεπτὰς ὀθόνας ἔχον, οἱ δὲ χιτῶνας
εἵατ᾽ ἐυννήτους, ἦκα στίλβοντας ἐλαίῳ·
καί ῥ᾽ αἱ μὲν καλὰς στεφάνας ἔχον, οἱ δὲ μαχαίρας[29]
εἶχον χρυσείας ἐξ ἀργυρέων τελαμώνων.
οἱ δ᾽ ὁτὲ μὲν θρέξασκον ἐπισταμένοισι πόδεσσι
ῥεῖα μάλ᾽, ὡς ὅτε τις τροχὸν ἄρμενον ἐν παλάμῃσιν

And on it he made a herd of straight-horned cattle: the cattle were fashioned of gold and tin, and with lowing hurried out from stable to pasture beside the sounding river, beside the waving reed. And golden were the herdsmen who walked beside the cattle, four in number, and nine dogs swift of foot followed after them. But two terrible lions among the foremost cattle were holding a loud-lowing bull, and he, bellowing mightily, was being dragged by them, while after him pursued the dogs and young men. The lions had torn the hide of the great bull, and were devouring the inner parts and the black blood, while the herdsmen vainly sought to frighten them, sicking on the swift hounds. But they shrank from fastening on the lions, but coming very close, they barked and sprang aside.

On it also the famed god of the two lame legs made a pasture in a fair dell, a great pasture of white-fleeced sheep, and folds, and roofed huts, and pens.

On it furthermore the famed god of the two lame legs cunningly inlaid a dancing floor like the one which in wide Cnosus Daedalus fashioned of old for fair-tressed Ariadne. There were youths dancing and maidens of the price of many cattle, holding their hands on one another's wrists. Of these the maidens were clad in fine linen, while the youths wore well-woven tunics softly glistening with oil; and the maidens had fair chaplets, and the youths had daggers of gold hanging from silver baldrics. Now would they run round with cunning feet very nimbly, as when a potter

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28 αὔτως: οὔτως Zenodotus.

29 Lines 597 f. were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

ἑζόμενος κεραμεὺς πειρήσεται, αἴ κε θέῃσιν·
ἄλλοτε δ' αὖ θρέξασκον ἐπὶ στίχας ἀλλήλοισι.
πολλὸς δ' ἱμερόεντα χορὸν περιίσταθ' ὅμιλος
τερπόμενοι· δοιὼ δὲ κυβιστητῆρε κατ' αὐτοὺς[30]
μολπῆς ἐξάρχοντες ἐδίνευον κατὰ μέσσους.
Ἐν δὲ τίθει ποταμοῖο μέγα σθένος Ὠκεανοῖο
ἄντυγα πὰρ πυμάτην σάκεος πύκα ποιητοῖο.
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ τεῦξε σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε,
τεῦξ' ἄρα οἱ θώρηκα φαεινότερον πυρὸς αὐγῆς,
τεῦξε δέ οἱ κόρυθα βριαρὴν κροτάφοις ἀραρυῖαν,
καλὴν δαιδαλέην, ἐπὶ δὲ χρύσεον λόφον ἧκε,
τεῦξε δέ οἱ κνημῖδας ἑανοῦ κασσιτέροιο.
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πάνθ' ὅπλα κάμε κλυτὸς ἀμφιγυήεις,
μητρὸς Ἀχιλλῆος θῆκε προπάροιθεν ἀείρας.
ἡ δ' ἴρηξ ὣς ἆλτο κατ' Οὐλύμπου νιφόεντος,
τεύχεα μαρμαίροντα παρ' Ἡφαίστοιο φέρουσα.

[30] M. prints the text as it appears in the MSS and papyri. Since F. A. Wolf, *Prolegomena* (ch. xlix, n. 49), many editors have printed

τερπόμενοι· μετὰ δέ σφιν ἐμέλπετο θεῖος ἀοιδὸς
φορμίζων· δοιὼ δὲ κυβιστητῆρε κατ' αὐτοὺς
μολπῆς ἐξάρχοντες ἐδίνευον κατὰ μέσσους

as lines 604–606 (= *Od.* 4.17–19). See Mark W. Edwards, vol. 5 of the Cambridge commentary, ad loc. W.

sits by his wheel that is fitted between his hands and makes trial of it whether it will run; and now again would they run in rows toward each other. And a great company stood around the lovely dance taking joy in it; and two tumblers whirled up and down among them, leading the dance.

On it he set also the great might of the river Oceanus, around the outermost rim of the strongly made shield.

But when he had fashioned the shield, great and sturdy, then he fashioned for him a corselet brighter than the blaze of fire, and he fashioned for him a heavy helmet, fitted to his temples, a fair helmet, elaborately worked, and set on it a crest of gold; and he fashioned him greaves of pliant tin.

But when the glorious god of the two lame legs had fashioned all the armor, he took and laid it before the mother of Achilles. And like a falcon she sprang down from snowy Olympus, carrying the flashing armor from Hephaestus.

Τ

Ἠὼς μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἀπ᾽ Ὠκεανοῖο ῥοάων
ὄρνυθ᾽, ἵν᾽ ἀθανάτοισι φόως φέροι ἠδὲ βροτοῖσιν·
ἡ δ᾽ ἐς νῆας ἵκανε θεοῦ πάρα δῶρα φέρουσα.
εὗρε δὲ Πατρόκλῳ περικείμενον ὃν φίλον υἱόν,
κλαίοντα λιγέως· πολέες δ᾽ ἀμφ᾽ αὐτὸν ἑταῖροι
μύρονθ᾽· ἡ δ᾽ ἐν τοῖσι παρίστατο δῖα θεάων,
ἔν τ᾽ ἄρα οἱ φῦ χειρὶ ἔπος τ᾽ ἔφατ᾽ ἔκ τ᾽ ὀνόμαζε·
"τέκνον ἐμόν, τοῦτον μὲν ἐάσομεν ἀχνύμενοί περ
κεῖσθαι, ἐπεὶ δὴ πρῶτα θεῶν ἰότητι δαμάσθη·
τύνη δ᾽ Ἡφαίστοιο πάρα κλυτὰ τεύχεα δέξο,
καλὰ μάλ᾽, οἷ᾽ οὔ πώ τις ἀνὴρ ὤμοισι φόρησεν."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα θεὰ κατὰ τεύχε᾽ ἔθηκε
πρόσθεν Ἀχιλλῆος· τὰ δ᾽ ἀνέβραχε δαίδαλα πάντα.
Μυρμιδόνας δ᾽ ἄρα πάντας ἕλε τρόμος,[1] οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
ἄντην εἰσιδέειν, ἀλλ᾽ ἔτρεσαν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ὡς εἶδ᾽, ὥς μιν μᾶλλον ἔδυ χόλος, ἐν δέ οἱ ὄσσε
δεινὸν ὑπὸ βλεφάρων ὡς εἰ σέλας ἐξεφάανθεν·
τέρπετο δ᾽ ἐν χείρεσσιν ἔχων θεοῦ ἀγλαὰ δῶρα.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ φρεσὶν ᾗσι τετάρπετο δαίδαλα λεύσσων,
αὐτίκα μητέρα ἣν ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"μῆτερ ἐμή, τὰ μὲν ὅπλα θεὸς πόρεν οἷ᾽ ἐπιεικὲς

BOOK 19

Now Dawn the saffron-robed arose from the streams of Oceanus to bring light to immortals and to mortal men, and Thetis came to the ships bearing the gifts from the god. And she found her dear son as he lay clasping Patroclus and wailing aloud; and around him many of his comrades were weeping. Then in their midst the bright goddess came to his side, and she clasped his hand, and spoke and addressed him: "My child, this man we must let be, for all our sorrow, to lie as he is, since he has been slain once and for all by the will of the gods. But receive from Hephaestus glorious armor, exceeding fair, such as never yet a man wore on his shoulders."

So saying the goddess set down the arms in front of Achilles, and they all rang aloud in their splendor. Then trembling seized all the Myrmidons, and no man dared to look on it, but they shrank in fear. But when Achilles saw the arms, then wrath came on him still more, and his eyes showed forth terribly from beneath their lids, like flame; and he rejoiced as he held in his arms the glorious gifts of the god. But when in his mind he had rejoiced in gazing on the splendor of them, at once to his mother he spoke winged words: "Mother, the arms that the god has given

[1] τρόμος: φόβος Zenodotus.

ἔργ᾽ ἔμεν ἀθανάτων, μηδὲ βροτὸν ἄνδρα τελέσσαι.
νῦν δ᾽ ἦ τοι μὲν ἐγὼ θωρήξομαι· ἀλλὰ μάλ᾽ αἰνῶς
δείδω μή μοι τόφρα Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμον υἱὸν
μυῖαι καδδῦσαι κατὰ χαλκοτύπους ὠτειλὰς
εὐλὰς ἐγγείνωνται, ἀεικίσσωσι δὲ νεκρόν—
ἐκ δ᾽ αἰὼν πέφαται—κατὰ δὲ χρόα πάντα σαπήῃ."
Τὸν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα·
"τέκνον, μή τοι ταῦτα μετὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι μελόντων.
τῷ μὲν ἐγὼ πειρήσω ἀλαλκεῖν ἄγρια φῦλα,
μυίας, αἵ ῥά τε φῶτας ἀρηιφάτους κατέδουσιν·
ἤν περ γὰρ κεῖταί γε τελεσφόρον εἰς ἐνιαυτόν,
αἰεὶ τῷ γ᾽ ἔσται χρὼς ἔμπεδος, ἢ καὶ ἀρείων.
ἀλλὰ σύ γ᾽ εἰς ἀγορὴν καλέσας ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς,
μῆνιν ἀποειπὼν Ἀγαμέμνονι, ποιμένι λαῶν,
αἶψα μάλ᾽ ἐς πόλεμον θωρήσσεο, δύσεο δ᾽ ἀλκήν."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα μένος πολυθαρσὲς ἐνῆκε,
Πατρόκλῳ δ᾽ αὖτ᾽ ἀμβροσίην καὶ νέκταρ ἐρυθρὸν
στάξε κατὰ ῥινῶν, ἵνα οἱ χρὼς ἔμπεδος εἴη.
Αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ παρὰ θῖνα θαλάσσης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων, ὦρσεν δ᾽ ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς.
καί ῥ᾽ οἵ περ τὸ πάρος γε νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι μένεσκον,
οἵ τε κυβερνῆται καὶ ἔχον οἰήια νηῶν
καὶ ταμίαι παρὰ νηυσὶν ἔσαν, σίτοιο δοτῆρες,
καὶ μὴν οἱ τότε γ᾽ εἰς ἀγορὴν ἴσαν, οὕνεκ᾽ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐξεφάνη, δηρὸν δὲ μάχης ἐπέπαυτ᾽ ἀλεγεινῆς.
τὼ δὲ δύω σκάζοντε βάτην Ἄρεος θεράποντε,
Τυδεΐδης τε μενεπτόλεμος καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
ἔγχει ἐρειδομένω· ἔτι γὰρ ἔχον ἕλκεα λυγρά·

are such as the works of immortals should be, such as no mortal man could accomplish. Now I will arm myself for battle; yet I am dreadfully afraid that in the meantime flies may enter the wounds that the bronze has dealt on the corpse of the valiant son of Menoetius, and breed worms inside, and disfigure his corpse—for the life is slain out of him—and so all his flesh will rot."

Then the goddess, silver-footed Thetis, answered him: "My child, let not these things concern your mind. From him I will try to ward off the fierce tribes, the flies that feed on men slain in battle. For even though he lies for the full course of a year, yet will his flesh be sound always, or better even than now it is. But call to the place of assembly the Achaean warriors and renounce your wrath against Agamemnon, shepherd of men, and then arm yourself quickly for war and clothe yourself in valor."

So saying, she filled him with bold might, and for Patroclus she dripped ambrosia and ruddy nectar through his nostrils, so that his flesh might be sound always.

But noble Achilles went along the shore of the sea, crying a terrible cry, and roused the Achaean warriors. And even those who earlier had been used to remain where the ships are gathered—they who were pilots and wielded the steering oars of the ships, or were stewards who dealt out food—even these came then to the place of assembly because Achilles had appeared, and he had long kept himself away from grievous battle. Two there were, attendants of Ares, who came limping, Tydeus' son, firm in the fight, and noble Odysseus, each leaning on his spear, for their

κὰδ δὲ μετὰ πρώτῃ ἀγορῇ ἵζοντο κιόντες.
αὐτὰρ ὁ δεύτατος ἦλθεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
ἕλκος ἔχων· καὶ γὰρ τὸν ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ
οὖτα Κόων Ἀντηνορίδης χαλκήρεϊ δουρί.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ πάντες ἀολλίσθησαν Ἀχαιοί,
τοῖσι δ᾽ ἀνιστάμενος μετέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Ἀτρεΐδη, ἦ ἄρ τι τόδ᾽ ἀμφοτέροισιν ἄρειον
ἔπλετο, σοὶ καὶ ἐμοί, ὅτε νῶί περ ἀχνυμένω κῆρ
θυμοβόρῳ ἔριδι μενεήναμεν εἵνεκα κούρης;
τὴν ὄφελ᾽ ἐν νήεσσι κατακτάμεν Ἄρτεμις ἰῷ,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτ᾽ ἐγὼν ἑλόμην Λυρνησσὸν ὀλέσσας·
τῶ κ᾽ οὐ τόσσοι Ἀχαιοὶ ὀδὰξ ἕλον ἄσπετον οὖδας
δυσμενέων ὑπὸ χερσίν, ἐμεῦ ἀπομηνίσαντος.
Ἕκτορι μὲν καὶ Τρωσὶ τὸ κέρδιον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
δηρὸν ἐμῆς καὶ σῆς ἔριδος μνήσεσθαι ὀίω.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτετύχθαι ἐάσομεν ἀχνύμενοί περ,
θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλον δαμάσαντες ἀνάγκῃ·
νῦν δ᾽ ἦ τοι μὲν ἐγὼ παύω χόλον, οὐδέ τί με χρὴ
ἀσκελέως αἰεὶ μενεαινέμεν· ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε θᾶσσον
ὄτρυνον πόλεμόνδε κάρη κομόωντας Ἀχαιούς,
ὄφρ᾽ ἔτι καὶ Τρώων πειρήσομαι ἀντίον ἐλθών,
αἴ κ᾽ ἐθέλωσ᾽ ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἰαύειν· ἀλλά τιν᾽ οἴω
ἀσπασίως αὐτῶν γόνυ κάμψειν, ὅς κε φύγησι
δηίου[2] ἐκ πολέμοιο ὑπ᾽ ἔγχεος ἡμετέροιο."
Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, οἱ δ᾽ ἐχάρησαν ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
μῆνιν ἀπειπόντος μεγαθύμου Πηλεΐωνος.
τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων[3]

wounds were painful still; and they went and sat down in the front of the assembly. And last of all came the lord of men, Agamemnon, burdened with his wound; for him too in the mighty combat had Coön, Antenor's son, wounded with a thrust of his bronze-tipped spear. But when all the Achaeans were gathered together, among them rose and spoke Achilles, swift of foot: "Son of Atreus, was this then better for us both, for you and for me, that then with grief at heart we raged in soul-devouring strife for the sake of a girl? I wish that among the ships Artemis had slain her with an arrow on the day when I chose her after I had sacked Lyrnessus! Then not so many Achaeans would have bitten the vast earth with their teeth at the hands of the foe because of the fierceness of my wrath. For Hector and the Trojans was this profitable, but long will the Achaeans, I think, remember the strife between me and you. But these things we will let be, as past and done, for all our pain, curbing the heart in our breasts because we must. Now I end my wrath: I must not be angry for ever unrelentingly; but come, rouse up speedily the long-haired Achaeans to battle, so that I may go out against the Trojans and make trial of them yet again, whether they are minded to spend the night by the ships. But many a one of them, I think, will be glad to bend his knees in rest, whoever escapes from the fury of war and from my spear."

So he spoke, and the well-greaved Achaeans rejoiced, since the great-hearted son of Peleus had renounced his wrath. Then the lord of men Agamemnon spoke among

[2] *δηίου: φεύγων.*

[3] Line 76 was given by Zenodotus in the form:
τοῖσι δ' ἀνιστάμενος μετέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων

αὐτόθεν ἐξ ἕδρης, οὐδ᾽ ἐν μέσσοισιν ἀναστάς·[4]
"ὦ φίλοι ἥρωες Δαναοί, θεράποντες Ἄρηος,
ἑσταότος μὲν καλὸν ἀκούειν, οὐδὲ ἔοικεν
ὑββάλλειν· χαλεπὸν γὰρ ἐπισταμένῳ περ ἐόντι.
ἀνδρῶν δ᾽ ἐν πολλῷ ὁμάδῳ πῶς κέν τις ἀκούσαι
ἢ εἴποι; βλάβεται δὲ λιγύς περ ἐὼν ἀγορητής.
Πηλεΐδῃ μὲν ἐγὼν ἐνδείξομαι· αὐτὰρ οἱ ἄλλοι
σύνθεσθ᾽ Ἀργεῖοι, μῦθόν τ᾽ εὖ γνῶτε ἕκαστος.
πολλάκι δή μοι τοῦτον Ἀχαιοὶ μῦθον ἔειπον,
καί τέ με νεικείεσκον· ἐγὼ δ᾽ οὐκ αἴτιός εἰμι,
ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς καὶ Μοῖρα καὶ ἠεροφοῖτις Ἐρινύς,
οἵ τέ μοι εἰν ἀγορῇ φρεσὶν ἔμβαλον ἄγριον ἄτην,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτ᾽ Ἀχιλλῆος γέρας αὐτὸς ἀπηύρων.
ἀλλὰ τί κεν ῥέξαιμι; θεὸς διὰ πάντα τελευτᾷ.
πρέσβα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἄτη, ἣ πάντας ἀᾶται,
οὐλομένη· τῇ μέν θ᾽ ἁπαλοὶ πόδες· οὐ γὰρ ἐπ᾽ οὔδει
πίλναται, ἀλλ᾽ ἄρα ἥ γε κατ᾽ ἀνδρῶν κράατα βαίνει
βλάπτουσ᾽ ἀνθρώπους· κατὰ δ᾽ οὖν ἕτερόν γε πέδησε.
καὶ γὰρ δή νύ ποτε Ζῆν᾽[5] ἄσατο, τόν περ ἄριστον
ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ θεῶν φασ᾽ ἔμμεναι· ἀλλ᾽ ἄρα καὶ τὸν
Ἥρη θῆλυς ἐοῦσα δολοφροσύνῃς ἀπάτησεν,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτ᾽ ἔμελλε βίην Ἡρακληείην
Ἀλκμήνη τέξεσθαι ἐυστεφάνῳ ἐνὶ Θήβῃ.
ἦ τοι ὅ γ᾽ εὐχόμενος μετέφη πάντεσσι θεοῖσι·
'κέκλυτέ μευ, πάντες τε θεοὶ πᾶσαί τε θέαιναι,
ὄφρ᾽ εἴπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀνώγει.
σήμερον ἄνδρα φόωσδε μογοστόκος Εἰλείθυια
ἐκφανεῖ, ὃς πάντεσσι περικτιόνεσσιν ἀνάξει,

them from the place where he sat, not standing in their midst: "My friends, Danaan warriors, attendants of Ares, it is good to give ear to him who stands to speak, nor is it right to break in on his words; troublesome would that be even for one well skilled. And among the uproar of many how should a man either hear or speak? Hampered is he, clear-voiced talker though he may be. To the son of Peleus will I declare my mind, but you other Argives give heed, and mark well my words each man of you. Often have the Achaeans spoken to me these words and reproached me; but it is not I who am at fault, but Zeus and Fate and Erinys, that walks in darkness, since in the place of assembly they cast on my mind fierce blindness on that day when on my own authority I took from Achilles his prize. But what could I do? It is a god that brings all things to their end. Eldest daughter of Zeus is Ate who blinds all—accursed one; delicate are her feet, for it is not the ground that she touches, but she walks over the heads of men, bringing men to harm, and this one or that she ensnares. For she once even blinded Zeus, though men say that he is the greatest among men and gods; yet even him Hera, though but a woman, deceived in her craftiness on the day when Alcmene in fair-crowned Thebes was to bear the mighty Heracles. Zeus spoke boastfully among all the gods: 'Hear me, all you gods and goddesses, while I speak what the heart in my breast commands me. This day will Eileithyia, the goddess of childbirth, bring to the light a man who will be the lord of all those who dwell round

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[4] Line 77 was omitted by Zenodotus.

[5] Ζῆν᾽: Ζεὺς Aristarchus.

τῶν ἀνδρῶν γενεῆς οἵ θ᾽ αἵματος ἐξ ἐμεῦ εἰσι.᾽
τὸν δὲ δολοφρονέουσα προσηύδα πότνια Ἥρη·
᾽ψευστήσεις, οὐδ᾽ αὖτε τέλος μύθῳ ἐπιθήσεις.
εἰ δ᾽ ἄγε νῦν μοι ὄμοσσον, Ὀλύμπιε, καρτερὸν ὅρκον,
ἦ μὲν τὸν πάντεσσι περικτιόνεσσιν ἀνάξειν,
ὅς κεν ἐπ᾽ ἤματι τῷδε πέσῃ μετὰ ποσσὶ γυναικὸς
τῶν ἀνδρῶν οἳ σῆς ἐξ αἵματός εἰσι γενέθλης.᾽
ὣς ἔφατο· Ζεὺς δ᾽ οὔ τι δολοφροσύνην ἐνόησεν,
ἀλλ᾽ ὄμοσεν μέγαν ὅρκον, ἔπειτα δὲ πολλὸν ἀάσθη.
Ἥρη δ᾽ ἀίξασα λίπεν ῥίον Οὐλύμποιο,
καρπαλίμως δ᾽ ἵκετ᾽ Ἄργος Ἀχαιικόν, ἔνθ᾽ ἄρα ᾔδη
ἰφθίμην ἄλοχον Σθενέλου Περσηιάδαο.
ἡ δ᾽ ἐκύει φίλον υἱόν, ὁ δ᾽ ἕβδομος ἑστήκει μείς·
ἐκ δ᾽ ἄγαγε πρὸ φόωσδε καὶ ἠλιτόμηνον ἐόντα,
Ἀλκμήνης δ᾽ ἀπέπαυσε τόκον, σχέθε δ᾽ Εἰλειθυίας.
αὐτὴ δ᾽ ἀγγελέουσα Δία Κρονίωνα προσηύδα·
᾽Ζεῦ πάτερ ἀργικέραυνε, ἔπος τί τοι ἐν φρεσὶ θήσω·
ἤδη ἀνὴρ γέγον᾽ ἐσθλός, ὃς Ἀργείοισιν ἀνάξει,
Εὐρυσθεύς, Σθενέλοιο πάις Περσηιάδαο,
σὸν γένος· οὔ οἱ ἀεικὲς ἀνασσέμεν Ἀργείοισιν.᾽
ὣς φάτο, τὸν δ᾽ ἄχος ὀξὺ κατὰ φρένα τύψε βαθεῖαν·
αὐτίκα δ᾽ εἷλ᾽ Ἄτην κεφαλῆς λιπαροπλοκάμοιο
χωόμενος φρεσὶν ᾗσι, καὶ ὤμοσε καρτερὸν ὅρκον
μή ποτ᾽ ἐς Οὔλυμπόν τε καὶ οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντα
αὖτις ἐλεύσεσθαι Ἄτην, ἣ πάντας ἀᾶται.
ὣς εἰπὼν ἔρριψεν ἀπ᾽ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος
χειρὶ περιστρέψας, τάχα δ᾽ ἵκετο ἔργ᾽ ἀνθρώπων.
τὴν αἰεὶ στενάχεσχ᾽, ὅθ᾽ ἑὸν φίλον υἱὸν ὁρῷτο

about, one of the race of those men who are from me by blood.' But with crafty mind spoke to him the queenly Hera: 'You will play the cheat, and once again not bring your words to fulfillment. But come, Olympian, swear to me now a mighty oath that in very truth that man will be lord of all those who dwell round about, whoever this day will fall between a woman's feet, one of those men who are of the blood of your stock.' So she spoke; but Zeus in no way recognized her craftiness, but swore a great oath and then was much blinded. But Hera darted down and left the peak of Olympus, and swiftly came to Achaean Argos, where she knew was the stately wife of Sthenelus, son of Perseus, who bore a son in her womb, and the seventh month had come. This child Hera brought out to the light even before the full term of the months, but stayed Alcmene's bearing, and held back the Eileithyiae. And she herself spoke to Zeus, son of Cronos, to bring him the news: 'Father Zeus, lord of the bright lightning, a word will I put in your mind. Even now has been born a mighty man who will be lord over the Argives, Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, the son of Perseus, of your own lineage; no disgraceful thing is it for him to be lord over the Argives.' So she spoke, and sharp pain struck him deep in his mind, and immediately he seized Ate by her bright-tressed head, angered in his mind, and swore a mighty oath that never again to Olympus and the starry heaven should Ate come, who blinds all. So said he, and whirling her in his hand flung her from the starry heaven, and quickly she came to the tilled fields of men. At thought of her would he ever groan when he saw his dear son in disgraceful toil at

ἔργον ἀεικὲς ἔχοντα ὑπ' Εὐρυσθῆος ἀέθλων.
ὣς καὶ ἐγών, ὅτε δὴ αὖτε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ
Ἀργείους ὀλέκεσκεν ἐπὶ πρυμνῇσι νέεσσιν,
οὐ δυνάμην λελαθέσθ' Ἄτης, ᾗ πρῶτον ἀάσθην.
ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ἀασάμην καί μευ φρένας ἐξέλετο Ζεύς,
ἂψ ἐθέλω ἀρέσαι, δόμεναί τ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα·
ἀλλ' ὄρσευ πόλεμόνδε, καὶ ἄλλους ὄρνυθι λαούς.
δῶρα δ' ἐγὼν ὅδε πάντα παρασχέμεν, ὅσσα τοι ἐλθὼν
χθιζὸς ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ὑπέσχετο δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς.
εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις, ἐπίμεινον ἐπειγόμενός περ Ἄρηος,
δῶρα δέ τοι θεράποντες ἐμῆς παρὰ νηὸς ἑλόντες
οἴσουσ', ὄφρα ἴδηαι ὅ τοι μενοεικέα δώσω."
   Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Ἀτρεΐδη κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
δῶρα μὲν αἴ κ' ἐθέλῃσθα παρασχέμεν, ὡς ἐπιεικές,
ἤ τ' ἐχέμεν, παρὰ σοί· νῦν δὲ μνησώμεθα χάρμης
αἶψα μάλ'· οὐ γὰρ χρὴ κλοτοπεύειν ἐνθάδ' ἐόντας
οὐδὲ διατρίβειν· ἔτι γὰρ μέγα ἔργον ἄρεκτον·
ὥς κέ τις αὖτ' Ἀχιλῆα μετὰ πρώτοισιν ἴδηται
ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ Τρώων ὀλέκοντα φάλαγγας.
ὧδέ τις ὑμείων μεμνημένος ἀνδρὶ μαχέσθω."
   Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
"μὴ δὴ οὕτως ἀγαθός περ ἐών, θεοείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
νήστιας ὄτρυνε προτὶ Ἴλιον υἷας Ἀχαιῶν
Τρωσὶ μαχησομένους, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ὀλίγον χρόνον ἔσται
φύλοπις, εὖτ' ἂν πρῶτον ὁμιλήσωσι φάλαγγες

Eurystheus' tasks. So I also at the time that great Hector of the flashing helmet was destroying the Argives at the sterns of the ships could not forget Ate, by whom at the first I was made blind. But since I was blinded, and Zeus robbed me of my senses, I am minded to make amends and to give compensation past counting. But rise up for battle, and rouse the rest of your men. Gifts I am here ready to offer you, all that noble Odysseus promised you yesterday[1] when he came to your hut. Or, if you will, wait a while, eager though you are for war, and the gifts will attendants take and bring you from my ship, so that you may see that I will give what will satisfy your heart."

Then swift-footed Achilles answered him, and said: "Most glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, lord of men, as for the gifts, give them if you are so minded, as is proper, or keep them—it is up to you. But now let us take thought of battle quickly; it is not right to dally here in talk, nor to make delay, for a great work is still undone. As each of you again looks on Achilles among the foremost destroying with his spear of bronze the battalions of the men of Troy, so let him take thought as he fights with his man."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him and said: "Do not in this way, valiant though you are, godlike Achilles, urge the sons of the Achaeans to go unfed against Ilios to do battle with the men of Troy, since not for a short time will the battle last when once the ranks of men meet and

[1] It was really, of course, the night before the last; a day of fighting and a night of mourning have intervened (18.354). M.

ἀνδρῶν, ἐν δὲ θεὸς πνεύσῃ μένος ἀμφοτέροισιν.
ἀλλὰ πάσασθαι ἄνωχθι θοῇς ἐπὶ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιοὺς
σίτου καὶ οἴνοιο· τὸ γὰρ μένος ἐστὶ καὶ ἀλκή.
οὐ γὰρ ἀνὴρ πρόπαν ἦμαρ ἐς ἠέλιον καταδύντα
ἄκμηνος σίτοιο δυνήσεται ἄντα μάχεσθαι·
εἴ περ γὰρ θυμῷ γε μενοινάᾳ πολεμίζειν,
ἀλλά τε λάθρῃ γυῖα βαρύνεται, ἠδὲ κιχάνει
δίψα τε καὶ λιμός, βλάβεται δέ τε γούνατ᾽ ἰόντι.
ὃς δέ κ᾽ ἀνὴρ οἴνοιο κορεσσάμενος καὶ ἐδωδῆς
ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσι πανημέριος πολεμίζῃ,
θαρσαλέον νύ οἱ ἦτορ ἐνὶ φρεσίν, οὐδέ τι γυῖα
πρὶν κάμνει, πρὶν πάντας ἐρωῆσαι πολέμοιο.
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε λαὸν μὲν σκέδασον καὶ δεῖπνον ἄνωχθι
ὅπλεσθαι· τὰ δὲ δῶρα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
οἰσέτω ἐς μέσσην ἀγορήν, ἵνα πάντες Ἀχαιοὶ
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδωσι, σὺ δὲ φρεσὶ σῇσιν ἰανθῇς.
ὀμνυέτω δέ τοι ὅρκον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἀναστάς,
μή ποτε τῆς εὐνῆς ἐπιβήμεναι ἠδὲ μιγῆναι·
ἣ θέμις ἐστίν, ἄναξ, ἤ τ᾽ ἀνδρῶν ἤ τε γυναικῶν·[6]
καὶ δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ θυμὸς ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἵλαος ἔστω.
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτά σε δαιτὶ ἐνὶ κλισίῃς ἀρεσάσθω
πιείρῃ, ἵνα μή τι δίκης ἐπιδευὲς ἔχῃσθα.
Ἀτρεΐδη, σὺ δ᾽ ἔπειτα δικαιότερος καὶ ἐπ᾽ ἄλλῳ
ἔσσεαι. οὐ μὲν γάρ τι νεμεσσητὸν βασιλῆα
ἄνδρ᾽ ἀπαρέσσασθαι, ὅτε τις πρότερος χαλεπήνῃ."
Τὸν δ᾽ αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
"χαίρω σεῦ, Λαερτιάδη, τὸν μῦθον ἀκούσας·
ἐν μοίρῃ γὰρ πάντα διίκεο καὶ κατέλεξας.

the god breathes might into both armies. But command the Achaeans by their swift ships to taste of food and wine; since in them is courage and strength. For there is no man who will be able the whole day long until sunset to fight against the foe, fasting the while from food; for though in his heart he be eager for battle, yet his limbs grow heavy unawares and thirst comes upon him and hunger, and his knees grow weary as he goes. But whoever, having had his fill of wine and food, fights the whole day long against the foe, his heart within him is bold, and his limbs grow not weary until all withdraw from battle. Come then, dismiss the army, and command them to make ready their meal. And as for the gifts, let Agamemnon, lord of men, bring them out into the middle of the place of assembly, so that all the Achaeans may look on them with their eyes, and you may be made glad at heart. And let him rise up in the midst of the Argives and swear to you an oath, that never has he gone up into the woman's bed nor slept with her, as is the custom, king, of men and of women; and let the heart in your own breast be gracious. Then let him make amends to you in his hut with a rich feast, so that you may have nothing lacking of your due. Son of Atreus, toward others also will you be more just in future; for in no way is it blame for a king to make amends to another, when he is the first to grow angry."

And to him did the lord of men, Agamemnon, make answer: "I am glad, son of Laertes, to hear your words, for rightly have you set out the whole matter and told the tale.

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[6] Line 177 is omitted in many MSS.

ταῦτα δ' ἐγὼν ἐθέλω ὀμόσαι, κέλεται δέ με θυμός,
οὐδ' ἐπιορκήσω πρὸς δαίμονος. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
μιμνέτω αὐτόθι τῆος ἐπειγόμενός περ Ἄρηος·
μίμνετε δ' ἄλλοι πάντες ἀολλέες, ὄφρα κε δῶρα
ἐκ κλισίης ἔλθῃσι καὶ ὅρκια πιστὰ τάμωμεν.
σοὶ δ' αὐτῷ τόδ' ἐγὼν ἐπιτέλλομαι ἠδὲ κελεύω·
κρινάμενος κούρητας ἀριστῆας Παναχαιῶν
δῶρα ἐμῆς παρὰ νηὸς ἐνεικέμεν, ὅσσ' Ἀχιλῆι
χθιζὸν ὑπέστημεν δώσειν, ἀγέμεν τε γυναῖκας.
Ταλθύβιος δέ μοι ὦκα κατὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν
κάπρον ἑτοιμασάτω, ταμέειν Διί τ' Ἠελίῳ τε."
Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Ἀτρεΐδη κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
ἄλλοτέ περ καὶ μᾶλλον ὀφέλλετε ταῦτα πένεσθαι,
ὁππότε τις μεταπαυσωλὴ πολέμοιο γένηται
καὶ μένος οὐ τόσον ᾗσιν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐμοῖσι.
νῦν δ' οἱ μὲν κέαται δεδαϊγμένοι, οὓς ἐδάμασσεν
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν,
ὑμεῖς δ' ἐς βρωτὺν ὀτρύνετον· ἦ τ' ἂν ἐγώ γε
νῦν μὲν ἀνώγοιμι πτολεμίζειν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν
νήστιας ἀκμήνους, ἅμα δ' ἠελίῳ καταδύντι
τεύξασθαι μέγα δόρπον, ἐπὴν τισαίμεθα λώβην.
πρὶν δ' οὔ πως ἂν ἐμοί γε φίλον κατὰ λαιμὸν ἰείη
οὐ πόσις οὐδὲ βρῶσις, ἑταίρου τεθνηῶτος,
ὅς μοι ἐνὶ κλισίῃ δεδαϊγμένος ὀξέι χαλκῷ
κεῖται ἀνὰ πρόθυρον τετραμμένος, ἀμφὶ δ' ἑταῖροι
μύρονται· τό μοι οὔ τι μετὰ φρεσὶ ταῦτα μέμηλεν,

This oath I am minded to swear, and my heart tells me to do it, nor will I forswear myself before the god. But let Achilles remain here, eager though he be for war, and remain all you others together until the gifts are brought from my hut, and we swear a solemn oath. And to you yourself I thus give charge and command: choose young men, chief men of the army of the Achaeans, and bring from my ship the gifts, all that we promised yesterday to give Achilles, and bring the women. And let Talthybius swiftly prepare for me a boar in the midst of the wide camp of the Achaeans, to sacrifice to Zeus and to the Sun."

But swift-footed Achilles answered him, and said: "Most glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, lord of men, at some other time it would be still better that you attend to these things, when perhaps there comes some pause in war and the fury in my breast is not so great. Now they are lying mangled, they whom Hector, son of Priam, slew, when Zeus granted him glory—and you two are urging us to eat! Surely for my own part I would even now command the sons of the Achaeans to do battle fasting and unfed, and at the setting of the sun to make ready a great meal, when we have avenged the outrage. Until then, down my throat, at least, neither drink nor food will pass, since my comrade is dead, who in my hut lies mangled by the sharp sword, his feet turned toward the door,[2] while round about him our comrades mourn; so it is not at all these things that concern

[2] Possibly merely as a symbol of departure, although some find the origin of the custom in the belief that the position made it more difficult for the ghost to come back. M.

ἀλλὰ φόνος τε καὶ αἷμα καὶ ἀργαλέος στόνος ἀνδρῶν."

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
"ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, Πηλῆος υἱέ, μέγα φέρτατ' Ἀχαιῶν,
κρείσσων εἰς ἐμέθεν καὶ φέρτερος οὐκ ὀλίγον περ
ἔγχει, ἐγὼ δέ κε σεῖο νοήματί γε προβαλοίμην
πολλόν, ἐπεὶ πρότερος γενόμην καὶ πλείονα οἶδα·
τῶ τοι ἐπιτλήτω κραδίη μύθοισιν ἐμοῖσιν.
αἶψά τε φυλόπιδος πέλεται κόρος ἀνθρώποισιν,
ἧς τε πλείστην μὲν καλάμην χθονὶ χαλκὸς ἔχευεν,
ἄμητος δ' ὀλίγιστος, ἐπὴν κλίνῃσι τάλαντα
Ζεύς, ὅς τ' ἀνθρώπων ταμίης πολέμοιο τέτυκται.
γαστέρι δ' οὔ πως ἔστι νέκυν πενθῆσαι Ἀχαιούς·
λίην γὰρ πολλοὶ καὶ ἐπήτριμοι ἤματα πάντα
πίπτουσιν· πότε κέν τις ἀναπνεύσειε πόνοιο;
ἀλλὰ χρὴ τὸν μὲν καταθάπτειν ὅς κε θάνῃσι,
νηλέα θυμὸν ἔχοντας, ἐπ' ἤματι δακρύσαντας·
ὅσσοι δ' ἂν πολέμοιο περὶ στυγεροῖο λίπωνται,
μεμνῆσθαι πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος, ὄφρ' ἔτι μᾶλλον
ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσι μαχώμεθα νωλεμὲς αἰεί,
ἑσσάμενοι χροῒ χαλκὸν ἀτειρέα. μηδέ τις ἄλλην
λαῶν ὀτρυντὺν ποτιδέγμενος ἰσχαναάσθω·
ἥδε γὰρ ὀτρυντύς· κακὸν ἔσσεται ὅς κε λίπηται
νηυσὶν ἐπ' Ἀργείων· ἀλλ' ἀθρόοι ὁρμηθέντες
Τρωσὶν ἐφ' ἱπποδάμοισιν ἐγείρομεν ὀξὺν Ἄρηα."

Ἦ, καὶ Νέστορος υἷας ὀπάσσατο κυδαλίμοιο,
Φυλεΐδην τε Μέγητα Θόαντά τε Μηριόνην τε

my mind, but slaying, and blood, and the grievous groans of men."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Achilles, son of Peleus, far the mightiest of the Achaeans, better are you than I and mightier not a little with the spear, but in counsel I would surpass you by far, since I am the elder-born and know the more; so let your heart endure to hear my words. Men quickly have surfeit of battle, in which the bronze strews most straw on the ground, though the harvest is scantiest, whenever Zeus inclines his balance, he who is for men the dispenser of battle. But with the belly in no way can the Achaeans mourn a corpse, for many are ever falling one after another day by day; when then would one find respite from toil?[3] But we must bury him who is slain, hardening our hearts and weeping but that one day; and all those who are left alive from hateful war must remember drink and food, so that still more we may fight with the foe ever without respite, clothed about with stubborn bronze. And let no man of all the army hold back awaiting other summons besides, for the summons is this: it will be ill for whoever is left at the ships of the Argives. But setting out in one throng let us rouse sharp battle against the horse-taming Trojans."

He spoke, and took with him the sons of glorious Nestor, and Meges, son of Phyleus, and Thoas and Meriones

[3] I.e. toilsome fasting for the dead, not, as usually, the toil of war. M.

καὶ Κρειοντιάδην Λυκομήδεα καὶ Μελάνιππον·
βὰν δ' ἴμεν ἐς κλισίην Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο.
αὐτίκ' ἔπειθ' ἅμα μῦθος ἔην, τετέλεστο δὲ ἔργον·
ἑπτὰ μὲν ἐκ κλισίης τρίποδας φέρον, οὕς οἱ ὑπέστη,
αἴθωνας δὲ λέβητας ἐείκοσι, δώδεκα δ' ἵππους·
ἐκ δ' ἄγον αἶψα γυναῖκας ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἰδυίας
ἕπτ', ἀτὰρ ὀγδοάτην[7] Βρισηίδα καλλιπάρῃον.
χρυσοῦ δὲ στήσας Ὀδυσεὺς δέκα πάντα τάλαντα
ἦρχ', ἅμα δ' ἄλλοι δῶρα φέρον κούρητες Ἀχαιῶν.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν μέσσῃ ἀγορῇ θέσαν, ἂν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
ἵστατο· Ταλθύβιος δὲ θεῷ ἐναλίγκιος αὐδὴν
κάπρον ἔχων ἐν χερσὶ παρίστατο ποιμένι λαῶν.
Ἀτρεΐδης δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος χείρεσσι μάχαιραν,
ἥ οἱ πὰρ ξίφεος μέγα κουλεὸν αἰὲν ἄωρτο,
κάπρου ἀπὸ τρίχας ἀρξάμενος, Διὶ χεῖρας ἀνασχὼν
εὔχετο· τοὶ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπ' αὐτόφιν ἥατο σιγῇ
Ἀργεῖοι κατὰ μοῖραν, ἀκούοντες βασιλῆος.
εὐξάμενος δ' ἄρα εἶπεν ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·
"ἴστω νῦν Ζεὺς πρῶτα, θεῶν ὕπατος καὶ ἄριστος,
Γῆ τε καὶ Ἠέλιος καὶ Ἐρινύες, αἵ θ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν
ἀνθρώπους τίνυνται, ὅτις κ' ἐπίορκον ὀμόσσῃ,
μὴ μὲν ἐγὼ κούρῃ Βρισηίδι χεῖρ' ἐπένεικα,
οὔτ' εὐνῆς πρόφασιν κεχρημένος οὔτε τευ ἄλλου·
ἀλλ' ἔμεν' ἀπροτίμαστος ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἐμῇσιν.
εἰ δέ τι τῶνδ' ἐπίορκον, ἐμοὶ θεοὶ ἄλγεα δοῖεν
πολλὰ μάλ', ὅσσα διδοῦσιν ὅτις σφ' ἀλίτηται ὀμόσσας."
Ἦ, καὶ ἀπὸ στόμαχον κάπρου τάμε νηλέι χαλκῷ.

and Lycomedes, son of Creon, and Melanippus; and they set out to go to the hut of Agamemnon, son of Atreus. Then immediately at the same time was the word said and the deed fulfilled. Seven tripods they brought from the hut, just as he promised him, and twenty gleaming cauldrons and twelve horses; and they quickly led out the women skilled in noble handiwork; seven they were, and the eighth was fair-cheeked Briseïs. Then Odysseus weighed out ten talents of gold in all and led the way, and with him the other youths of the Achaeans brought the gifts. These then they set in the middle of the place of assembly, and Agamemnon rose up, and Talthybius, whose voice was like a god's, stood by the side of the shepherd of men holding a boar in his hands. And the son of Atreus drew out with his hands the knife that ever hung beside the great sheath of his sword, and cut the firstling hairs from the boar, and lifting up his hands made prayer to Zeus; and all the Argives sat where they were in silence as was right, listening to the king. And he spoke in prayer, looking up to the broad heaven: "Be Zeus my witness first, highest and best of gods, and Earth and Sun, and the Erinyes, that under earth take vengeance on men, whoever has sworn a false oath, that I never laid hand on the girl Briseïs either by way of a lover's embrace or in any other way, but she remained untouched in my huts. And if anything in this oath be false, may the gods give me many woes, all those that they are used to give to anyone who sins against them in his swearing."

He spoke, and cut the boar's throat with the pitiless

7 ἕπτ᾽, ἀτὰρ ὀγδοάτην: ἕξ, ἀτὰρ ἑβδομάτην Zenodotus.

τὸν μὲν Ταλθύβιος πολιῆς ἁλὸς ἐς μέγα λαῖτμα
ῥῖψ' ἐπιδινήσας, βόσιν ἰχθύσιν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἀνστὰς Ἀργείοισι φιλοπτολέμοισι μετηύδα·
"Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἦ μεγάλας ἄτας ἄνδρεσσι διδοῖσθα·
οὐκ ἂν δή ποτε θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐμοῖσιν
Ἀτρεΐδης ὤρινε διαμπερές, οὐδέ κε κούρην
ἦγεν ἐμεῦ ἀέκοντος ἀμήχανος· ἀλλά ποθι Ζεὺς
ἤθελ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν θάνατον πολέεσσι γενέσθαι.
νῦν δ' ἔρχεσθ' ἐπὶ δεῖπνον, ἵνα ξυνάγωμεν Ἄρηα."
Ὣς ἄρ' ἐφώνησεν, λῦσεν δ' ἀγορὴν αἰψηρήν.
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐσκίδναντο ἑὴν ἐπὶ νῆα ἕκαστος,
δῶρα δὲ Μυρμιδόνες μεγαλήτορες ἀμφεπένοντο,
βὰν δ' ἐπὶ νῆα φέροντες Ἀχιλλῆος θείοιο.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν κλισίῃσι θέσαν, κάθισαν δὲ γυναῖκας,
ἵππους δ' εἰς ἀγέλην ἔλασαν θεράποντες ἀγαυοί.
Βρισηῒς δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτ', ἰκέλη χρυσέῃ Ἀφροδίτῃ,
ὡς ἴδε Πάτροκλον δεδαϊγμένον ὀξέι χαλκῷ,
ἀμφ' αὐτῷ χυμένη λίγ' ἐκώκυε, χερσὶ δ' ἄμυσσε
στήθεά τ' ἠδ' ἁπαλὴν δειρὴν ἰδὲ καλὰ πρόσωπα.
εἶπε δ' ἄρα κλαίουσα γυνὴ ἐικυῖα θεῇσι·
"Πάτροκλέ μοι δειλῇ πλεῖστον κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,
ζωὸν μέν σε ἔλειπον ἐγὼ κλισίηθεν ἰοῦσα,
νῦν δέ σε τεθνηῶτα κιχάνομαι, ὄρχαμε λαῶν,
ἂψ ἀνιοῦσ'· ὥς μοι δέχεται κακὸν ἐκ κακοῦ αἰεί.
ἄνδρα μὲν ᾧ ἔδοσάν με πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
εἶδον πρὸ πτόλιος δεδαϊγμένον ὀξέι χαλκῷ,
τρεῖς τε κασιγνήτους, τούς μοι μία γείνατο μήτηρ,
κηδείους, οἳ πάντες ὀλέθριον ἦμαρ ἐπέσπον.

bronze, and the body Talthybius whirled and flung into the great gulf of the gray sea to be food for the fishes; but Achilles rose up and spoke among the war-loving Argives:

"Father Zeus, great indeed is the blindness you send to men. Never would the son of Atreus have thoroughly roused my heart within my breast, nor led off the girl shamelessly against my will, but I expect that Zeus was minded that on many of the Achaeans death should come. But for now go to dinner, so that we may join battle."

So he spoke, and quickly broke up the assembly. Then the others scattered, each to his own ship, but the great-hearted Myrmidons busied themselves with the gifts and carried them to the ship of godlike Achilles. And they placed them in the huts and set the women there, and the horses noble attendants drove off to the herd.

But then Briseïs, who was like golden Aphrodite, when she saw Patroclus mangled with the sharp sword, flung herself about him and shrieked aloud, and with her hands she tore her breast and tender neck and beautiful face. And in her wailing spoke the woman like the goddesses: "Patroclus, most dear to my heart, wretch that I am, alive I left you when I went from the hut, and now I find you dead, leader of armies, as I return to it: thus for me does evil ever follow on evil. My husband, to whom my father and queenly mother gave me, I saw mangled with the sharp sword before our city, and my three brothers whom my own mother bore, brothers beloved, all these met their day

οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδέ μ᾿ ἔασκες, ὅτ᾿ ἄνδρ᾿ ἐμὸν ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἔκτεινεν, πέρσεν δὲ πόλιν θείοιο Μύνητος,
κλαίειν, ἀλλά μ᾿ ἔφασκες Ἀχιλλῆος θείοιο
κουριδίην ἄλοχον θήσειν, ἄξειν τ᾿ ἐνὶ νηυσὶν
ἐς Φθίην, δαίσειν δὲ γάμον μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσι.
τῶ σ᾿ ἄμοτον κλαίω τεθνηότα, μείλιχον αἰεί."
Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσ᾿, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες,
Πάτροκλον πρόφασιν, σφῶν δ᾿ αὐτῶν κήδε᾿ ἑκάστη.
αὐτὸν δ᾿ ἀμφὶ γέροντες Ἀχαιῶν ἠγερέθοντο
λισσόμενοι δειπνῆσαι· ὁ δ᾿ ἠρνεῖτο στεναχίζων·
"λίσσομαι, εἴ τις ἐμοί γε φίλων ἐπιπείθεθ᾿ ἑταίρων,
μή με πρὶν σίτοιο κελεύετε μηδὲ ποτῆτος
ἄσασθαι φίλον ἦτορ, ἐπεί μ᾿ ἄχος αἰνὸν ἱκάνει·
δύντα δ᾿ ἐς ἠέλιον μενέω καὶ τλήσομαι ἔμπης."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἄλλους μὲν ἀπεσκέδασεν βασιλῆας,
δοιὼ δ᾿ Ἀτρεΐδα μενέτην καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
Νέστωρ Ἰδομενεύς τε γέρων θ᾿ ἱππηλάτα Φοῖνιξ,
τέρποντες πυκινῶς ἀκαχήμενον· οὐδέ τι θυμῷ
τέρπετο, πρὶν πολέμου στόμα δύμεναι αἱματόεντος.
μνησάμενος δ᾿ ἁδινῶς ἀνενείκατο φώνησέν τε·
"ἦ ῥά νύ μοί ποτε καὶ σύ, δυσάμμορε, φίλταθ᾿ ἑταίρων,
αὐτὸς ἐνὶ κλισίῃ λαρὸν παρὰ δεῖπνον ἔθηκας
αἶψα καὶ ὀτραλέως, ὁπότε σπερχοίατ᾿ Ἀχαιοὶ
Τρωσὶν ἐφ᾿ ἱπποδάμοισι φέρειν πολύδακρυν Ἄρηα.
νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν κεῖσαι δεδαϊγμένος, αὐτὰρ ἐμὸν κῆρ
ἄκμηνον πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος, ἔνδον ἐόντων,
σῇ ποθῇ· οὐ μὲν γάρ τι κακώτερον ἄλλο πάθοιμι,
οὐδ᾿ εἴ κεν τοῦ πατρὸς ἀποφθιμένοιο πυθοίμην,

of doom. But you, when swift Achilles slew my husband and sacked the city of godlike Mynes, you would not even let me weep, but said that you would make me the wedded wife of Achilles, and that he would lead me in his ships to Phthia, and make me a marriage feast among the Myrmidons. So I wail for you in your death and know no ceasing, for you were ever kind."

So she spoke weeping, and to it the women added their laments; Patroclus indeed they mourned, but each one her own sorrows. But around Achilles gathered the elders of the Achaeans, begging him to eat; but he refused them, moaning: "I beg you, if any of my dear comrades will obey me, do not tell me to sate my heart with food or drink, since dread grief has come on me. Till the setting of the sun I will remain and endure just as I am."

So he spoke, and sent from him the other chief men, but the two sons of Atreus remained, and noble Odysseus, and Nestor and Idomeneus and the old man Phoenix, driver of chariots, seeking to comfort him in his exceeding sorrow; but not at all would his heart be comforted until he entered the mouth of bloody war. And as he reflected, he heaved a heavy sigh and spoke, saying: "Ah surely once, unlucky one, dearest of my comrades, you used to set out a savory meal in our hut swiftly and deftly when the Achaeans were making haste to bring tearful war against the horse-taming Trojans. But now you lie here mangled, and my heart will have nothing of meat and drink, though they are here at hand, through yearning for you. Nothing worse than this could I suffer, not even though I should hear of

ὃς που νῦν Φθίηφι τέρεν κατὰ δάκρυον εἴβει
χήτεϊ τοιοῦδ' υἷος· ὁ δ' ἀλλοδαπῷ ἐνὶ δήμῳ
εἵνεκα ῥιγεδανῆς Ἑλένης Τρωσὶν πολεμίζω·
ἠὲ τὸν ὃς Σκύρῳ μοι ἔνι τρέφεται φίλος υἱός,
εἴ που ἔτι ζώει γε Νεοπτόλεμος θεοειδής.[8]
πρὶν μὲν γάρ μοι θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐόλπει
οἶον ἐμὲ φθίσεσθαι ἀπ' Ἄργεος ἱπποβότοιο
αὐτοῦ ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, σὲ δέ τε Φθίηνδε νέεσθαι,
ὡς ἄν μοι τὸν παῖδα θοῇ ἐνὶ νηὶ μελαίνῃ
Σκυρόθεν ἐξαγάγοις καί οἱ δείξειας ἕκαστα,
κτῆσιν ἐμὴν δμῶάς τε καὶ ὑψερεφὲς μέγα δῶμα.
ἤδη γὰρ Πηλῆά γ' ὀίομαι ἢ κατὰ πάμπαν
τεθνάμεν, ἤ που τυτθὸν ἔτι ζώοντ' ἀκάχησθαι
γήραΐ τε στυγερῷ καὶ ἐμὴν ποτιδέγμενον αἰεὶ
λυγρὴν ἀγγελίην, ὅτ' ἀποφθιμένοιο πύθηται."
Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίων, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γέροντες,
μνησάμενοι τὰ ἕκαστος ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἔλειπεν.
μυρομένους δ' ἄρα τούς γε ἰδὼν ἐλέησε Κρονίων,
αἶψα δ' Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Τέκνον ἐμόν, δὴ πάμπαν ἀποίχεαι ἀνδρὸς ἑοῖο.[9]
ἦ νύ τοι οὐκέτι πάγχυ μετὰ φρεσὶ μέμβλετ' Ἀχιλλεύς;
κεῖνος ὅ γε προπάροιθε νεῶν ὀρθοκραιράων
ἧσται ὀδυρόμενος ἕταρον φίλον· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι
οἴχονται μετὰ δεῖπνον, ὁ δ' ἄκμηνος καὶ ἄπαστος.
ἀλλ' ἴθι οἱ νέκταρ τε καὶ ἀμβροσίην ἐρατεινὴν
στάξον ἐνὶ στήθεσσ', ἵνα μή μιν λιμὸς ἵκηται."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὄτρυνε πάρος μεμαυῖαν Ἀθήνην·
ἡ δ' ἅρπῃ ἐικυῖα τανυπτέρυγι λιγυφώνῳ

the death of my own father, who now perhaps in Phthia is shedding round tears for lack of a son like me, while I in a land of alien people for the sake of abhorred Helen am warring with the men of Troy; nor though it were he who in Scyrus is reared for me, my son well-beloved—if godlike Neoptolemus still lives. For until now the heart in my breast had hoped that I alone should perish far from horse-pasturing Argos, here in the land of Troy, but that you should return to Phthia, so that you might take my son in your swift, black ship from Scyrus, and show him all things—my possessions, my slaves, and my great high-roofed house. For by now I imagine Peleus is either dead and gone, or else, though perhaps he still lives feebly, is distressed with hateful old age and with waiting ever for a woeful message of me, when he hears that I am dead."

So he spoke weeping, and to it the elders added their laments, remembering each one what he had left at home. And as they mourned the son of Cronos saw them and pitied them; and immediately he spoke winged words to Athene:

"My child, you utterly forsake your own warrior. Is there then no place in your thoughts any more for Achilles? He sits there in front of his ships with raised sterns mourning for his dear comrade; the others have gone to their meal, but he fasts and will have nothing of food. But go, shed into his breast nectar and pleasant ambrosia so that hunger may not come on him."

So saying he urged on Athene, who was already eager: and she like a falcon, wide of wing and shrill of voice,

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[8] Line 327 was rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

[9] ἑοῖο Zenodotus: ἔηος.

οὐρανοῦ ἐκ κατεπᾶλτο δι' αἰθέρος. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
αὐτίκα θωρήσσοντο κατὰ στρατόν· ἡ δ' Ἀχιλῆι
νέκταρ ἐνὶ στήθεσσι καὶ ἀμβροσίην ἐρατεινὴν
στάξ', ἵνα μή μιν λιμὸς ἀτερπὴς γούναθ' ἵκοιτο·
αὐτὴ δὲ πρὸς πατρὸς ἐρισθενέος πυκινὸν δῶ
ᾤχετο, τοὶ δ' ἀπάνευθε νεῶν ἐχέοντο θοάων.
ὡς δ' ὅτε ταρφειαὶ νιφάδες Διὸς ἐκποτέονται,
ψυχραί, ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς αἰθρηγενέος Βορέαο,
ὣς τότε ταρφειαὶ κόρυθες λαμπρὸν γανόωσαι
νηῶν ἐκφορέοντο καὶ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλόεσσαι
θώρηκές τε κραταιγύαλοι καὶ μείλινα δοῦρα.
αἴγλη δ' οὐρανὸν ἷκε, γέλασσε δὲ πᾶσα περὶ χθὼν
χαλκοῦ ὑπὸ στεροπῆς· ὑπὸ δὲ κτύπος ὤρνυτο ποσσὶν
ἀνδρῶν· ἐν δὲ μέσοισι κορύσσετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
τοῦ καὶ ὀδόντων μὲν καναχὴ πέλε, τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε[10]
λαμπέσθην ὡς εἴ τε πυρὸς σέλας, ἐν δέ οἱ ἦτορ
δῦν' ἄχος ἄτλητον· ὁ δ' ἄρα Τρωσὶν μενεαίνων
δύσετο δῶρα θεοῦ, τά οἱ Ἥφαιστος κάμε τεύχων.
κνημῖδας μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κνήμῃσιν ἔθηκε
καλάς, ἀργυρέοισιν ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρυίας·
δεύτερον αὖ θώρηκα περὶ στήθεσσιν ἔδυνεν.
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὤμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος ἀργυρόηλον
χάλκεον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα σάκος μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε
εἵλετο, τοῦ δ' ἀπάνευθε σέλας γένετ' ἠύτε μήνης.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἐκ πόντοιο σέλας ναύτῃσι φανήῃ
καιομένοιο πυρός, τότε καίεται ὑψόθ' ὄρεσφι
σταθμῷ ἐν οἰοπόλῳ· τοὺς δ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντας ἄελλαι
πόντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα φίλων ἀπάνευθε φέρουσιν·

leapt down from heaven through the air. And the Achaeans were arming themselves speedily for battle throughout the camp; and she shed nectar and pleasant ambrosia into the breast of Achilles so that grievous hunger should not come upon his limbs; and then herself was gone to the well-built house of her mighty sire, and the Achaeans poured out from the swift ships. As thick and fast the snowflakes flutter down from Zeus, chill at the blast of the North Wind that is born in the bright sky, so then thick and fast from the ships were brought out the helmets, bright-gleaming, and the bossed shields, the corselets with massive plates, and the ashen spears. And the gleam of them went up to heaven, and all the earth round about laughed because of the flashing of bronze; and there went up a din from beneath the feet of men; and in their midst Achilles armed himself for battle. There was a gnashing of his teeth, and his eyes blazed as if they had been flame of fire, and into his heart there entered grief unbearable. Thus in fierce wrath against the Trojans he put on the gifts of the god that Hephaestus had toiled to make. The greaves first he set about his legs: beautiful they were, and fitted with silver ankle pieces; and next he put on the corselet about his chest. And about his shoulders he cast the silver-studded sword of bronze, and then grasped the shield great and sturdy, from which went out afar a gleam as of the moon. And as out over the sea there appears to seamen the gleam of blazing fire, and it burns high up in the mountains in a lonely steading, but against their will the storm winds bear them over the teeming deep far from their friends, so from

[10] Lines 365–368 were at first rejected by Aristarchus, though he afterwards changed his mind.

ὣς ἀπ' Ἀχιλλῆος σάκεος σέλας αἰθέρ' ἵκανε
καλοῦ δαιδαλέου· περὶ δὲ τρυφάλειαν ἀείρας
κρατὶ θέτο βριαρήν· ἡ δ' ἀστὴρ ὣς ἀπέλαμπεν
ἵππουρις τρυφάλεια, περισσείοντο δ' ἔθειραι
χρύσεαι, ἃς Ἥφαιστος ἵει λόφον ἀμφὶ θαμειάς.
πειρήθη δ' ἕο αὐτοῦ ἐν ἔντεσι δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
εἰ οἷ ἐφαρμόσσειε καὶ ἐντρέχοι ἀγλαὰ γυῖα.[11]
τῷ δ' εὖτε πτερὰ γίγνετ', ἄειρε δὲ ποιμένα λαῶν.
ἐκ δ' ἄρα σύριγγος πατρώιον ἐσπάσατ' ἔγχος,
βριθὺ μέγα στιβαρόν· τὸ μὲν οὐ δύνατ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν[12]
πάλλειν, ἀλλά μιν οἶος ἐπίστατο πῆλαι Ἀχιλλεύς,
Πηλιάδα μελίην, τὴν πατρὶ φίλῳ πόρε Χείρων
Πηλίου ἐκ κορυφῆς, φόνον ἔμμεναι ἡρώεσσιν.
ἵππους δ' Αὐτομέδων τε καὶ Ἄλκιμος ἀμφιέποντες
ζεύγνυον· ἀμφὶ δὲ καλὰ λέπαδν' ἕσαν, ἐν δὲ χαλινοὺς
γαμφηλῇς ἔβαλον, κατὰ δ' ἡνία τεῖναν ὀπίσσω
κολλητὸν ποτὶ δίφρον. ὁ δὲ μάστιγα φαεινὴν
χειρὶ λαβὼν ἀραρυῖαν ἐφ' ἵπποιιν ἀνόρουσεν,
Αὐτομέδων· ὄπιθεν δὲ κορυσσάμενος βῆ Ἀχιλλεύς,
τεύχεσι παμφαίνων ὥς τ' ἠλέκτωρ Ὑπερίων,
σμερδαλέον δ' ἵπποισιν ἐκέκλετο πατρὸς ἑοῖο·
"Ξάνθε τε καὶ Βαλίε, τηλεκλυτὰ τέκνα Ποδάργης,
ἄλλως δὴ φράζεσθε σαωσέμεν ἡνιοχῆα
ἂψ Δαναῶν ἐς ὅμιλον, ἐπεί χ' ἕωμεν πολέμοιο,
μηδ' ὡς Πάτροκλον λίπετ' αὐτόθι τεθνηῶτα."
Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ ζυγόφι προσέφη πόδας αἰόλος ἵππος

the shield of Achilles went up a gleam to heaven, from that shield fair and elaborately worked. And he lifted the mighty helmet and set it on his head; and it shone like a star, the helmet with crest of horsehair, and around it waved the plumes of gold that Hephaestus had set thick about the crest. And noble Achilles tested himself in his armor to see if it fitted him and if his glorious limbs moved free; and it became like wings to him, and elated the shepherd of men. And from its stand he drew his father's spear, heavy and huge and strong, that no other of the Achaeans could wield, but Achilles alone was skilled to wield it, the Pelian spear of ash that Cheiron had given to his dear father from the peak of Pelion for the slaying of warriors. And Automedon and Alcinous set about busily to yoke the horses, and about them they set the fair breast straps, and thrust bits into their jaws, and drew back the reins behind to the jointed chariot. And Automedon grasped in his hand the bright whip that fitted it well, and leapt on the chariot; and behind him stepped Achilles armed for battle, gleaming in his armor like the bright Hyperion. Then terribly he called aloud to the horses of his father: "Xanthus and Balius, far-famed children of Podarge, in some other way take thought to bring your charioteer back safe to the army of the Danaans when we have had our fill of war; and do not leave him there dead, as you did Patroclus."

Then from beneath the yoke spoke to him the horse

[11] *γυῖα*: *δῶρα*.

[12] Lines 388–391 were rejected by Aristarchus.

Ξάνθος, ἄφαρ δ' ἤμυσε καρήατι, πᾶσα δὲ χαίτη
ζεύγλης ἐξεριποῦσα παρὰ ζυγὸν οὖδας ἵκανεν·
αὐδήεντα δ' ἔθηκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη·[13]
"καὶ λίην σ' ἔτι νῦν γε σαώσομεν, ὄβριμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ·
ἀλλά τοι ἐγγύθεν ἦμαρ ὀλέθριον· οὐδέ τοι ἡμεῖς
αἴτιοι, ἀλλὰ θεός τε μέγας καὶ Μοῖρα κραταιή.
οὐδὲ γὰρ ἡμετέρῃ βραδυτῆτί τε νωχελίῃ τε
Τρῶες ἀπ' ὤμοιιν Πατρόκλου τεύχε' ἕλοντο·
ἀλλὰ θεῶν ὤριστος, ὃν ἠύκομος τέκε Λητώ,
ἔκταν' ἐνὶ προμάχοισι καὶ Ἕκτορι κῦδος ἔδωκε.
νῶι δὲ καί κεν ἅμα πνοιῇ Ζεφύροιο θέοιμεν,
ἥν περ ἐλαφροτάτην φάσ' ἔμμεναι· ἀλλὰ σοὶ αὐτῷ[14]
μόρσιμόν ἐστι θεῷ τε καὶ ἀνέρι ἶφι δαμῆναι."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσαντος Ἐρινύες ἔσχεθον αὐδήν.
τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Ξάνθε, τί μοι θάνατον μαντεύεαι; οὐδέ τί σε χρή.
εὖ νυ τὸ οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς ὅ μοι μόρος ἐνθάδ' ὀλέσθαι,
νόσφι φίλου πατρὸς καὶ μητέρος· ἀλλὰ καὶ ἔμπης
οὐ λήξω πρὶν Τρῶας ἄδην ἐλάσαι πολέμοιο."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐν πρώτοις ἰάχων ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους.

[13] Line 407 was rejected by Aristarchus.
[14] Lines 416 f were rejected by Aristarchus.

Xanthus of the swift-glancing feet; suddenly he bowed his head, and all his mane streamed from beneath the yoke pad beside the yoke and touched the ground; and the goddess, white-armed Hera, gave him speech: "Yes indeed, still for this time will we save you, mighty Achilles, though the day of doom is near you, nor will we be the cause of it, but a mighty god and overpowering Fate. For it was not through sloth or slackness of ours that the Trojans were able to strip the armor from the shoulders of Patroclus, but one, far the best of gods, he whom fair-haired Leto bore, slew him among the foremost fighters and gave glory to Hector. But for us two, we could run swift as the West Wind's blast, which, men say, is of all winds the fleetest; but for you yourself it is fated to be vanquished in fight by a god and a mortal."

When he had thus spoken, the Erinyes checked his voice. Then, in great agitation, spoke to him swift-footed Achilles: "Xanthus, why do you prophesy my death? You need not at all. Well I know even of myself that it is my fate to perish here, far from my dear father and my mother; but even so I will not cease until I have driven the Trojans to their fill of war."

He spoke, and with a cry drove among the foremost his single-hoofed horses.

Υ

Ὣς οἱ μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσι θωρήσσοντο
ἀμφὶ σέ, Πηλέος υἱέ, μάχης ἀκόρητον Ἀχαιοί,
Τρῶες δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ πεδίοιο·
Ζεὺς δὲ Θέμιστα κέλευσε θεοὺς ἀγορήνδε καλέσσαι
κρατὸς ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο πολυπτύχου· ἡ δ' ἄρα πάντῃ
φοιτήσασα κέλευσε Διὸς πρὸς δῶμα νέεσθαι.
οὔτε τις οὖν ποταμῶν ἀπέην, νόσφ' Ὠκεανοῖο,
οὔτ' ἄρα νυμφάων, αἵ τ' ἄλσεα καλὰ νέμονται
καὶ πηγὰς ποταμῶν καὶ πίσεα ποιήεντα.
ἐλθόντες δ' ἐς δῶμα Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο
ξεστῇς αἰθούσῃσιν ἐνίζανον, ἃς Διὶ πατρὶ
Ἥφαιστος ποίησεν ἰδυίῃσι πραπίδεσσιν.
Ὣς οἱ μὲν Διὸς ἔνδον ἀγηγέρατ'· οὐδ' Ἐνοσίχθων
νηκούστησε θεᾶς, ἀλλ' ἐξ ἁλὸς ἦλθε μετ' αὐτούς,
ἷζε δ' ἄρ' ἐν μέσσοισι, Διὸς δ' ἐξείρετο βουλήν·
"τίπτ' αὖτ', ἀργικέραυνε, θεοὺς ἀγορήνδε κάλεσσας;
ἦ τι περὶ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν μερμηρίζεις;
τῶν γὰρ νῦν ἄγχιστα μάχη πόλεμός τε δέδηε."
Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"ἔγνως, Ἐννοσίγαιε, ἐμὴν ἐν στήθεσι βουλήν,

BOOK 20

So by the beaked ships around you, O son of Peleus, insatiate of battle, the Achaeans armed themselves; and likewise the Trojans opposite them on the rising ground of the plain. But Zeus told Themis to summon the gods to the place of assembly from the brow of many-ridged Olympus; and she sped everywhere, and told them to come to the house of Zeus. There was no river that did not come, save only Oceanus, nor any nymph of all that dwell in the fair copses and springs that feed the rivers and the grassy meadows. And having come to the house of Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, they sat down inside the polished colonnades which for father Zeus Hephaestus had built with cunning skill.

Thus they were gathered inside the house of Zeus; nor did the Shaker of Earth fail to heed the call of the goddess, but came out from the sea to join their company; and he sat in their midst, and inquired of the plan of Zeus: "Why, lord of the bright lightning, have you again called the gods to the place of assembly? Is it that you are deliberating on something concerning the Trojans and Achaeans? For now is their battle and fighting kindled close at hand."

Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered him, and said: "You know, Shaker of Earth, the plan in my mind for

ὧν ἕνεκα ξυνάγειρα· μέλουσί μοι ὀλλύμενοί περ.
ἀλλ' ἦ τοι μὲν ἐγὼ μενέω πτυχὶ Οὐλύμποιο
ἥμενος, ἔνθ' ὁρόων φρένα τέρψομαι· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι
ἔρχεσθ' ὄφρ' ἂν ἵκησθε μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιούς,
ἀμφοτέροισι δ' ἀρήγεθ', ὅπῃ νόος ἐστὶν ἑκάστου.
εἰ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς οἶος ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι μαχεῖται,
οὐδὲ μίνυνθ' ἕξουσι ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα.
καὶ δέ τί μιν καὶ πρόσθεν ὑποτρομέεσκον ὁρῶντες·
νῦν δ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ θυμὸν ἑταίρου χώεται αἰνῶς,
δείδω μὴ καὶ τεῖχος ὑπὲρ μόρον ἐξαλαπάξῃ."
  Ὣς ἔφατο Κρονίδης, πόλεμον δ' ἀλίαστον ἔγειρε.
βὰν δ' ἴμεναι πόλεμόνδε θεοί, δίχα θυμὸν ἔχοντες·
Ἥρη μὲν μετ' ἀγῶνα νεῶν καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
ἠδὲ Ποσειδάων γαιήοχος ἠδ' ἐριούνης
Ἑρμείας, ὃς ἐπὶ φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι κέκασται·
Ἥφαιστος δ' ἅμα τοῖσι κίε σθένεϊ βλεμεαίνων,
χωλεύων, ὑπὸ δὲ κνῆμαι ῥώοντο ἀραιαί.
ἐς δὲ Τρῶας Ἄρης κορυθαίολος, αὐτὰρ ἅμ' αὐτῷ
Φοῖβος ἀκερσεκόμης ἠδ' Ἄρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα
Λητώ τε Ξάνθος τε φιλομμειδής τ' Ἀφροδίτη.
  Ἧος μέν ῥ' ἀπάνευθε θεοὶ θνητῶν ἔσαν ἀνδρῶν,
τῆος Ἀχαιοὶ μὲν μέγ' ἐκύδανον, οὕνεκ' Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐξεφάνη, δηρὸν δὲ μάχης ἐπέπαυτ' ἀλεγεινῆς·
Τρῶας δὲ τρόμος αἰνὸς ὑπήλυθε γυῖα ἕκαστον,
δειδιότας, ὅθ' ὁρῶντο ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα
τεύχεσι λαμπόμενον, βροτολοιγῷ ἶσον Ἄρηϊ.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ μεθ' ὅμιλον Ὀλύμπιοι ἤλυθον ἀνδρῶν,

which I gathered you here; I care for them, even though they die. Yet for myself I will remain here sitting in a fold of Olympus, from which I will gaze and give my mind enjoyment; but go out you others till you come among the Trojans and Achaeans, and assist this side or that, as is the mind of each. For if Achilles fights alone[1] against the Trojans, not even for a little will they hold back the swift-footed son of Peleus. And even in the past were they used to tremble just looking at him, and now, when his heart is dreadfully angry for his friend, I fear that even beyond what is ordained he may lay waste the wall."

So spoke the son of Cronos, and roused war unabating. And the gods set out to go into the battle divided in counsel: Hera to where the ships were gathered, and with her Pallas Athene and Poseidon, the enfolder of earth, and the helper Hermes, who is beyond all in the cunning of his mind; and together with these went Hephaestus, exulting in his might, limping along, but beneath him his slender legs moved nimbly; but to the Trojans went Ares of the flashing helmet, and with him Phoebus of the unshorn locks, and Artemis the archer, and Leto and Xanthus and laughter-loving Aphrodite.

Now as long as the gods were far from the mortal men, for so long triumphed the Achaeans greatly, because Achilles had appeared, and he had long kept himself away from grievous battle; but to the Trojans came dread trembling on the limbs of every man in their terror when they saw the swift-footed son of Peleus gleaming in his armor, the peer of man-destroying Ares. But when the Olympians had come into the midst of the throng of men, then up

[1] I.e. without any interference on the part of the gods. M.

ὦρτο δ' Ἔρις κρατερὴ λαοσσόος, αὖε δ' Ἀθήνη,
στᾶσ' ὁτὲ μὲν παρὰ τάφρον ὀρυκτὴν τείχεος ἐκτός,
ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἀκτάων ἐριδούπων μακρὸν ἀΰτει.
αὖε δ' Ἄρης ἑτέρωθεν, ἐρεμνῇ λαίλαπι ἶσος,
ὀξὺ κατ' ἀκροτάτης πόλιος Τρώεσσι κελεύων,
ἄλλοτε πὰρ Σιμόεντι θέων[1] ἐπὶ Καλλικολώνῃ.
  Ὣς τοὺς ἀμφοτέρους μάκαρες θεοὶ ὀτρύνοντες
σύμβαλον, ἐν δ' αὐτοῖς ἔριδα ῥήγνυντο βαρεῖαν·
δεινὸν δὲ βρόντησε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
ὑψόθεν· αὐτὰρ νέρθε Ποσειδάων ἐτίναξε
γαῖαν ἀπειρεσίην ὀρέων τ' αἰπεινὰ κάρηνα.
πάντες δ' ἐσσείοντο πόδες πολυπίδακος Ἴδης
καὶ κορυφαί, Τρώων τε πόλις καὶ νῆες Ἀχαιῶν.
ἔδδεισεν δ' ὑπένερθεν ἄναξ ἐνέρων Ἀϊδωνεύς,
δείσας δ' ἐκ θρόνου ἆλτο καὶ ἴαχε, μή οἱ ὕπερθε
γαῖαν ἀναρρήξειε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
οἰκία δὲ θνητοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι φανείη
σμερδαλέ' εὐρώεντα, τά τε στυγέουσι θεοί περ·
τόσσος ἄρα κτύπος ὦρτο θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνιόντων.
ἤτοι μὲν γὰρ ἔναντα Ποσειδάωνος ἄνακτος
ἵστατ' Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος, ἔχων ἰὰ πτερόεντα,
ἄντα δ' Ἐνυαλίοιο θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
Ἥρῃ δ' ἀντέστη χρυσηλάκατος κελαδεινὴ
Ἄρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα, κασιγνήτη ἑκάτοιο·
Λητοῖ δ' ἀντέστη σῶκος ἐριούνιος Ἑρμῆς,
ἄντα δ' ἄρ' Ἡφαίστοιο μέγας ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης,
ὃν Ξάνθον καλέουσι θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ Σκάμανδρον.

leapt mighty Strife, the rouser of armies, and Athene cried aloud—now standing beside the trench dug outside the wall, and now on the loud-sounding shores, she would utter her loud cry. And from the opposite side shouted Ares, dread as a black tempest, shrilly urging the Trojans on from the topmost citadel, and now again as he sped by the shore of Simois toward Callicolone.

Thus did the blessed gods urge on the two armies to clash in battle, and among them made grievous strife to burst forth. Then terribly thundered the father of gods and men from on high; and from below Poseidon caused the vast earth to quake, and the steep crests of the mountains. All the roots of many-fountained Ida were shaken, and all her peaks, and the city of the Trojans, and the ships of the Achaeans. And seized with fear in the world below was Aidoneus, lord of the shades, and in fear he leapt from his throne and cried aloud lest above him the earth be split open by Poseidon, the shaker of earth, and his house be made plain to view for mortals and immortals—the dread and dank house which even the gods loath: so great was the din that arose when the gods clashed in strife. For against king Poseidon stood Phoebus Apollo holding his winged arrows, and against Enyalius the goddess flashing-eyed Athene; against Hera stood the huntress of the golden arrows and the echoing chase, the archer Artemis, sister of the god who strikes from afar; against Leto stood the strong helper, Hermes, and against Hephaestus the great deep-eddying river that gods call Xanthus, and men Scamander.

[1] *θέων*: *θεῶν* Aristarchus.

Ὣς οἱ μὲν θεοὶ ἄντα θεῶν ἴσαν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
Ἕκτορος ἄντα μάλιστα λιλαίετο δῦναι ὅμιλον
Πριαμίδεω· τοῦ γάρ ῥα μάλιστά ἑ θυμὸς ἀνώγει
αἵματος ἆσαι Ἄρηα ταλαύρινον πολεμιστήν.
Αἰνείαν δ' ἰθὺς λαοσσόος ὦρσεν Ἀπόλλων
ἀντία Πηλεΐωνος, ἐνῆκε δέ οἱ μένος ἠΰ·
υἱέι δὲ Πριάμοιο Λυκάονι εἴσατο φωνήν·
τῷ μιν ἐεισάμενος προσέφη Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·
"Αἰνεία, Τρώων βουληφόρε, ποῦ τοι ἀπειλαί,
ἃς Τρώων βασιλεῦσιν ὑπίσχεο οἰνοποτάζων,
Πηλεΐδεω Ἀχιλῆος ἐναντίβιον πολεμίξειν;"
Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Αἰνείας ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέειπε·
"Πριαμίδη, τί με ταῦτα καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντα κελεύεις,
ἀντία Πηλεΐωνος ὑπερθύμοιο μάχεσθαι;
οὐ μὲν γὰρ νῦν πρῶτα ποδώκεος ἄντ' Ἀχιλῆος
στήσομαι, ἀλλ' ἤδη με καὶ ἄλλοτε δουρὶ φόβησεν
ἐξ Ἴδης, ὅτε βουσὶν ἐπήλυθεν ἡμετέρῃσι,
πέρσε δὲ Λυρνησσὸν καὶ Πήδασον· αὐτὰρ ἐμὲ Ζεὺς
εἰρύσαθ', ὅς μοι ἐπῶρσε μένος λαιψηρά τε γοῦνα.
ἦ κ' ἐδάμην ὑπὸ χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος καὶ Ἀθήνης,
ἥ οἱ πρόσθεν ἰοῦσα τίθει φάος ἠδ' ἐκέλευεν
ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ Λέλεγας καὶ Τρῶας ἐναίρειν.
τῶ οὐκ ἔστ' Ἀχιλῆος ἐναντίον ἄνδρα μάχεσθαι·
αἰεὶ γὰρ πάρα εἷς γε θεῶν, ὃς λοιγὸν ἀμύνει.
καὶ δ' ἄλλως τοῦ γ' ἰθὺ βέλος πέτετ', οὐδ' ἀπολήγει
πρὶν χροὸς ἀνδρομέοιο διελθέμεν. εἰ δὲ θεός περ
ἶσον τείνειεν πολέμου τέλος, οὔ κε μάλα ῥέα
νικήσει', οὐδ' εἰ παγχάλκεος εὔχεται εἶναι."

Thus gods went out to meet gods. But Achilles was eager to face Hector, Priam's son, above all others in the throng, for it was with his blood that his heart commanded him to glut Ares, the warrior with tough shield of hide. But Apollo, rouser of armies, made Aeneas go to face the son of Peleus, and he put into him great might; and he likened his voice to that of Lycaon, son of Priam. In his likeness spoke to Aeneas the son of Zeus, Apollo: "Aeneas, counselor of the Trojans, where now are those threats with which you used to declare to the princes of the Trojans over your wine that you would fight in open combat against Achilles, son of Peleus?"

Then Aeneas answered him and said: "Son of Priam, why in this way do you urge me to face and fight the high-hearted son of Peleus, though I am not minded to do it? Not now for the first time will I stand and face swift-footed Achilles; but once before now he drove me with his spear from Ida, when he had come out against our cattle, and laid Lyrnessus waste and Pedasus; but Zeus saved me, who roused my might and made swift my knees. I would surely have been slain at the hands of Achilles and of Athene, who went before him and set there a light of deliverance, and urged him to slay Leleges and Trojans with spear of bronze. So it is not possible that any warrior can face Achilles in fight, since ever by his side is some god who wards ruin from him. And besides his spear flies straight, and ceases not till it has pierced through the flesh of man. But if a god should stretch the outcome of war with even hand, then not lightly would he vanquish me, not even though he boasts he is wholly made of bronze."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ Διὸς υἱὸς Ἀπόλλων·
"ἥρως, ἀλλ' ἄγε καὶ σὺ θεοῖς αἰειγενέτῃσιν
εὔχεο· καὶ δὲ σέ φασι Διὸς κούρης Ἀφροδίτης
ἐκγεγάμεν, κεῖνος δὲ χερείονος ἐκ θεοῦ ἐστιν·
ἡ μὲν γὰρ Διός ἐσθ', ἡ δ' ἐξ ἁλίοιο γέροντος.
ἀλλ' ἰθὺς φέρε χαλκὸν ἀτειρέα, μηδέ σε πάμπαν
λευγαλέοις ἐπέεσσιν ἀποτρεπέτω καὶ ἀρειῇ."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἔμπνευσε μένος μέγα ποιμένι λαῶν,
βῆ δὲ διὰ προμάχων κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ.
οὐδ' ἔλαθ' Ἀγχίσαο πάις λευκώλενον Ἥρην
ἀντία Πηλεΐωνος ἰὼν ἀνὰ οὐλαμὸν ἀνδρῶν·
ἡ δ' ἄμυδις στήσασα θεοὺς μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπε·
"φράζεσθον δὴ σφῶι, Ποσείδαον καὶ Ἀθήνη,
ἐν φρεσὶν ὑμετέρῃσιν, ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα.
Αἰνείας ὅδ' ἔβη κεκορυθμένος αἴθοπι χαλκῷ
ἀντία Πηλεΐωνος, ἀνῆκε δὲ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ἡμεῖς πέρ μιν ἀποτρωπῶμεν ὀπίσσω
αὐτόθεν· ἤ τις ἔπειτα καὶ ἡμείων Ἀχιλῆι
παρσταίη, δοίη δὲ κράτος μέγα, μηδέ τι θυμῷ
δευέσθω, ἵνα εἰδῇ ὅ μιν φιλέουσιν ἄριστοι
ἀθανάτων, οἱ δ' αὖτ' ἀνεμώλιοι οἳ τὸ πάρος περ
Τρωσὶν ἀμύνουσιν πόλεμον καὶ δηιοτῆτα.
πάντες δ' Οὐλύμποιο κατήλθομεν ἀντιόωντες[2]
τῆσδε μάχης, ἵνα μή τι μετὰ Τρώεσσι πάθῃσι
σήμερον· ὕστερον αὖτε τὰ πείσεται ἅσσα οἱ Αἶσα
γιγνομένῳ ἐπένησε λίνῳ, ὅτε μιν τέκε μήτηρ.
εἰ δ' Ἀχιλεὺς οὐ ταῦτα θεῶν ἐκ πεύσεται ὀμφῆς,

In answer to him spoke the lord Apollo, son of Zeus: "But come, warrior, pray yourself also to the gods who are for ever; for men say that you were born of Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus, while he is sprung from a lesser goddess. For your mother is daughter of Zeus, and his of the old man of the sea. But carry straight against him your stubborn bronze, and do not let him turn you back with words of contempt and threats."

So saying he breathed great might into the shepherd of men, and he strode among the foremost fighters, armored in ruddy bronze. Nor did the son of Anchises escape the notice of white-armed Hera as he went out to face the son of Peleus among the throng of men, but she gathered the gods together, and spoke among them, saying: "Take thought in your minds, you two, Poseidon and Athene, how these things are to be. Aeneas here has come out armored in ruddy bronze to face the son of Peleus, and it is Phoebus Apollo who has set him on. Come then, let us turn him back immediately; or else then let one of us stand likewise by Achilles' side and give him great might, and let him lack nothing in his heart, so that he may know that they who love him are the best of the immortals, and those are worthless as wind who till now have warded war and combat from the Trojans. We have all come down from Olympus to join in this battle, so that Achilles may suffer no harm among the Trojans for today; but later he will suffer whatever Fate spun for him with her thread at his birth when his mother bore him. But if Achilles does not learn this from some voice of the gods, he will take fright when

[2] Lines 125–128 were rejected by Aristarchus.

δείσετ᾽ ἔπειθ᾽, ὅτε κέν τις ἐναντίβιον θεὸς ἔλθῃ
ἐν πολέμῳ· χαλεποὶ δὲ θεοὶ φαίνεσθαι ἐναργεῖς."
Τὴν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·
"Ἥρη, μὴ χαλέπαινε παρὲκ νόον· οὐδέ τί σε χρή.
οὐκ ἂν ἐγώ γ᾽ ἐθέλοιμι θεοὺς ἔριδι ξυνελάσσαι
ἡμέας τοὺς ἄλλους, ἐπεὶ ἦ πολὺ φέρτεροί εἰμεν·[3]
ἀλλ᾽ ἡμεῖς μὲν ἔπειτα καθεζώμεσθα κιόντες
ἐκ πάτου ἐς σκοπιήν, πόλεμος δ᾽ ἄνδρεσσι μελήσει.
εἰ δέ κ᾽ Ἄρης ἄρχωσι μάχης ἢ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ἢ Ἀχιλῆ᾽ ἴσχωσι καὶ οὐκ εἰῶσι μάχεσθαι,
αὐτίκ᾽ ἔπειτα καὶ ἄμμι παρ᾽ αὐτόθι νεῖκος ὀρεῖται
φυλόπιδος· μάλα δ᾽ ὦκα διακρινθέντας ὀίω
ἂψ ἴμεν Οὔλυμπόνδε θεῶν μεθ᾽ ὁμήγυριν ἄλλων,
ἡμετέρῃς ὑπὸ χερσὶν ἀναγκαίηφι δαμέντας."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἡγήσατο κυανοχαίτης
τεῖχος ἐς ἀμφίχυτον Ἡρακλῆος θείοιο,
ὑψηλόν, τό ῥά οἱ Τρῶες καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
ποίεον, ὄφρα τὸ κῆτος ὑπεκπροφυγὼν ἀλέαιτο,
ὁππότε μιν σεύαιτο ἀπ᾽ ἠιόνος πεδίονδε.
ἔνθα Ποσειδάων κατ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἕζετο καὶ θεοὶ ἄλλοι,
ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἄρρηκτον νεφέλην ὤμοισιν ἕσαντο·
οἱ δ᾽ ἑτέρωσε καθῖζον ἐπ᾽ ὀφρύσι Καλλικολώνης
ἀμφὶ σέ, ἤιε Φοῖβε, καὶ Ἄρηα πτολίπορθον.

[3] Line 135 is omitted in many MSS.

[2] Line 135, apparently adapted from 8.211, has been omitted in translating. M.

some god comes against him in battle; for dangerous are the gods when they appear in manifest form."

Then Poseidon, the shaker of earth, answered her: "Hera, do not be angry beyond reason; you need not at all. I at least would not be minded to make gods clash with gods in strife.[2] But for our part let us then go apart from the track to some lookout spot and sit there, and war will be the concern for men. But if Ares or Phoebus Apollo makes beginning of fight, or keeps Achilles in check and does not allow him to do battle, then immediately from us likewise will the strife of war arise; and very soon, I think, will they separate themselves from the battle and go back to Olympus to the assembly of the other gods, vanquished at our hands by force."

So saying, the dark-haired god led the way to the heaped-up wall of godlike Heracles, the high wall that the Trojans and Pallas Athene had built for him so that he might flee there and escape from the monster of the deep when it drove him from the seashore to the plain.[3] There Poseidon and the other gods sat down, and clothed their shoulders about with an impenetrable cloud; and they on the other side sat opposite on the brows of Callicolone, around you, archer Phoebus, and Ares, sacker of cities.

[3] Poseidon had built for Laomedon the walls of Troy, but had been defrauded of his pay. He therefore sent a sea monster to lay waste the land. Laomedon was advised by an oracle to expose his daughter to be a prey of the monster, but offered his immortal horses as a reward to whoever should slay the beast. Heracles did this, aided by the wall mentioned in the text, but was deceived by Laomedon, who gave him mortal horses. M.

Ὣς οἱ μέν ῥ' ἑκάτερθε καθήατο μητιόωντες
βουλάς· ἀρχέμεναι δὲ δυσηλεγέος πολέμοιο
ὄκνεον ἀμφότεροι, Ζεὺς δ' ἥμενος ὕψι κέλευε.
Τῶν δ' ἅπαν ἐπλήσθη πεδίον καὶ λάμπετο χαλκῷ,
ἀνδρῶν ἠδ' ἵππων· κάρκαιρε δὲ γαῖα πόδεσσιν
ὀρνυμένων ἄμυδις. δύο δ' ἀνέρες ἔξοχ' ἄριστοι
ἐς μέσον ἀμφοτέρων συνίτην μεμαῶτε μάχεσθαι,
Αἰνείας τ' Ἀγχισιάδης καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
Αἰνείας δὲ πρῶτος ἀπειλήσας ἐβεβήκει,
νευστάζων κόρυθι βριαρῇ· ἀτὰρ ἀσπίδα θοῦριν
πρόσθεν ἔχε στέρνοιο, τίνασσε δὲ χάλκεον ἔγχος.
Πηλεΐδης δ' ἑτέρωθεν ἐναντίον ὦρτο λέων ὥς,
σίντης, ὅν τε καὶ ἄνδρες ἀποκτάμεναι μεμάασιν
ἀγρόμενοι, πᾶς δῆμος· ὁ δὲ πρῶτον μὲν ἀτίζων
ἔρχεται, ἀλλ' ὅτε κέν τις ἀρηιθόων αἰζηῶν
δουρὶ βάλῃ, ἐάλη τε χανών, περί τ' ἀφρὸς ὀδόντας
γίγνεται, ἐν δέ τέ οἱ κραδίῃ στένει ἄλκιμον ἦτορ,
οὐρῇ δὲ πλευράς τε καὶ ἰσχία ἀμφοτέρωθεν
μαστίεται, ἑὲ δ' αὐτὸν ἐποτρύνει μαχέσασθαι,
γλαυκιόων δ' ἰθὺς φέρεται μένει, ἤν τινα πέφνῃ
ἀνδρῶν, ἢ αὐτὸς φθίεται πρώτῳ ἐν ὁμίλῳ·
ὣς Ἀχιλῆ' ὄτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ
ἀντίον ἐλθέμεναι μεγαλήτορος Αἰνείαο.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Αἰνεία, τί σὺ τόσσον ὁμίλου πολλὸν ἐπελθὼν
ἔστης; ἦ σέ γε θυμὸς ἐμοὶ μαχέσασθαι ἀνώγει
ἐλπόμενον Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξειν ἱπποδάμοισι[1]

So they sat on either side devising counsels, but to make beginning of grievous war both sides were reluctant, though Zeus, who sits on high, had urged them to.

But the whole plain was filled with men and horses and aflame with bronze, and the earth resounded beneath their feet as they rushed together; and two warriors best by far of all came together in the space between the two armies eager to do battle, Aeneas, Anchises' son, and noble Achilles. Aeneas had come out first with threats, his heavy helmet nodding above him; his furious shield he held before his breast, and he brandished a spear of bronze. And on the other side the son of Peleus rushed against him like a lion, a ravening lion that men are eager to slay, a whole people that has gathered together; and he at the first caring nothing of them goes his way, but when one of the youths swift in battle has struck him with a spear-cast, then he gathers himself with his mouth wide open, and foam appears about his teeth, and his mighty spirit groans within, and with his tail he lashes his ribs and his flanks on both sides, and rouses himself to fight, and with glaring eyes he rushes straight on in his fury, whether he slay some man or himself be slain in the foremost throng; so was Achilles driven by his fury and his gallant heart to go out to face great-hearted Aeneas. And when they had come near, as they advanced one against the other, then first to Aeneas spoke swift-footed noble Achilles: "Aeneas, why have you come so far out from the throng to stand and face me? Is it that your heart commands you to fight with me in the hope that you will be master of Priam's power among the horse-taming Trojans?

[4] Lines 180–186 were rejected by Aristarchus.

τιμῆς τῆς Πριάμου; ἀτὰρ εἴ κεν ἔμ' ἐξεναρίξῃς,
οὔ τοι τοὔνεκά γε Πρίαμος γέρας ἐν χερὶ θήσει·
εἰσὶν γάρ οἱ παῖδες, ὁ δ' ἔμπεδος οὐδ' ἀεσίφρων.
ἦ νύ τί τοι Τρῶες τέμενος τάμον ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
καλὸν φυταλιῆς καὶ ἀρούρης, ὄφρα νέμηαι,
αἴ κεν ἐμὲ κτείνῃς; χαλεπῶς δέ σ' ἔολπα τὸ ῥέξειν.
ἤδη μὲν σέ γέ φημι καὶ ἄλλοτε δουρὶ φοβῆσαι.
ἦ οὐ μέμνῃ ὅτε πέρ σε βοῶν ἄπο μοῦνον ἐόντα
σεῦα κατ' Ἰδαίων ὀρέων ταχέεσσι πόδεσσι
καρπαλίμως; τότε δ' οὔ τι μετατροπαλίζεο φεύγων.
ἔνθεν δ' ἐς Λυρνησσὸν ὑπέκφυγες· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τὴν
πέρσα μεθορμηθεὶς σὺν Ἀθήνῃ καὶ Διὶ πατρί,
ληιάδας δὲ γυναῖκας ἐλεύθερον ἦμαρ ἀπούρας
ἦγον· ἀτὰρ σὲ Ζεὺς ἐρρύσατο καὶ θεοὶ ἄλλοι.
ἀλλ' οὐ νῦν ἐρύεσθαι ὀίομαι, ὡς ἐνὶ θυμῷ[5]
βάλλεαι· ἀλλά σ' ἐγώ γ' ἀναχωρήσαντα κελεύω
ἐς πληθὺν ἰέναι, μηδ' ἀντίος ἵστασ' ἐμεῖο,
πρίν τι κακὸν παθέειν· ῥεχθὲν δέ τε νήπιος ἔγνω."
Τὸν δ' αὖτ' Αἰνείας ἀπαμείβετο φώνησέν τε·
"Πηλεΐδη, μὴ δή μ' ἐπέεσσί γε νηπύτιον ὣς
ἔλπεο δειδίξεσθαι, ἐπεὶ σάφα οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς
ἠμὲν κερτομίας ἠδ' αἴσιμα[6] μυθήσασθαι.
ἴδμεν δ' ἀλλήλων γενεήν, ἴδμεν δὲ τοκῆας,
πρόκλυτ' ἀκούοντες ἔπεα θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων·
ὄψει δ' οὔτ' ἄρ πω σὺ ἐμοὺς ἴδες οὔτ' ἄρ' ἐγὼ σούς.[7]
φασὶ σὲ μὲν Πηλῆος ἀμύμονος ἔκγονον εἶναι,
μητρὸς δ' ἐκ Θέτιδος καλλιπλοκάμου ἁλοσύδνης·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν υἱὸς μεγαλήτορος Ἀγχίσαο

But if you should happen to slay me, not for this will Priam place this privilege in your hands, for he has sons, and he is firm and not at all flighty of mind. Or have the Trojans measured out for you an estate oustanding above all others, a fair tract of orchard and of plough land, to possess it if you slay me? Hard, I expect, will you find that deed. On another day before now I say I drove you before my spear. Do you not remember when you were alone and I made you run from the cattle with swift steps down quickly from Ida's hills ? On that day you did not once look behind you in your flight. From there you fled to Lyrnessus, but I laid it waste, assailing it with the aid of Athene and father Zeus, and the women I led captive and took from them the day of freedom; but you yourself were saved by Zeus and the other gods. But not this day, I think, will they save you, as you imagine in your heart; but I urge you to retreat back into the mass of men and stand not to face me, before you suffer some hurt; what is done even a fool can understand."

Then Aeneas answered him and said: "Son of Peleus, do not expect with words to frighten me, as if I were a child, since I know well myself how to utter both taunts and proper words. We know each other's lineage, we know each other's parents, for we have heard the words told of old by mortal men; but with sight of eyes you have never seen my parents nor I yours. Men say that you are son of incomparable Peleus and that your mother is fair-tressed Thetis, a daughter of the sea; but for me, I can boast that I am son of great-hearted Anchises and my mother is Aphro-

[5] Lines 195–198 were rejected by Aristarchus.

[6] αἴσιμα Düntzer: αἴσυλα MSS.

[7] Lines 205–209 were rejected by Aristarchus.

εὔχομαι ἐκγεγάμεν, μήτηρ δέ μοί ἐστ' Ἀφροδίτη·
τῶν δὴ νῦν ἕτεροί γε φίλον παῖδα κλαύσονται
σήμερον· οὐ γάρ φημ' ἐπέεσσί γε νηπυτίοισιν
ὧδε διακρινθέντε μάχης ἒξ ἀπονέεσθαι.
εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις, καὶ ταῦτα δαήμεναι, ὄφρ' ἐὺ εἰδῇς
ἡμετέρην γενεήν, πολλοὶ δέ μιν ἄνδρες ἴσασι·
Δάρδανον ἂρ πρῶτον τέκετο νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς,
κτίσσε δὲ Δαρδανίην, ἐπεὶ οὔ πω Ἴλιος ἱρὴ
ἐν πεδίῳ πεπόλιστο, πόλις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων,
ἀλλ' ἔθ' ὑπωρείας ᾤκεον πολυπίδακος Ἴδης.
Δάρδανος αὖ τέκεθ' υἱὸν Ἐριχθόνιον βασιλῆα,
ὃς δὴ ἀφνειότατος γένετο θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων·
τοῦ τρισχίλιαι ἵπποι ἕλος κάτα βουκολέοντο
θήλειαι, πώλοισιν ἀγαλλόμεναι ἀταλῇσι.
τάων καὶ Βορέης ἠράσσατο βοσκομενάων,
ἵππῳ δ' εἰσάμενος παρελέξατο κυανοχαίτῃ·
αἱ δ' ὑποκυσάμεναι ἔτεκον δυοκαίδεκα πώλους.
αἱ δ' ὅτε μὲν σκιρτῷεν ἐπὶ ζείδωρον ἄρουραν,
ἄκρον ἐπ' ἀνθερίκων καρπὸν θέον οὐδὲ κατέκλων·
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ σκιρτῷεν ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης,
ἄκρον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνος ἁλὸς πολιοῖο θέεσκον.
Τρῶα δ' Ἐριχθόνιος τέκετο Τρώεσσιν ἄνακτα·
Τρωὸς δ' αὖ τρεῖς παῖδες ἀμύμονες ἐξεγένοντο,
Ἶλός τ' Ἀσσάρακός τε καὶ ἀντίθεος Γανυμήδης,
ὃς δὴ κάλλιστος γένετο θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων·
τὸν καὶ ἀνηρείψαντο θεοὶ Διὶ οἰνοχοεύειν
κάλλεος εἵνεκα οἷο, ἵν' ἀθανάτοισι μετείη.
Ἶλος δ' αὖ τέκεθ' υἱὸν ἀμύμονα Λαομέδοντα·

dite. Of these will one pair or the other mourn a dear son this day; for surely not with childish words, I say, will we two thus part from one another and return from the battle. But if you want, hear this also, so that you may know well my lineage; and many men know it: Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, first begot Dardanus, and he founded Dardania, since not yet was sacred Ilios built in the plain to be a city of mortal men, but they still dwelt on the slopes of many-fountained Ida. Dardanus in turn begot a son, king Erichthonius, who became richest of mortal men. His three thousand steeds pastured in the marshland, mares rejoicing in their tender foals. Of these as they grazed the North Wind became enamored, and he likened himself to a dark-maned stallion and covered them; and they conceived and bore twelve fillies. These, when they bounded over the earth, the giver of grain, would run over the topmost ears of ripened corn and break them not and, when they bounded over the broad back of the sea, would run over the topmost breakers of the gray brine. And Erichthonius begot Tros to be king among the Trojans, and from Tros again three incomparable sons were born, Ilus, and Assaracus, and godlike Ganymedes, who was born the fairest of mortal men; and the gods caught him up on high to be cupbearer to Zeus because of his beauty, so that he might dwell with the immortals. And Ilus again begot a son, incomparable Laomedon, and Laomedon begot

Λαομέδων δ' ἄρα Τιθωνὸν τέκετο Πρίαμόν τε
Λάμπον τε Κλυτίον θ' Ἱκετάονά τ', ὄζον Ἄρηος·
Ἀσσάρακος δὲ Κάπυν, ὁ δ' ἄρ' Ἀγχίσην τέκε παῖδα·
αὐτὰρ ἔμ' Ἀγχίσης, Πρίαμος δὲ τέχ' Ἕκτορα δῖον.
ταύτης τοι γενεῆς τε καὶ αἵματος εὔχομαι εἶναι.
Ζεὺς δ' ἀρετὴν ἄνδρεσσιν ὀφέλλει τε μινύθει τε,
ὅππως κεν ἐθέλῃσιν· ὁ γὰρ κάρτιστος ἁπάντων.
ἀλλ' ἄγε μηκέτι ταῦτα λεγώμεθα νηπύτιοι ὥς,
ἑσταότ' ἐν μέσσῃ ὑσμίνῃ δηιοτῆτος.
ἔστι γὰρ ἀμφοτέροισιν ὀνείδεα μυθήσασθαι
πολλὰ μάλ', οὐδ' ἂν νηῦς ἑκατόζυγος ἄχθος ἄροιτο.
στρεπτὴ δὲ γλῶσσ' ἐστὶ βροτῶν, πολέες δ' ἔνι μῦθοι
παντοῖοι, ἐπέων δὲ πολὺς νομὸς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.
ὁπποῖόν κ' εἴπῃσθα ἔπος, τοῖόν κ' ἐπακούσαις.
ἀλλὰ τί ἦ ἔριδας καὶ νείκεα νῶιν ἀνάγκη[8]
νεικεῖν ἀλλήλοισιν ἐναντίον, ὥς τε γυναῖκας,
αἵ τε χολωσάμεναι ἔριδος πέρι θυμοβόροιο
νεικεῦσ' ἀλλήλῃσι μέσην ἐς ἄγυιαν ἰοῦσαι,
πόλλ' ἐτεά τε καὶ οὐκί· χόλος δέ τε καὶ τὰ κελεύει.
ἀλκῆς δ' οὔ μ' ἐπέεσσιν ἀποτρέψεις μεμαῶτα
πρὶν χαλκῷ μαχέσασθαι ἐναντίον· ἀλλ' ἄγε θᾶσσον
γευσόμεθ' ἀλλήλων χαλκήρεσιν ἐγχείῃσιν."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐν δεινῷ σάκει ἤλασεν ὄβριμον ἔγχος,
σμερδαλέῳ· μέγα δ' ἀμφὶ σάκος μύκε δουρὸς ἀκωκῇ.
Πηλεΐδης δὲ σάκος μὲν ἀπὸ ἕο χειρὶ παχείῃ
ἔσχετο ταρβήσας· φάτο γὰρ δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος
ῥέα διελεύσεσθαι μεγαλήτορος Αἰνείαο,
νήπιος, οὐδ' ἐνόησε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν

Tithonus and Priam and Lampus and Clytius and Hicetaon, offshoot of Ares. And Assaracus begot Capys, and he Anchises; but Anchises begot me and Priam noble Hector. This is the lineage and the blood of which I boast I am sprung. But as for valor, it is Zeus who increases it for men or diminishes it, just as he is minded, for he is mightiest of all. But come, let us talk thus like children no longer, standing in the midst of the strife of battle. Revilings are there for both of us to utter, many of them; a ship of one hundred benches would not bear the load. Glib is the tongue of mortals, and words there are on it many and various, and of speech the field is wide on this side and on that. Whatever word you speak, such could you also hear. But what need have we two to exchange strifes and wranglings one with the other like women, who when they have grown angry in soul-devouring strife go out into the middle of the road and wrangle one against the other with many words—some true, some false; for wrath commands them to speak these too. But from my desire for valor, by words you will not turn me till we have fought with the bronze man to man; but come, let us at once make trial of each other with bronze-tipped spears."

He spoke, and drove his mighty spear against the other's dread and terrible shield, and loud rang the shield about the spear point. And the son of Peleus held the shield from him with his stout hand, seized with dread; for he thought that the far-shadowing spear of great-hearted Aeneas would easily pierce it through—fool that he was, nor knew in his mind and heart that not easy are the glori-

[8] Lines 251–255 were rejected by Aristarchus.

ὡς οὐ ῥηίδι᾽ ἐστὶ θεῶν ἐρικυδέα δῶρα
ἀνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι δαμήμεναι οὐδ᾽ ὑποείκειν.
οὐδὲ τότ᾽ Αἰνείαο δαΐφρονος ὄβριμον ἔγχος
ῥῆξε σάκος· χρυσὸς γὰρ ἐρύκακε, δῶρα θεοῖο·
ἀλλὰ δύω μὲν ἔλασσε διὰ πτύχας, αἱ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔτι τρεῖς[9]
ἦσαν, ἐπεὶ πέντε πτύχας ἤλασε κυλλοποδίων,
τὰς δύο χαλκείας, δύο δ᾽ ἔνδοθι κασσιτέροιο,
τὴν δὲ μίαν χρυσέην, τῇ ῥ᾽ ἔσχετο μείλινον ἔγχος.
Δεύτερος αὖτ᾽ Ἀχιλεὺς προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,[10]
καὶ βάλεν Αἰνείαο κατ᾽ ἀσπίδα πάντοσ᾽ ἐίσην,
ἄντυγ᾽ ὕπο πρώτην, ᾗ λεπτότατος θέε χαλκός,
λεπτοτάτη δ᾽ ἐπέην ῥινὸς βοός· ἡ δὲ διαπρὸ
Πηλιὰς ἤιξεν μελίη, λάκε δ᾽ ἀσπὶς ὑπ᾽ αὐτῆς.
Αἰνείας δ᾽ ἐάλη καὶ ἀπὸ ἕθεν ἀσπίδ᾽ ἀνέσχε
δείσας· ἐγχείη δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὑπὲρ νώτου ἐνὶ γαίῃ
ἔστη ἱεμένη, διὰ δ᾽ ἀμφοτέρους ἕλε κύκλους
ἀσπίδος ἀμφιβρότης· ὁ δ᾽ ἀλευάμενος δόρυ μακρὸν
ἔστη, κὰδ δ᾽ ἄχος οἱ χύτο μυρίον ὀφθαλμοῖσι,
ταρβήσας ὅ οἱ ἄγχι πάγη βέλος. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐμμεμαὼς ἐπόρουσεν ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ὀξύ,
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων· ὁ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρὶ
Αἰνείας, μέγα ἔργον, ὃ οὐ δύο γ᾽ ἄνδρε φέροιεν,
οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσ᾽· ὁ δέ μιν ῥέα πάλλε καὶ οἶος.
ἔνθα κεν Αἰνείας μὲν ἐπεσσύμενον βάλε πέτρῳ
ἢ κόρυθ᾽ ἠὲ σάκος, τό οἱ ἤρκεσε λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον,
τὸν δέ κε Πηλεΐδης σχεδὸν ἄορι θυμὸν ἀπηύρα,

[9] Lines 269–272 were rejected by Aristarchus.

ous gifts of the gods for mortal men to master or to withdraw from. Nor did the mighty spear of battle-minded Aeneas then break through the shield, for the gold stayed it, the gift of the god. But through two folds he drove it, yet were there still three, for five layers had the crook-foot god welded, two of bronze, and two inside of tin, and one of gold, in which the spear of ash was stayed.

Then Achilles in his turn hurled his far-shadowing spear and struck on Aeneas' shield that was well-balanced on every side, beneath the outermost rim where the bronze ran thinnest, and thinnest was the backing of bull's hide; and straight through sped the spear of Pelian ash, and the shield rang beneath the blow. And Aeneas crouched and held from him the shield, seized with fear; and the spear passed over his back and was held in the ground for all its fury, though it tore apart two circles of the sheltering shield. And having escaped the long spear he stood up, and over his eyes measureless grief was shed, and fear came over him since the spear was planted so near. But Achilles drew his sharp sword and leapt on him furiously, crying a terrible cry; and Aeneas grasped in his hand a stone—a great deed—one that not two mortals could carry, such as mortals now are; yet easily did he wield it even alone. Then would Aeneas have struck him with the stone as he rushed on him, either on the helmet or on the shield that had warded from him woeful destruction, and the son of Peleus from close at hand would with his sword have taken

[10] In place of 273 f. Zenodotus read the following:
δεύτερον αὖτ' Ἀχιλεὺς μελίην ἰθυπτίωνα
ἀσπίδα νύξ' εὔχαλκον ἀμύμονος Αἰνείαο

εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὀξὺ νόησε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·
αὐτίκα δ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖς μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπεν·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ μοι ἄχος μεγαλήτορος Αἰνείαο,
ὃς τάχα Πηλεΐωνι δαμεὶς Ἄϊδόσδε κάτεισι,
πειθόμενος μύθοισιν Ἀπόλλωνος ἑκάτοιο,
νήπιος, οὐδέ τί οἱ χραισμήσει λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον.
ἀλλὰ τί ἦ νῦν οὗτος ἀναίτιος ἄλγεα πάσχει,
μὰψ ἕνεκ' ἀλλοτρίων ἀχέων, κεχαρισμένα δ' αἰεὶ
δῶρα θεοῖσι δίδωσι, τοὶ οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἔχουσιν;
ἀλλ' ἄγεθ' ἡμεῖς πέρ μιν ὑπὲκ θανάτου ἀγάγωμεν,
μή πως καὶ Κρονίδης κεχολώσεται, αἴ κεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
τόνδε κατακτείνῃ· μόριμον δέ οἵ ἐστ' ἀλέασθαι,
ὄφρα μὴ ἄσπερμος γενεὴ καὶ ἄφαντος ὄληται
Δαρδάνου, ὃν Κρονίδης περὶ πάντων φίλατο παίδων,
οἳ ἕθεν ἐξεγένοντο γυναικῶν τε θνητάων.
ἤδη γὰρ Πριάμου γενεὴν ἤχθηρε Κρονίων·
νῦν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείαο βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει
καὶ παίδων παῖδες, τοί κεν μετόπισθε γένωνται."[11]
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη·
"Ἐννοσίγαι', αὐτὸς σὺ μετὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι νόησον
Αἰνείαν, ἤ κέν μιν ἐρύσσεαι, ἦ κεν ἐάσῃς
Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλῆϊ δαμήμεναι, ἐσθλὸν ἐόντα.[12]
ἦ τοι μὲν γὰρ νῶϊ πολέας ὠμόσσαμεν ὅρκους
πᾶσι μετ' ἀθανάτοισιν, ἐγὼ καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
μή ποτ' ἐπὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀλεξήσειν κακὸν ἦμαρ,
μηδ' ὁπότ' ἂν Τροίη μαλερῷ πυρὶ πᾶσα δάηται
καιομένη, καίωσι[13] δ' ἀρήιοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν."

Aeneas' life, if Poseidon, the shaker of earth, had not been quick to notice. And immediately he spoke among the immortal gods, saying: "Well, now! I have grief for great-hearted Aeneas, who soon will go down to the house of Hades, vanquished by the son of Peleus, since he listened to the words of Apollo who strikes from afar—fool that he was! Nor will the god in any way ward from him woeful destruction. But why should he, a guiltless man, suffer woes vainly because of sorrows that are not his own, though he always gives acceptable gifts to the gods who hold broad heaven? But come, let us lead him out from death, lest the son of Cronos be angry in some way if Achilles slays him; for it is fated for him to escape so that the race of Dardanus may not perish without seed and be seen no more—Dardanus whom the son of Cronos loved above all the children born to him from mortal women. For now has the son of Cronos come to hate the race of Priam; and now surely will the mighty Aeneas be king among the Trojans, and his sons' sons who will be born in days to come."

Then made answer to him the ox-eyed queenly Hera: "Shaker of Earth, take counsel yourself in your mind concerning Aeneas, whether you will save him or allow him to be vanquished, brave though he is, by Achilles, Peleus' son. The two of us, Pallas Athene and I, have sworn many oaths among the immortals never to ward off the day of evil from the Trojans, not even when all Troy blazes, burning in consuming fire, and the warlike sons of the Achaeans are the burners."

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[11] *γένωνται: λίπωνται.*

[12] Line 312 is omitted in most MSS.

[13] *καιομένη, καίωσι: δαιομένη δαίωσι* (cf. 21.376).

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τό γ' ἄκουσε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
βῆ ῥ' ἴμεν ἄν τε μάχην καὶ ἀνὰ κλόνον ἐγχειάων,
ἷξε δ' ὅθ' Αἰνείας ἠδ' ὁ κλυτὸς ἦεν Ἀχιλλεύς.
αὐτίκα τῷ μὲν ἔπειτα κατ' ὀφθαλμῶν χέεν ἀχλύν,
Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλῆι· ὁ δὲ μελίην εὔχαλκον[14]
ἀσπίδος ἐξέρυσεν μεγαλήτορος Αἰνείαο·
καὶ τὴν μὲν προπάροιθε ποδῶν Ἀχιλῆος ἔθηκεν,
Αἰνείαν δ' ἔσσευεν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὑψόσ' ἀείρας.
πολλὰς δὲ στίχας ἡρώων, πολλὰς δὲ καὶ ἵππων
Αἰνείας ὑπερᾶλτο θεοῦ ἀπὸ χειρὸς ὀρούσας,
ἷξε δ' ἐπ' ἐσχατιὴν πολυάικος πολέμοιο,
ἔνθα τε Καύκωνες πόλεμον μέτα θωρήσσοντο.
τῷ δὲ μάλ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Αἰνεία, τίς σ' ὧδε θεῶν ἀτέοντα κελεύει
ἀντία Πηλεΐωνος ὑπερθύμοιο μάχεσθαι,
ὃς σεῦ ἅμα κρείσσων καὶ φίλτερος ἀθανάτοισιν;
ἀλλ' ἀναχωρῆσαι, ὅτε κεν συμβλήσεαι αὐτῷ,
μὴ καὶ ὑπὲρ μοῖραν δόμον Ἄιδος εἰσαφίκηαι.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κ' Ἀχιλεὺς θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπίσπῃ,
θαρσήσας δὴ ἔπειτα μετὰ πρώτοισι μάχεσθαι·
οὐ μὲν γάρ τίς σ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν ἐξεναρίξει."
Ὣς εἰπὼν λίπεν αὐτόθ', ἐπεὶ διεπέφραδε πάντα.
αἶψα δ' ἔπειτ' Ἀχιλῆος ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν σκέδασ' ἀχλὺν
θεσπεσίην· ὁ δ' ἔπειτα μέγ' ἔξιδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ μέγα θαῦμα τόδ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρῶμαι·
ἔγχος μὲν τόδε κεῖται ἐπὶ χθονός, οὐδέ τι φῶτα

But when Poseidon, the shaker of earth, heard this, he set out to go along the battle and amid the hurtling of spears, and came to the place where Aeneas was and glorious Achilles. Immediately then he shed a mist over the eyes of Achilles, Peleus' son, and the ashen spear, well-shod with bronze, he drew out from the shield of the great-hearted Aeneas and placed it before the feet of Achilles, but Aeneas he lifted up and swung him high from the ground. Over many ranks of warriors and of many chariots leapt Aeneas, soaring from the hand of the god, and came to the furthest edge of the tumultuous battle, where the Caucones were arming for war. Then close to his side came Poseidon, the shaker of earth, and he spoke, and addressed him with winged words:

"Aeneas, what god is it that urges you in blindness of heart in this way to face in fight the high-hearted son of Peleus, who is a better man than you, and dearer to the immortals? But draw back, whenever you meet him, lest even beyond your fate you reach the house of Hades. But when Achilles meets his death and fate, then take courage to fight among the foremost, for there is no other of the Achaeans who will slay you."

So saying he left him there, when he had told him all. Then quickly from Achilles' eyes he scattered the wondrous mist; and he stared hard with his eyes, and in agitation spoke to his proud heart: "Well, now! Surely a great marvel is this that my eyes look upon. My spear lies here on

[14] Lines 322–324 were rejected by Aristarchus.

λεύσσω, τῷ ἐφέηκα κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων.
ἦ ῥα καὶ Αἰνείας φίλος ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν
ἦεν· ἀτάρ μιν ἔφην μὰψ αὔτως εὐχετάασθαι.
ἐρρέτω· οὔ οἱ θυμὸς ἐμεῦ ἔτι πειρηθῆναι
ἔσσεται, ὃς καὶ νῦν φύγεν ἄσμενος ἐκ θανάτοιο.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ Δαναοῖσι φιλοπτολέμοισι κελεύσας
τῶν ἄλλων Τρώων πειρήσομαι ἀντίος ἐλθών."
 Ἦ, καὶ ἐπὶ στίχας ἆλτο, κέλευε δὲ φωτὶ ἑκάστῳ·
"μηκέτι νῦν Τρώων ἑκὰς ἕστατε, δῖοι Ἀχαιοί,
ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἀνὴρ ἄντ' ἀνδρὸς ἴτω, μεμάτω δὲ μάχεσθαι.
ἀργαλέον δέ μοί ἐστι καὶ ἰφθίμῳ περ ἐόντι
τόσσουσδ' ἀνφρώπους ἐφέπειν καὶ πᾶσι μάχεσθαι·
οὐδέ κ' Ἄρης, ὅς περ θεὸς ἄμβροτος, οὐδέ κ' Ἀθήνη
τόσσησδ' ὑσμίνης ἐφέποι στόμα καὶ πονέοιτο.
ἀλλ' ὅσσον μὲν ἐγὼ δύναμαι χερσίν τε ποσίν τε
καὶ σθένει, οὔ μ' ἔτι φημὶ μεθησέμεν οὐδ' ἠβαιόν,
ἀλλὰ μάλα στιχὸς εἶμι διαμπερές, οὐδέ τιν' οἴω
Τρώων χαιρήσειν, ὅς τις σχεδὸν ἔγχεος ἔλθῃ."
 Ὣς φάτ' ἐποτρύνων· Τρώεσσι δὲ φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ
κέκλεθ' ὁμοκλήσας, φάτο δ' ἴμμεναι ἄντ' Ἀχιλῆος·
"Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι, μὴ δείδιτε Πηλεΐωνα.
καί κεν ἐγὼν ἐπέεσσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι μαχοίμην·
ἔγχεϊ δ' ἀργαλέον, ἐπεὶ ἦ πολὺ φέρτεροί εἰσιν.
οὐδ' Ἀχιλεὺς πάντεσσι τέλος μύθοις ἐπιθήσει,
ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν τελέει, τὸ δὲ καὶ μεσσηγὺ κολούσει.
τοῦ δ' ἐγὼ ἀντίος εἶμι, καὶ εἰ πυρὶ χεῖρας ἔοικεν,
εἰ πυρὶ χεῖρας ἔοικε, μένος δ' αἴθωνι σιδήρῳ."
 Ὣς φάτ' ἐποτρύνων, οἱ δ' ἀντίοι ἔγχε' ἄειραν

the ground, yet the man I nowhere see at whom I hurled it, eager to slay him. Surely Aeneas, too, is dear to the immortal gods, though I thought that his boasting was idle and vain. Let him go! He will not have the heart to make trial of me again, since now he is glad to have escaped from death. But come, I will call to the war-loving Danaans and go out to face the other Trojans to make trial of them."

He spoke, and leapt along the ranks and called to each man: "No longer now stand far from the Trojans, noble Achaeans, but come, let man go out against man and be eager to fight. Hard it is for me, even though I am mighty, to deal with so many men and to fight them all; not even Ares, though he is an immortal god, nor Athene could toil and deal with the jaws of such a fray. But so far as I can with hands and feet and might, I say that in no way will I be slack, not even a little; but straight through their line will I go, nor do I think that any of the Trojans will be glad, whoever draws near my spear."

So he spoke, urging them on; and to the Trojans glorious Hector called with a shout, and declared that he would go out to face Achilles: "Trojans, high of heart, fear not the son of Peleus. I too with words would fight even the immortals, but with the spear it is hard, for they are mightier far. Nor will Achilles bring to fulfillment all his words, but a part will he fulfill, and a part leave incomplete. Against him I will go out, even if his hands are like fire, even if his hands are like fire and his fury like blazing iron."

So he spoke, urging them on; and the Trojans faced

Τρῶες· τῶν δ' ἄμυδις μίχθη μένος, ὦρτο δ' ἀυτή.
καὶ τότ' ἄρ' Ἕκτορα εἶπε παραστὰς Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·
"Ἕκτορ, μηκέτι πάμπαν Ἀχιλλῆι προμάχιζε,
ἀλλὰ κατὰ πληθύν τε καὶ ἐκ φλοίσβοιο δέδεξο,
μή πώς σ' ἠὲ βάλῃ ἠὲ σχεδὸν ἄορι τύψῃ."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', Ἕκτωρ δ' αὖτις ἐδύσετο οὐλαμὸν ἀνδρῶν
ταρβήσας, ὅτ' ἄκουσε θεοῦ ὄπα φωνήσαντος.
Ἐν δ' Ἀχιλεὺς Τρώεσσι θόρε φρεσὶν εἱμένος ἀλκήν,
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων, πρῶτον δ' ἕλεν Ἰφιτίωνα,
ἐσθλὸν Ὀτρυντεΐδην, πολέων ἡγήτορα λαῶν,
ὃν νύμφη τέκε νηὶς Ὀτρυντῆι πτολιπόρθῳ
Τμώλῳ ὕπο νιφόεντι, Ὕδης ἐν πίονι δήμῳ·
τὸν δ' ἰθὺς μεμαῶτα βάλ' ἔγχεϊ δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
μέσσην κὰκ κεφαλήν· ἡ δ' ἄνδιχα πᾶσα κεάσθη,
δούπησεν δὲ πεσών, ὁ δ' ἐπεύξατο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
"κεῖσαι, Ὀτρυντεΐδη, πάντων ἐκπαγλότατ' ἀνδρῶν·
ἐνθάδε τοι θάνατος, γενεὴ δέ τοί ἐστ' ἐπὶ λίμνῃ
Γυγαίῃ, ὅθι τοι τέμενος πατρώιόν ἐστιν,
Ὕλλῳ ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντι καὶ Ἕρμῳ δινήεντι."
Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψε.
τὸν μὲν Ἀχαιῶν ἵπποι ἐπισσώτροις δατέοντο
πρώτῃ ἐν ὑσμίνῃ· ὁ δ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ Δημολέοντα,
ἐσθλὸν ἀλεξητῆρα μάχης, Ἀντήνορος υἱόν,
νύξε κατὰ κρόταφον, κυνέης διὰ χαλκοπαρῄου.
οὐδ' ἄρα χαλκείη κόρυς ἔσχεθεν, ἀλλὰ δι' αὐτῆς
αἰχμὴ ἱεμένη ῥῆξ' ὀστέον, ἐγκέφαλος δὲ

the foe and lifted their spears on high, and the might of both sides clashed confusedly, and the war cry arose. Then Phoebus Apollo came up to Hector, and spoke, saying: "Hector, no longer stand out as a champion against Achilles, but in the mass of men await him and from amid the din of conflict, lest he hit you with a cast of his spear or strike you with his sword in close combat."

So he spoke, and Hector went back again into the throng of men, seized with fear, when he heard the voice of the god as he spoke.

But Achilles leapt among the Trojans, his heart clothed about in valor, crying a terrible cry, and first he slew Iphition, the mighty son of Otrynteus, the leader of many men, whom a Naiad nymph bore to Otrynteus, sacker of cities, beneath snowy Tmolus in the rich land of Hyde. Him, as he charged straight at him, noble Achilles struck with a cast of his spear square on the head, and his head was wholly split in two. And he fell with a thud, and noble Achilles exulted over him: "Low you lie, son of Otrynteus, of all men most daunting; here is your death, though your birth was by the Gygaean lake, where is the estate of your fathers, by Hyllus that teems with fish, and eddying Hermus."

So he spoke boastfully, but darkness enfolded the other's eyes. Him the chariots of the Achaeans tore apart with their wheels in the forefront of the fight, and over him Demoleon, Antenor's son, a mighty warder off of battle, did Achilles strike in the temple through the helmet with cheek pieces of bronze. And the bronze helmet stopped not the spear, but through it sped the spear point and

ἔνδον ἅπας πεπάλακτο· δάμασσε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα.
Ἱπποδάμαντα δ' ἔπειτα καθ' ἵππων ἀΐξαντα,
πρόσθεν ἕθεν φεύγοντα, μετάφρενον οὔτασε δουρί.
αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμὸν ἄισθε καὶ ἤρυγεν, ὡς ὅτε ταῦρος
ἤρυγεν ἑλκόμενος Ἑλικώνιον ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα
κούρων ἑλκόντων· γάνυται δέ τε τοῖς Ἐνοσίχθων·
ὣς ἄρα τόν γ' ἐρυγόντα λίπ' ὀστέα θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ.
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ σὺν δουρὶ μετ' ἀντίθεον Πολύδωρον
Πριαμίδην. τὸν δ' οὔ τι πατὴρ εἴασκε μάχεσθαι,
οὕνεκά οἱ μετὰ παισὶ νεώτατος ἔσκε γόνοιο,
καί οἱ φίλτατος ἔσκε, πόδεσσι δὲ πάντας ἐνίκα.
δὴ τότε νηπιέῃσι ποδῶν ἀρετὴν ἀναφαίνων
θῦνε διὰ προμάχων, ἧος φίλον ὤλεσε θυμόν.
τὸν βάλε μέσσον ἄκοντι ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
νῶτα παραΐσσοντος, ὅθι ζωστῆρος ὀχῆες
χρύσειοι σύνεχον καὶ διπλόος ἤντετο θώρηξ·
ἀντικρὺ δὲ διέσχε παρ' ὀμφαλὸν ἔγχεος αἰχμή,
γνὺξ δ' ἔριπ' οἰμώξας, νεφέλη δέ μιν ἀμφεκάλυψε
κυανέη, προτὶ οἷ δ' ἔλαβ' ἔντερα χερσὶ λιασθείς.
  Ἕκτωρ δ' ὡς ἐνόησε κασίγνητον Πολύδωρον
ἔντερα χερσὶν ἔχοντα, λιαζόμενον ποτὶ γαίῃ,
κάρ ῥά οἱ ὀφθαλμῶν κέχυτ' ἀχλύς· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' ἔτλη
δηρὸν ἑκὰς στρωφᾶσθ', ἀλλ' ἀντίος ἦλθ' Ἀχιλῆι
ὀξὺ δόρυ κραδάων, φλογὶ εἴκελος· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ὡς εἶδ', ὣς ἀνεπᾶλτο, καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·
"ἐγγὺς ἀνὴρ ὃς ἐμόν γε μάλιστ' ἐσεμάσσατο θυμόν,

broke apart the bone; and all his brain was scattered about within; so he vanquished him in his fury. Hippodamas then, as he leapt down from his chariot and fled before him, he struck on the back with a thrust of his spear. And as he breathed out his life he gave a bellowing cry, just as a bull that is dragged bellows when young men drag him about the altar of the lord of Helice;[4] for in such things does the Shaker of Earth delight; so bellowed Hippodamas, as his gallant spirit left his bones. But Achilles with his spear went straight for godlike Polydorus, son of Priam. His father did not allow him to fight because among his children he was the youngest born and was dearest in his eyes; and in swiftness of foot he surpassed all. Then in his foolishness, showing off his fleetness of foot, he was rushing through the foremost fighters until he lost his life. Swift-footed noble Achilles struck him square on the back with a cast of his spear as he darted past, where the golden clasps of the belt were fastened, and the corselet overlapped; clean through went the spear point beside the navel, and he fell to his knees with a groan and a cloud of darkness enfolded him, and as he slumped he clasped his intestines to him with his hands.

But when Hector saw his brother Polydorus clasping his intestines in his hand and slumping to earth, down over his eyes a mist was shed, nor could he longer endure to range apart, but went to face Achilles, brandishing his sharp spear, like a flame. But when Achilles saw him, then he sprang up and spoke boastfully: "Nearby is the man who above all has touched me to the heart, since he slew the

[4] Helice, in Achaea, was a noted seat of Poseidon worship; see 8.203. M.

ὅς μοι ἑταῖρον ἔπεφνε τετιμένον· οὐδ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔτι δὴν
ἀλλήλους πτώσσοιμεν ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας."
Ἦ, καὶ ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσεφώνεεν Ἕκτορα δῖον·
"ἆσσον ἴθ᾽, ὥς κεν θᾶσσον ὀλέθρου πείραθ᾽ ἵκηαι."
Τὸν δ᾽ οὐ ταρβήσας προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"Πηλεΐδη, μὴ δή μ᾽ ἐπέεσσί γε νηπύτιον ὣς
ἔλπεο δειδίξεσθαι, ἐπεὶ σάφα οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς
ἠμὲν κερτομίας ἠδ᾽ αἴσιμα[15] μυθήσασθαι.
οἶδα δ᾽ ὅτι σὺ μὲν ἐσθλός, ἐγὼ δὲ σέθεν πολὺ χείρων.
ἀλλ᾽ ἦ τοι μὲν ταῦτα θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται,
αἴ κέ σε χειρότερός περ ἐὼν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἕλωμαι
δουρὶ βαλών, ἐπεὶ ἦ καὶ ἐμὸν βέλος ὀξὺ πάροιθεν."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δόρυ, καὶ τό γ᾽ Ἀθήνη
πνοιῇ Ἀχιλλῆος πάλιν ἔτραπε κυδαλίμοιο,
ἦκα μάλα ψύξασα· τὸ δ᾽ ἂψ ἵκεθ᾽ Ἕκτορα δῖον,
αὐτοῦ δὲ προπάροιθε ποδῶν πέσεν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐμμεμαὼς ἐπόρουσε κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων,
σμερδαλέα ἰάχων· τὸν δ᾽ ἐξήρπαξεν Ἀπόλλων
ῥεῖα μάλ᾽ ὥς τε θεός, ἐκάλυψε δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἠέρι πολλῇ.
τρὶς μὲν ἔπειτ᾽ ἐπόρουσε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἔγχεϊ χαλκείῳ, τρὶς δ᾽ ἠέρα τύψε βαθεῖαν.
ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἶσος,
δεινὰ δ᾽ ὁμοκλήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"ἐξ αὖ νῦν ἔφυγες θάνατον, κύον· ἦ τέ τοι ἄγχι
ἦλθε κακόν· νῦν αὖτέ σ᾽ ἐρύσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ᾧ μέλλεις εὔχεσθαι ἰὼν ἐς δοῦπον ἀκόντων.
ἦ θήν σ᾽ ἐξανύω γε καὶ ὕστερον ἀντιβολήσας,

comrade I honored. Not for long will we any more shrink one from the other along the lines of war."

He spoke, and with an angry glance said to noble Hector: "Come nearer, so that you may the sooner enter the coils of destruction."

But with no touch of fear spoke to him Hector of the flashing helmet: "Son of Peleus, do not expect with words to frighten me, as if I were a child, since I know well myself how to utter both taunts and proper words. I know that you are mighty, and I am lesser far than you. Yet these things surely lie on the knees of the gods, whether I, though the lesser, will rob you of life striking you with my spear; for my missile too has been found keen before now."

He spoke, and poised his spear and hurled it, but Athene with a breath turned it back from glorious Achilles, breathing only lightly; and it came back to noble Hector and fell there before his feet. But Achilles leapt on him furiously, eager to slay him, crying a terrible cry. But Apollo snatched up Hector very easily, as a god can, and shrouded him in thick mist. Thrice then did swift-footed noble Achilles rush at him with spear of bronze, and thrice he struck the thick mist. But when for the fourth time he rushed at him like a god, then with a terrible cry he spoke to him winged words: "Now again, you dog, you have escaped from death, though the evil came near you indeed; but once more has Phoebus Apollo saved you, to whom you surely must make prayer when you go among the hurtling of spears. I will surely yet make an end of you when I meet

[15] αἴσιμα: αἴσυλα MSS.; cf. 202.

εἴ πού τις καὶ ἐμοί γε θεῶν ἐπιτάρροθός ἐστι.
νῦν αὖ τοὺς ἄλλους ἐπιείσομαι, ὅν κε κιχείω."
Ὣς εἰπὼν Δρύοπ' οὖτα κατ' αὐχένα μέσσον ἄκοντι·
ἤριπε δὲ προπάροιθε ποδῶν. ὁ δὲ τὸν μὲν ἔασε,
Δημοῦχον δὲ Φιλητορίδην, ἠΰν τε μέγαν τε,
κὰγ γόνυ δουρὶ βαλὼν ἠρύκακε· τὸν μὲν ἔπειτα
οὐτάζων ξίφεϊ μεγάλῳ ἐξαίνυτο θυμόν.
αὐτὰρ ὁ Λαόγονον καὶ Δάρδανον, υἷε Βίαντος,
ἄμφω ἐφορμηθεὶς ἐξ ἵππων ὦσε χαμᾶζε,
τὸν μὲν δουρὶ βαλών, τὸν δὲ σχεδὸν ἄορι τύψας.
Τρῶα δ' Ἀλαστορίδην—ὁ μὲν ἀντίος ἤλυθε γούνων,
εἴ πώς εὑ πεφίδοιτο λαβὼν καὶ ζωὸν ἀφείη,
μηδὲ κατακτείνειεν ὁμηλικίην ἐλεήσας,
νήπιος, οὐδὲ τὸ ᾔδη, ὃ οὐ πείσεσθαι ἔμελλεν·
οὐ γάρ τι γλυκύθυμος ἀνὴρ ἦν οὐδ' ἀγανόφρων,
ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐμμεμαώς—ὁ μὲν ἥπτετο χείρεσι γούνων
ἱέμενος λίσσεσθ', ὁ δὲ φασγάνῳ οὖτα καθ' ἧπαρ·
ἐκ δέ οἱ ἧπαρ ὄλισθεν, ἀτὰρ μέλαν αἷμα κατ' αὐτοῦ
κόλπον ἐνέπλησεν· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψε
θυμοῦ δευόμενον· ὁ δὲ Μούλιον οὖτα παραστὰς
δουρὶ κατ' οὖς· εἶθαρ δὲ δι' οὔατος ἦλθ' ἑτέροιο
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη. ὁ δ' Ἀγήνορος υἱὸν Ἔχεκλον
μέσσην κὰκ κεφαλὴν ξίφει ἤλασε κωπήεντι,
πᾶν δ' ὑπεθερμάνθη ξίφος αἵματι· τὸν δὲ κατ' ὄσσε
ἔλλαβε πορφύρεος θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή.
Δευκαλίωνα δ' ἔπειθ', ἵνα τε ξυνέχουσι τένοντες
ἀγκῶνος, τῇ τόν γε φίλης διὰ χειρὸς ἔπειρεν
αἰχμῇ χαλκείῃ· ὁ δέ μιν μένε χεῖρα βαρυνθείς,

you later on, if any god is helper to me likewise. But now I will go after others, whomever I may catch."

So saying he struck Dryops square on the neck with a thrust of his spear, and he fell down before his feet. But he left him there, and Demuchus, Philetor's son, a powerful man and tall, he stayed from fight, striking him on the knee with a cast of his spear; and then he struck him with his great sword and took away his life. Then setting on Laogonus and Dardanus, two sons of Bias, he thrust them both from their chariot to the ground, striking the one with a cast of his spear and the other with his sword in close fight. Then Tros, Alastor's son—he came to clasp his knees, in the hope that he would spare him, by taking him captive, and let him go alive, and slay him not, having pity on one of like age, fool that he was! Nor knew he this, that he was not to be persuaded; for not at all soft of heart or gentle of mind was the man, but exceeding fierce—he sought to clasp Achilles' knees with his hands, eager to beg him; but he struck him on the liver with his sword, and the liver slipped out, and the dark blood welling out from it filled his chest; and darkness enfolded his eyes as his breath failed. Then with his spear Achilles came up to Mulius and struck him on the ear, and clean through the other ear passed the spear-point of bronze. Then he struck Agenor's son Echeclus square on the head with his hilted sword, and all the blade grew warm with his blood, and down over his eyes came dark death and resistless fate. Then, at the point where the sinews of the elbow join, there he pierced Deucalion through the arm with spear point of bronze; and he awaited his coming with arm weighed down, looking

πρόσθ' ὁρόων θάνατον· ὁ δὲ φασγάνῳ αὐχένα θείνας
τῆλ' αὐτῇ πήληκι κάρη βάλε· μυελὸς αὖτε
σφονδυλίων ἔκπαλθ', ὁ δ' ἐπὶ χθονὶ κεῖτο τανυσθείς.
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ ῥ' ἰέναι μετ' ἀμύμονα Πείρεω υἱόν,
Ῥίγμον, ὃς ἐκ Θρῄκης ἐριβώλακος εἰληλούθει·
τὸν βάλε μέσσον ἄκοντι, πάγη δ' ἐν νηδύι χαλκός,
ἤριπε δ' ἐξ ὀχέων. ὁ δ' Ἀρηΐθοον θεράποντα
ἂψ ἵππους στρέψαντα μετάφρενον ὀξέι δουρὶ
νύξ', ἀπὸ δ' ἅρματος ὦσε· κυκήθησαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι.
Ὡς δ' ἀναμαιμάει βαθέ' ἄγκεα θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ
οὔρεος ἀζαλέοιο, βαθεῖα δὲ καίεται ὕλη,
πάντῃ τε κλονέων ἄνεμος φλόγα εἰλυφάζει,
ὣς ὅ γε πάντῃ θῦνε σὺν ἔγχεϊ δαίμονι ἶσος,
κτεινομένους ἐφέπων· ῥέε δ' αἵματι γαῖα μέλαινα.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις ζεύξῃ βόας ἄρσενας εὐρυμετώπους
τριβέμεναι κρῖ λευκὸν ἐυκτιμένῃ ἐν ἀλωῇ,
ῥίμφα τε λέπτ' ἐγένοντο βοῶν ὑπὸ πόσσ' ἐριμύκων,
ὣς ὑπ' Ἀχιλλῆος μεγαθύμου μώνυχες ἵπποι
στεῖβον ὁμοῦ νέκυάς τε καὶ ἀσπίδας· αἵματι δ' ἄξων
νέρθεν ἅπας πεπάλακτο καὶ ἄντυγες αἳ περὶ δίφρον,
ἃς ἄρ' ἀφ' ἱππείων ὁπλέων ῥαθάμιγγες ἔβαλλον
αἵ τ' ἀπ' ἐπισσώτρων· ὁ δὲ ἵετο κῦδος ἀρέσθαι
Πηλεΐδης, λύθρῳ δὲ παλάσσετο χεῖρας ἀάπτους.

upon death before him; but Achilles, striking him with the sword on his neck, hurled afar his head and with it his helmet; and the marrow spurted out from the spine, and the corpse lay stretched on the ground. Then he set out to go after the incomparable son of Peires, Rhigmus, who had come from deep-soiled Thrace. Him he struck in the waist with a cast of his spear, and the bronze was fixed in his belly; and he fell out of his chariot. And Areïthous, his attendant, as he was turning the horses, did Achilles pierce in the back with his sharp spear, and thrust him from the chariot; and the horses were stricken with panic.

As through the deep glens of a parched mountainside rages wondrous-blazing fire, and the deep forest burns, and the wind as it drives it on whirls the flame everywhere, so raged he everywhere with his spear, like some god, ever pressing hard on those he slew; and the black earth ran with blood. And as a man yokes bulls broad of brow to tread white barley in a well-built threshing floor, and quickly is the grain trodden out beneath the feet of the loud-bellowing bulls, so beneath great-hearted Achilles his single-hoofed horses trampled alike on the dead and on the shields; and with blood was all the axle spattered below, and the rims around the chariot with the drops that struck them from the horses' hooves and from the wheels. But the son of Peleus pressed on to win glory, and with gore were his invincible hands bespattered.

Φ

Ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἷξον ἐυρρεῖος ποταμοῖο,
Ξάνθου δινήεντος, ὃν ἀθάνατος[1] τέκετο Ζεύς,
ἔνθα διατμήξας τοὺς μὲν πεδίονδε δίωκε
πρὸς πόλιν, ᾗ περ Ἀχαιοὶ[2] ἀτυζόμενοι φοβέοντο
ἤματι τῷ προτέρῳ, ὅτε μαίνετο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·
τῇ ῥ᾽ οἵ γε προχέοντο πεφυζότες, ἠέρα δ᾽ Ἥρη
πίτνα πρόσθε βαθεῖαν ἐρυκέμεν· ἡμίσεες δὲ
ἐς ποταμὸν εἰλεῦντο βαθύρροον ἀργυροδίνην,
ἐν δ᾽ ἔπεσον μεγάλῳ πατάγῳ, βράχε δ᾽ αἰπὰ ῥέεθρα,
ὄχθαι δ᾽ ἀμφὶ περὶ μεγάλ᾽ ἴαχον· οἱ δ᾽ ἀλαλητῷ
ἔννεον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, ἑλισσόμενοι περὶ δίνας.
ὡς δ᾽ ὅθ᾽ ὑπὸ ῥιπῆς πυρὸς ἀκρίδες ἠερέθονται
φευγέμεναι ποταμόνδε· τὸ δὲ φλέγει ἀκάματον πῦρ
ὄρμενον ἐξαίφνης, ταὶ δὲ πτώσσουσι καθ᾽ ὕδωρ·
ὣς ὑπ᾽ Ἀχιλλῆος Ξάνθου βαθυδινήεντος
πλῆτο ῥόος κελάδων ἐπιμὶξ ἵππων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
Αὐτὰρ ὁ διογενὴς δόρυ μὲν λίπεν αὐτοῦ ἐπ᾽ ὄχθῃ
κεκλιμένον μυρίκῃσιν, ὁ δ᾽ ἔσθορε δαίμονι ἶσος,
φάσγανον οἶον ἔχων, κακὰ δὲ φρεσὶ μήδετο ἔργα,

[1] ἀθάνατος: ἀθάνατον Zenodotus.

BOOK 21

But when they had now come to the ford of the fair-flowing river, the eddying Xanthus that immortal Zeus begot, there Achilles split them into two groups, and one he drove to the plain toward the city, where the Achaeans were fleeing in rout the day before, when glorious Hector was raging—there some poured in flight, and Hera spread before them a thick mist to hinder them—but half were forced into the deep-flowing river with its silver eddies. They flung themselves in with a great din, and the sheer-falling streams resounded, and the banks round about rang loudly; and with noise of shouting they swam this way and that, whirled about in the eddies. And as before the onrush of fire locusts take wing to flee to a river, and the unwearied fire burns them as it comes on suddenly, and they cower down into the water; so before Achilles was the sounding stream of deep-eddying Xanthus filled with chariots and men in confusion.

But the Zeus-begotten left there his spear on the bank leaning against the tamarisk bushes, and himself leapt in like a god, with nothing but his sword; and evil were the deeds he was devising in his mind, and turning this way

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2 Ἀχαιοὶ: *οἱ ἄλλοι.*

τύπτε δ' ἐπιστροφάδην· τῶν δὲ στόνος ὄρνυτ' ἀεικὴς
ἄορι θεινομένων, ἐρυθαίνετο δ' αἵματι ὕδωρ.
ὡς δ' ὑπὸ δελφῖνος μεγακήτεος ἰχθύες ἄλλοι
φεύγοντες πιμπλᾶσι μυχοὺς λιμένος εὐόρμου,
δειδιότες· μάλα γάρ τε κατεσθίει ὅν κε λάβῃσιν·
ὣς Τρῶες ποταμοῖο κατὰ δεινοῖο ῥέεθρα
πτῶσσον ὑπὸ κρημνούς. ὁ δ' ἐπεὶ κάμε χεῖρας ἐναίρων,
ζωοὺς ἐκ ποταμοῖο δυώδεκα λέξατο κούρους,
ποινὴν Πατρόκλοιο Μενοιτιάδαο θανόντος.
τοὺς ἐξῆγε θύραζε τεθηπότας ἠΰτε νεβρούς,
δῆσε δ' ὀπίσσω χεῖρας ἐυτμήτοισιν ἱμᾶσι,
τοὺς αὐτοὶ φορέεσκον ἐπὶ στρεπτοῖσι χιτῶσι,
δῶκε δ' ἑταίροισιν κατάγειν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.
αὐτὰρ ὁ ἂψ ἐπόρουσε δαϊζέμεναι μενεαίνων.

Ἔνθ' υἷι Πριάμοιο συνήντετο Δαρδανίδαο
ἐκ ποταμοῦ φεύγοντι, Λυκάονι, τόν ῥά ποτ' αὐτὸς
ἦγε λαβὼν ἐκ πατρὸς ἀλωῆς οὐκ ἐθέλοντα,
ἐννύχιος προμολών· ὁ δ' ἐρινεὸν ὀξέι χαλκῷ
τάμνε νέους ὄρπηκας, ἵν' ἅρματος ἄντυγες εἶεν·
τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἀνώιστον κακὸν ἤλυθε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
καὶ τότε μέν μιν Λῆμνον ἐυκτιμένην ἐπέρασσε
νηυσὶν ἄγων, ἀτὰρ υἱὸς Ἰήσονος ὦνον ἔδωκε·
κεῖθεν δὲ ξεῖνός μιν ἐλύσατο, πολλὰ δ' ἔδωκεν,
Ἴμβριος Ἠετίων, πέμψεν δ' ἐς δῖαν Ἀρίσβην·
ἔνθεν ὑπεκπροφυγὼν πατρώιον ἵκετο δῶμα.
ἕνδεκα δ' ἤματα θυμὸν ἐτέρπετο οἷσι φίλοισιν
ἐλθὼν ἐκ Λήμνοιο· δυωδεκάτῃ δέ μιν αὖτις

and that he struck and struck; and from them rose up hideous groaning as they were struck with the sword, and the water grew red with blood. And as before a monstrous dolphin other fishes flee and fill the recesses of some harbor or fair anchorage in their terror, for greedily does he devour any he catches, so cowered the Trojans in the streams of the dread river beneath the steep banks. And he, when his hands grew weary of slaying, chose twelve youths alive out of the river as blood price for dead Patroclus, son of Menoetius. These he led out dazed like fawns, and bound their hands behind them with shapely thongs, which they themselves wore about their pliant tunics, and gave them to his comrades to take to the hollow ships. Then he sprang back again, eager to slay.

There he met a son of Dardanian Priam fleeing from the river, Lycaon, whom once he had himself taken and brought—much against his will—from his father's orchard, having approached at night; he was cutting the young shoots of a wild fig tree with the sharp bronze, to be the rims of a chariot; but on him an unlooked-for evil came, noble Achilles. And at that time he sold him into well-built Lemnos, taking him there on his ships, and the son of Jason had given a price for him; but from there a guest-friend had ransomed him—and a great price he gave—Eëtion of Imbros, and had sent him to noble Arisbe; from there he had fled secretly and come to his ancestral home. For eleven days he had joy among his friends, having come from Lemnos; but on the twelfth a god cast him

χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος θεὸς ἔμβαλεν, ὅς μιν ἔμελλε
πέμψειν εἰς Ἀΐδαο καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντα νέεσθαι.
τὸν δ᾽ ὡς οὖν ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
γυμνόν, ἄτερ κόρυθός τε καὶ ἀσπίδος, οὐδ᾽ ἔχεν ἔγχος,
ἀλλὰ τὰ μέν ῥ᾽ ἀπὸ πάντα χαμαὶ βάλε· τεῖρε γὰρ ἱδρὼς
φεύγοντ᾽ ἐκ ποταμοῦ, κάματος δ᾽ ὑπὸ γούνατ᾽ ἐδάμνα·
ὀχθήσας δ᾽ ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ μέγα θαῦμα τόδ᾽ ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρῶμαι·
ἦ μάλα δὴ Τρῶες μεγαλήτορες, οὕς περ ἔπεφνον,
αὖτις ἀναστήσονται ὑπὸ ζόφου ἠερόεντος,
οἷον δὴ καὶ ὅδ᾽ ἦλθε φυγὼν ὕπο νηλεὲς ἦμαρ,
Λῆμνον ἐς ἠγαθέην πεπερημένος· οὐδέ μιν ἔσχε
πόντος ἁλὸς πολιῆς, ὃ πολέας ἀέκοντας ἐρύκει.
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε δὴ καὶ δουρὸς ἀκωκῆς ἡμετέροιο
γεύσεται, ὄφρα ἴδωμαι ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἠδὲ δαείω
ἢ ἄρ᾽ ὁμῶς καὶ κεῖθεν ἐλεύσεται, ἦ μιν ἐρύξει
γῆ φυσίζοος, ἥ τε κατὰ κρατερόν περ ἐρύκει."
Ὣς ὥρμαινε μένων· ὁ δέ οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθε τεθηπώς,
γούνων ἅψασθαι μεμαώς, περὶ δ᾽ ἤθελε θυμῷ
ἐκφυγέειν θάνατόν τε κακὸν καὶ κῆρα μέλαιναν.
ἦ τοι ὁ μὲν δόρυ μακρὸν ἀνέσχετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
οὐτάμεναι μεμαώς, ὁ δ᾽ ὑπέδραμε καὶ λάβε γούνων
κύψας· ἐγχείη δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὑπὲρ νώτου ἐνὶ γαίῃ
ἔστη, ἱεμένη χροὸς ἄμεναι ἀνδρομέοιο.
αὐτὰρ ὁ τῇ ἑτέρῃ μὲν ἑλὼν ἐλλίσσετο γούνων,
τῇ δ᾽ ἑτέρῃ ἔχεν ἔγχος ἀκαχμένον οὐδὲ μεθίει·
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·

once more into the hands of Achilles, who was about to send him to the house of Hades, loath though he was to go. When the swift-footed noble Achilles caught sight of him, all unarmed, without helmet or shield, nor had he a spear, but he had thrown all these from him to the ground; for the sweat bothered him as he sought to flee out of the river, and weariness overcame his knees beneath him; then, in great agitation, Achilles spoke to his own proud heart: "Well, now! Surely a great marvel is this that my eyes look on! Why, even the great-hearted Trojans I have slain will rise up again from beneath the murky darkness, just as this man has come back and has escaped the pitiless day of doom, though he was sold into sacred Lemnos; nor has the deep of the gray sea stayed him, that holds back many against their will. But come, of the point of our spear he shall also have a taste, so that I may see and know in my mind whether he will come back likewise even from there, or whether he will be held fast by the life-giving earth, who holds back even the strong."

So he pondered as he waited; but the other came up to him, dazed, eager to clasp his knees, and exceedingly eager of heart was he to escape from evil death and black fate. Then noble Achilles lifted on high his long spear, eager to strike him, but Lycaon stooped and ran under it, and clasped his knees; and the spear passed over his back and was stayed in the ground, though eager to glut itself with human flesh. Then Lycaon begged him, with the one hand clasping his knees while with the other he held the sharp spear and would not let it go; and he spoke and addressed

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3 Line 73 was omitted by Aristarchus.

"γουνοῦμαί σ', Ἀχιλεῦ· σὺ δέ μ' αἴδεο καί μ' ἐλέησον·
ἀντί τοί εἰμ' ἱκέταο, διοτρεφές, αἰδοίοιο·
πὰρ γὰρ σοὶ πρώτῳ πασάμην Δημήτερος ἀκτήν,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε μ' εἷλες ἐυκτιμένῃ ἐν ἀλωῇ,
καί με πέρασσας ἄνευθεν ἄγων πατρός τε φίλων τε
Λῆμνον ἐς ἠγαθέην, ἑκατόμβοιον δέ τοι ἦλφον.
νῦν δὲ λύμην τρὶς τόσσα πορών· ἠὼς δέ μοί ἐστιν
ἥδε δυωδεκάτη, ὅτ' ἐς Ἴλιον εἰλήλουθα
πολλὰ παθών· νῦν αὖ με τεῇς ἐν χερσὶν ἔθηκε
μοῖρ' ὀλοή· μέλλω που ἀπεχθέσθαι Διὶ πατρί,
ὅς με σοὶ αὖτις δῶκε· μινυνθάδιον δέ με μήτηρ
γείνατο Λαοθόη, θυγάτηρ Ἄλταο γέροντος,
Ἄλτα', ὃς Λελέγεσσι φιλοπτολέμοισιν ἀνάσσει,
Πήδασον αἰπήεσσαν ἔχων ἐπὶ Σατνιόεντι.
τοῦ δ' ἔχε θυγατέρα Πρίαμος, πολλὰς δὲ καὶ ἄλλας·
τῆς δὲ δύω γενόμεσθα, σὺ δ' ἄμφω δειροτομήσεις.
ἦ τοι τὸν πρώτοισι μετὰ πρυλέεσσι δάμασσας,
ἀντίθεον Πολύδωρον, ἐπεὶ βάλες ὀξέι δουρί·
νῦν δὲ δὴ ἐνθάδ' ἐμοὶ κακὸν ἔσσεται· οὐ γὰρ ὀίω
σὰς χεῖρας φεύξεσθαι, ἐπεί ῥ' ἐπέλασσέ γε δαίμων.
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῇσι·
μή με κτεῖν', ἐπεὶ οὐχ ὁμογάστριος[4] Ἕκτορός εἰμι,
ὅς τοι ἑταῖρον ἔπεφνεν ἐνηέα τε κρατερόν τε."
  Ὣς ἄρα μιν Πριάμοιο προσηύδα φαίδιμος υἱὸς
λισσόμενος ἐπέεσσιν, ἀμείλικτον δ' ὄπ' ἄκουσε·
"νήπιε, μή μοι ἄποινα πιφαύσκεο μηδ' ἀγόρευε·
πρὶν μὲν γὰρ Πάτροκλον ἐπισπεῖν αἴσιμον ἦμαρ,

him with winged words: "I beg you by your knees, Achilles, respect me and have pity on me; in your eyes, nurtured by Zeus, I am like a respected suppliant, for at your table first did I eat of the grain of Demeter on the day when you took me captive in the well-ordered orchard, and led me far from father and from friends, and sold me into sacred Lemnos; and I fetched you the price of one hundred oxen. Now I have bought my freedom by paying three times as much, and this is my twelfth morning since I came to Ilios after many sufferings; and now again has deadly fate put me in your hands; I must surely be hateful to father Zeus, since he has given me to you again; and to a brief span of life did my mother bear me, Laothoe, daughter of the old man Altes—Altes who rules over the war-loving Leleges, holding steep Pedasus on the Satnioeis. His daughter Priam had to wife, and many another also, and of her we two were born, and you will butcher us both. The one you vanquished among the foremost foot soldiers, godlike Polydorus, when you had struck him with a cast of your sharp spear, and now here will evil come on me; for I think that I shall not escape your hands, since a god has brought me to you. Yet another thing I will tell you, and do you lay it to heart: slay me not, since I am not sprung from the same womb as Hector, who slew your comrade the kindly and mighty."

So spoke to him the glorious son of Priam with words of entreaty, but ungentle was the voice he heard: "Fool, propose not ransom to me, nor make speeches. Until Patroclus met his day of fate, till then was it more pleasing

4 ὁμογάστριος: ἰσογάστριος.

τόφρα τί μοι πεφιδέσθαι ἐνὶ φρεσὶ φίλτερον ἦεν
Τρώων, καὶ πολλοὺς ζωοὺς ἕλον ἠδὲ πέρασσα·
νῦν δ' οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅς τις θάνατον φύγῃ, ὅν κε θεός γε
Ἰλίου προπάροιθεν ἐμῇς ἐν χερσὶ βάλῃσι,
καὶ πάντων Τρώων, πέρι δ' αὖ Πριάμοιό γε παίδων.
ἀλλά, φίλος, θάνε καὶ σύ· τί ἦ ὀλοφύρεαι οὕτως;
κάτθανε καὶ Πάτροκλος, ὅ περ σέο πολλὸν ἀμείνων.
οὐχ ὁράᾳς οἷος καὶ ἐγὼ καλός τε μέγας τε;
πατρὸς δ' εἴμ' ἀγαθοῖο, θεὰ δέ με γείνατο μήτηρ·
ἀλλ' ἔπι τοι καὶ ἐμοὶ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή.
ἔσσεται ἢ ἠὼς ἢ δείλη ἢ μέσον ἦμαρ,
ὁππότε τις καὶ ἐμεῖο Ἄρῃ ἐκ θυμὸν ἕληται,
ἢ ὅ γε δουρὶ βαλὼν ἢ ἀπὸ νευρῆφιν ὀιστῷ."
"Ὣς φάτο, τοῦ δ' αὐτοῦ λύτο γούνατα καὶ φίλον ἦτορ·
ἔγχος μέν ῥ' ἀφέηκεν, ὁ δ' ἕζετο χεῖρε πετάσσας
ἀμφοτέρας. Ἀχιλεὺς δὲ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ὀξὺ
τύψε κατὰ κληῖδα παρ' αὐχένα, πᾶν δέ οἱ εἴσω
δῦ ξίφος ἄμφηκες· ὁ δ' ἄρα πρηνὴς ἐπὶ γαίῃ
κεῖτο ταθείς, ἐκ δ' αἷμα μέλαν ῥέε, δεῦε δὲ γαῖαν.
τὸν δ' Ἀχιλεὺς ποταμόνδε λαβὼν ποδὸς ἧκε φέρεσθαι,
καί οἱ ἐπευχόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευεν·
"Ἐνταυθοῖ νῦν κεῖσο μετ' ἰχθύσιν, οἵ σ' ὠτειλὴν
αἷμ' ἀπολιχμήσονται ἀκηδέες· οὐδέ σε μήτηρ
ἐνθεμένη λεχέεσσι γοήσεται, ἀλλὰ Σκάμανδρος
οἴσει δινήεις εἴσω ἁλὸς εὐρέα κόλπον.
θρῴσκων τις κατὰ κῦμα μέλαιναν φρῖχ' ὑπαΐξει
ἰχθύς, ὅς κε φάγῃσι Λυκάονος ἀργέτα δημόν.

to my mind to spare the Trojans, and many I took alive and sold; but now there is not one who will escape death, whomever before the walls of Ilios a god delivers into my hands—not one of all the Trojans, and least of all one of the sons of Priam. No, friend, you too die; why lament you thus? Patroclus also died, and he was better far than you. And do you not see what manner of man I am, how fair and how tall? A good man was my father, and a goddess the mother that bore me; yet over me too hang death and resistless fate. There will come a dawn or evening or midday, when my life too will some man take in battle, whether he strike me with cast of the spear, or with an arrow from the string."

So he spoke, and the other's knees collapsed on the spot and his heart likewise. The spear he let go, but sank to the ground with both hands outstretched. But Achilles drew his sharp sword and struck him on the collarbone beside the neck, and all the two-edged sword sank in; and headlong on the ground he lay outstretched, and the dark blood flowed out and wetted the ground. Him then Achilles seized by the foot and flung into the river to be carried away, and boasting over him he spoke winged words:

"Lie there now among the fishes, which will lick the blood from your wound and think nothing of you, nor will your mother place you on a bier and make lament; but eddying Scamander will carry you into the broad gulf of the sea. Many a fish as it leaps among the waves will dart up beneath the rippling black surface to eat the white fat of

φθείρεσθ', εἰς ὅ κεν ἄστυ κιχείομεν Ἰλίου ἱρῆς,
ὑμεῖς μὲν φεύγοντες, ἐγὼ δ' ὄπιθεν κεραΐζων.
οὐδ' ὑμῖν ποταμός περ ἐύρροος ἀργυροδίνης[5]
ἀρκέσει, ᾧ δὴ δηθὰ πολέας ἱερεύετε ταύρους,
ζωοὺς δ' ἐν δίνῃσι καθίετε μώνυχας ἵππους.
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὧς ὀλέεσθε κακὸν μόρον, εἰς ὅ κε πάντες
τίσετε Πατρόκλοιο φόνον καὶ λοιγὸν Ἀχαιῶν,
οὓς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ θοῇσιν ἐπέφνετε νόσφιν ἐμεῖο."
  Ὣς ἄρ' ἔφη, ποταμὸς δὲ χολώσατο κηρόθι μᾶλλον,
ὅρμηνεν δ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ὅπως παύσειε πόνοιο[6]
δῖον Ἀχιλλῆα, Τρώεσσι δὲ λοιγὸν ἀλάλκοι.
τόφρα δὲ Πηλέος υἱὸς ἔχων δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος
Ἀστεροπαίῳ ἐπᾶλτο κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων,
υἱέι Πηλεγόνος· τὸν δ' Ἀξιὸς εὐρυρέεθρος
γείνατο καὶ Περίβοια, Ἀκεσσαμενοῖο θυγατρῶν
πρεσβυτάτη· τῇ γάρ ῥα μίγη ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης.
τῷ ῥ' Ἀχιλεὺς ἐπόρουσεν, ὁ δ' ἀντίος ἐκ ποταμοῖο
ἔστη ἔχων δύο δοῦρε· μένος δέ οἱ ἐν φρεσὶ θῆκε
Ξάνθος, ἐπεὶ κεχόλωτο δαϊκταμένων αἰζηῶν,
τοὺς Ἀχιλεὺς ἐδάιζε κατὰ ῥόον οὐδ' ἐλέαιρεν.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
"τίς πόθεν εἰς ἀνδρῶν, ὅ μευ ἔτλης ἀντίος ἐλθεῖν;
δυστήνων δέ τε παῖδες ἐμῷ μένει ἀντιόωσι."
  Τὸν δ' αὖ Πηλεγόνος προσεφώνεε φαίδιμος υἱός·

[5] Lines 130–135 were rejected by Aristophanes and perhaps by Aristarchus.

Lycaon. Perish all of you, till we come to the city of sacred Ilios, you in flight, and I making havoc from behind. Not even the fair-flowing river with his silver eddies will protect you, though to him, indeed, you have long been used to sacrifice many bulls, and to cast single-hoofed horses live into his eddies. But you, too, in the same way will perish by an evil fate till you all pay the price for the slaying of Patroclus and for the destruction of the Achaeans, whom by the swift ships you slew in my absence."

So he spoke, and the river grew still more angry within, and pondered in his heart how to stay noble Achilles from his labor and ward off disaster from the Trojans. Meanwhile the son of Peleus carrying his far-shadowing spear leapt, eager to slay him, on Asteropaeus, son of Pelegon, who was begotten of wide-flowing Axius and Periboea, eldest of the daughters of Acessamenus; for with her lay the deep-eddying river. On him rushed Achilles, and Asteropaeus came out of the river and stood to face him, holding two spears; and might was set in his heart by Xanthus, angered because of the youths slain in battle, whom Achilles was slaughtering along the stream and did not pity. But when they came near as they advanced one against the other, then first to Asteropaeus spoke swift-footed, noble Achilles: "Who among men are you, and from where, that you dare come out against me? Unhappy are they whose children face my might."

Then spoke to him the glorious son of Pelegon: "Great-

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6 *πόνοιο: φόνοιο.*

"Πηλεΐδη μεγάθυμε, τί ἦ γενεὴν ἐρεείνεις;
εἴμ' ἐκ Παιονίης ἐριβώλου, τηλόθ' ἐούσης,
Παίονας ἄνδρας ἄγων δολιχεγχέας· ἥδε δέ μοι νῦν
ἠὼς ἑνδεκάτη, ὅτε Ἴλιον εἰλήλουθα.
αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ γενεὴ ἐξ Ἀξιοῦ εὐρὺ ῥέοντος,
Ἀξιοῦ, ὃς κάλλιστον ὕδωρ ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἵησιν,[7]
ὃς τέκε Πηλεγόνα κλυτὸν ἔγχεϊ· τὸν δ' ἐμέ φασι
γείνασθαι· νῦν αὖτε μαχώμεθα, φαίδιμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ."
Ὣς φάτ' ἀπειλήσας, ὁ δ' ἀνέσχετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
Πηλιάδα μελίην· ὁ δ' ἁμαρτῇ δούρασιν ἀμφὶς
ἥρως Ἀστεροπαῖος, ἐπεὶ περιδέξιος ἦεν.
καί ῥ' ἑτέρῳ μὲν δουρὶ σάκος βάλεν, οὐδὲ διαπρὸ
ῥῆξε σάκος· χρυσὸς γὰρ ἐρύκακε, δῶρα θεοῖο·
τῷ δ' ἑτέρῳ μιν πῆχυν ἐπιγράβδην βάλε χειρὸς
δεξιτερῆς, σύτο δ' αἷμα κελαινεφές· ἡ δ' ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ
γαίῃ ἐνεστήρικτο, λιλαιομένη χροὸς ἆσαι.
δεύτερος αὖτ' Ἀχιλεὺς μελίην ἰθυπτίωνα
Ἀστεροπαίῳ ἐφῆκε κατακτάμεναι μενεαίνων·
καὶ τοῦ μέν ῥ' ἀφάμαρτεν, ὁ δ' ὑψηλὴν βάλεν ὄχθην,
μεσσοπαγὲς[8] δ' ἄρ' ἔθηκε κατ' ὄχθης μείλινον ἔγχος.
Πηλεΐδης δ' ἄορ ὀξὺ ἐρυσσάμενος παρὰ μηροῦ
ἆλτ' ἐπί οἱ μεμαώς· ὁ δ' ἄρα μελίην Ἀχιλῆος
οὐ δύνατ' ἐκ κρημνοῖο ἐρύσσαι χειρὶ παχείῃ.
τρὶς μέν μιν πελέμιξεν ἐρύσσασθαι μενεαίνων,
τρὶς δὲ μεθῆκε βίης· τὸ δὲ τέτρατον ἤθελε θυμῷ
ἆξαι ἐπιγνάμψας δόρυ μείλινον Αἰακίδαο,
ἀλλά ἑ πρὶν Ἀχιλεὺς σχεδὸν ἄορι θυμὸν ἀπηύρα.

hearted son of Peleus, why do you inquire about my lineage? I come from deep-soiled Paeonia, a land far away, leading the Paeonians with their long spears, and this is now my eleventh dawn since I came to Ilios. But my lineage is from wide-flowing Axius—Axius, whose water flows the fairest over the face of the earth—who begot Pelegon famed for his spear, and he, men say, was my father. Now let us do battle, glorious Achilles."

So he spoke with a threat, but noble Achilles raised on high the spear of Pelian ash; but the warrior Asteropaeus hurled with both spears at once, since he was ambidextrous. With the one spear he struck the shield, but it broke not through, for the gold stayed it, the gift of the god; and with the other he struck the right forearm of Achilles a grazing blow, and the black blood gushed out; but the spear point passed over him and fixed itself in the earth, eager to glut itself with flesh. Then Achilles in his turn hurled at Asteropaeus his straight-flying spear of ash, eager to slay him, but missed the man and struck the high bank, and up to half its length he fixed the spear of ash in the bank. But the son of Peleus, drawing his sharp sword from beside his thigh, leapt on him furiously, and the other was unable to pull Achilles' ashen spear out of the bank with his stout hand. Thrice he made it quiver in his eagerness to pull it, and thrice he gave up the effort; but the fourth time his heart was eager to bend and break the ashen spear of the grandson of Aeacus; but before that could be Achilles came up and took his life away with his

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[7] Line 158 is omitted in the best MSS.

[8] μεσσοπαγὲς: μεσσοπαλὲς Aristarchus.

γαστέρα γάρ μιν τύψε παρ' ὀμφαλόν, ἐκ δ' ἄρα πᾶσαι
χύντο χαμαὶ χολάδες· τὸν δὲ σκότος ὄσσε κάλυψεν
ἀσθμαίνοντ'. Ἀχιλεὺς δ' ἄρ' ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὀρούσας
τεύχεά τ' ἐξενάριξε καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηὔδα·
"κεῖσ' οὕτως· χαλεπόν τοι ἐρισθενέος Κρονίωνος
παισὶν ἐριζέμεναι ποταμοῖό περ ἐκγεγαῶτι.
φῆσθα σὺ μὲν ποταμοῦ γένος ἔμμεναι εὐρὺ ῥέοντος,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γενεὴν μεγάλου Διὸς εὔχομαι εἶναι.
τίκτε μ' ἀνὴρ πολλοῖσιν ἀνάσσων Μυρμιδόνεσσι,
Πηλεὺς Αἰακίδης· ὁ δ' ἄρ' Αἰακὸς ἐκ Διὸς ἦεν.
τῷ κρείσσων μὲν Ζεὺς ποταμῶν ἁλιμυρηέντων,
κρείσσων αὖτε Διὸς γενεὴ ποταμοῖο τέτυκται.
καὶ γὰρ σοὶ ποταμός γε πάρα μέγας, εἰ δύναταί τι
χραισμεῖν· ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔστι Διὶ Κρονίωνι μάχεσθαι,
τῷ οὐδὲ κρείων Ἀχελώιος ἰσοφαρίζει,
οὐδὲ βαθυρρείταο μέγα σθένος Ὠκεανοῖο,[9]
ἐξ οὗ περ πάντες ποταμοὶ καὶ πᾶσα θάλασσα
καὶ πᾶσαι κρῆναι καὶ φρείατα μακρὰ νάουσιν·
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὃς δείδοικε Διὸς μεγάλοιο κεραυνὸν
δεινήν τε βροντήν, ὅτ' ἀπ' οὐρανόθεν σμαραγήσῃ."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐκ κρημνοῖο ἐρύσσατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,
τὸν δὲ κατ' αὐτόθι λεῖπεν, ἐπεὶ φίλον ἦτορ ἀπηύρα,
κείμενον ἐν ψαμάθοισι, δίαινε δέ μιν μέλαν ὕδωρ.
τὸν μὲν ἄρ' ἐγχέλυές τε καὶ ἰχθύες ἀμφεπένοντο,
δημὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι ἐπινεφρίδιον κείροντες·
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ ῥ' ἰέναι μετὰ Παίονας ἱπποκορυστάς,
οἵ ῥ' ἔτι πὰρ ποταμὸν πεφοβήατο δινήεντα,
ὡς εἶδον τὸν ἄριστον ἐνὶ κρατερῇ ὑσμίνῃ

sword. For he struck him in the belly beside the navel, and out on to the ground gushed all his intestines, and darkness enfolded his eyes as he lay gasping. And Achilles leapt on his chest and stripped him of his armor, and exulted saying: "Lie as you are! Hard it is to strive with the children of the mighty son of Cronos, even for one begotten of a river. You say that your birth is from the wide-flowing river, but I claim to be of the lineage of great Zeus. The father who begot me is one who is lord among the many Myrmidons, Peleus, son of Aeacus; and Aeacus was begotten of Zeus. So as Zeus is mightier than seaward-flowing rivers, so mightier too is the offspring of Zeus than the offspring of a river. And hard beside you is a great river, if it can protect you at all; but it is not possible to fight with Zeus the son of Cronos. With him does not even lord Achelous vie, nor the great might of deep-flowing Ocean, from whom all rivers flow and the entire sea, and all the springs and deep wells; but even he has fear of the lightning of great Zeus, and his dread thunder, when it crashes from heaven."

He spoke, and drew his spear of bronze out of the bank, and left Asteropaeus there, when he had robbed him of his life, lying in the sands; and the dark water wetted him. With him then the eels and fishes were busy, nibbling and tearing the fat about his kidneys; but Achilles set out to go after the Paeonians, lords of chariots, who were still huddled along the eddying river, when they saw their best

9 Line 195 was omitted by Zenodotus.

χέρσ᾽ ὕπο Πηλεΐδαο καὶ ἄορι ἶφι δαμέντα.
ἔνθ᾽ ἕλε Θερσίλοχόν τε Μύδωνά τε Ἀστύπυλόν τε
Μνῆσόν τε Θρασίον τε καὶ Αἴνιον ἠδ᾽ Ὀφελέστην·
καί νύ κ᾽ ἔτι πλέονας κτάνε Παίονας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς,
εἰ μὴ χωσάμενος προσέφη ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης,
ἀνέρι εἰσάμενος, βαθέης δ᾽ ἐκφθέγξατο δίνης·
"ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, περὶ μὲν κρατέεις, περὶ δ᾽ αἴσυλα ῥέζεις
ἀνδρῶν· αἰεὶ γάρ τοι ἀμύνουσιν θεοὶ αὐτοί.
εἴ τοι Τρῶας ἔδωκε Κρόνου παῖς πάντας ὀλέσσαι,
ἐξ ἐμέθεν γ᾽ ἐλάσας[10] πεδίον κάτα μέρμερα ῥέζε·
πλήθει γὰρ δή μοι νεκύων ἐρατεινὰ ῥέεθρα,
οὐδέ τί πῃ δύναμαι προχέειν ῥόον εἰς ἅλα δῖαν
στεινόμενος νεκύεσσι, σὺ δὲ κτείνεις ἀιδήλως.
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε δὴ καὶ ἔασον· ἄγη μ᾽ ἔχει, ὄρχαμε λαῶν."
  Τὸν δ᾽ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"ἔσται ταῦτα, Σκάμανδρε διοτρεφές, ὡς σὺ κελεύεις.
Τρῶας δ᾽ οὐ πρὶν λήξω ὑπερφιάλους ἐναρίζων,
πρὶν ἔλσαι κατὰ ἄστυ καὶ Ἕκτορι πειρηθῆναι
ἀντιβίην, ἤ κέν με δαμάσσεται, ἦ κεν ἐγὼ τόν."
  Ὣς εἰπὼν Τρώεσσιν ἐπέσσυτο δαίμονι ἶσος·
καὶ τότ᾽ Ἀπόλλωνα προσέφη ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης·
"ὢ πόποι, ἀργυρότοξε, Διὸς τέκος, οὐ σύ γε βουλὰς
εἰρύσαο Κρονίωνος, ὅ τοι μάλα πόλλ᾽ ἐπέτελλε
Τρωσὶ παρεστάμεναι καὶ ἀμύνειν, εἰς ὅ κεν ἔλθῃ
δείελος ὀψὲ δύων, σκιάσῃ δ᾽ ἐρίβωλον ἄρουραν."
  Ἦ, καὶ Ἀχιλλεὺς μὲν δουρικλυτὸς ἔνθορε μέσσῳ
κρημνοῦ ἀπαΐξας· ὁ δ᾽ ἐπέσσυτο οἴδματι θύων,

man vanquished by force in a mighty combat at the hands and sword of the son of Peleus. There he slew Thersilochus and Mydon and Astypylus and Mnesus and Thrasius and Aenius and Ophelestes; and still more of the Paeonians would swift Achilles have slain, if the deep-eddying river had not grown angry and called to him in the likeness of a man, sending a voice out of the deep eddy: "Achilles, beyond men are you in might, and beyond men you do deeds of evil; for ever do the gods themselves protect you. If the son of Cronos has granted you to slay all the men of Troy, at least drive them out of my stream, and do your grim work on the plain. For full are my lovely streams with the dead, nor can I in any way pour my waters out into the bright sea, being choked with the dead, while you ever slay ruthlessly. But come now, leave off; amazement holds me, leader of men."

Then swift-footed Achilles answered him and said: "So shall it be, Scamander, nurtured by Zeus, just as you say. But the proud Trojans I will not cease to slay until I have penned them in their city and have made trial of Hector, man to man, whether he will slay me or I him."

So saying he rushed on the Trojans like a god. Then to Apollo spoke the deep-eddying river: "Well, now! Lord of the silver bow, child of Zeus, you have not kept to the plans of the son of Cronos, who earnestly charged you to stand by the side of the Trojans and protect them until the late-setting evening comes and darkens the deep-soiled earth."

He spoke, and Achilles, famed for his spear, sprang from the bank and leapt into the middle of the stream; but

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10 γ᾽ ἐλάσας: πελάσας.

πάντα δ' ὄρινε ῥέεθρα κυκώμενος, ὦσε δὲ νεκροὺς
πολλούς, οἵ ῥα κατ' αὐτὸν ἅλις ἔσαν, οὓς κτάν' Ἀχιλ-
λεύς·
τοὺς ἔκβαλλε θύραζε, μεμυκὼς ἠΰτε ταῦρος,
χέρσονδε· ζωοὺς δὲ σάω κατὰ καλὰ ῥέεθρα,
κρύπτων ἐν δίνῃσι βαθείῃσιν μεγάλῃσι.
δεινὸν δ' ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆα κυκώμενον ἵστατο κῦμα,
ὤθει δ' ἐν σάκεϊ πίπτων ῥόος· οὐδὲ πόδεσσιν
εἶχε στηρίξασθαι. ὁ δὲ πτελέην ἕλε χερσὶν
εὐφυέα μεγάλην· ἡ δ' ἐκ ῥιζέων ἐριποῦσα
κρημνὸν ἅπαντα διῶσεν, ἐπέσχε δὲ καλὰ ῥέεθρα
ὄζοισιν πυκινοῖσι, γεφύρωσεν δέ μιν αὐτὸν
εἴσω πᾶσ' ἐριποῦσ'· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἐκ δίνης[11] ἀνορούσας
ἤιξεν πεδίοιο ποσὶ κραιπνοῖσι πέτεσθαι,
δείσας. οὐδέ τ' ἔληγε θεὸς μέγας, ὦρτο δ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ
ἀκροκελαινιόων, ἵνα μιν παύσειε πόνοιο[12]
δῖον Ἀχιλλῆα, Τρώεσσι δὲ λοιγὸν ἀλάλκοι.
Πηλεΐδης δ' ἀπόρουσεν ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ δουρὸς ἐρωή,
αἰετοῦ οἴματ' ἔχων μέλανος, τοῦ θηρητῆρος,
ὅς θ' ἅμα κάρτιστός τε καὶ ὤκιστος πετεηνῶν·
τῷ ἐικὼς ἤιξεν, ἐπὶ στήθεσσι δὲ χαλκὸς
σμερδαλέον κονάβιζεν· ὕπαιθα δὲ τοῖο λιασθεὶς
φεῦγ', ὁ δ' ὄπισθε ῥέων ἕπετο μεγάλῳ ὀρυμαγδῷ.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ὀχετηγὸς ἀπὸ κρήνης μελανύδρου
ἂμ φυτὰ καὶ κήπους ὕδατι ῥόον ἡγεμονεύῃ
χερσὶ μάκελλαν ἔχων, ἀμάρης ἐξ ἔχματα βάλλων·
τοῦ μέν τε προρέοντος ὑπὸ ψηφῖδες ἅπασαι
ὀχλεῦνται· τὸ δέ τ' ὦκα κατειβόμενον κελαρύζει

the river rushed on him with surging flood, and roused all his streams tumultuously, and swept along the many dead that lay thick within his bed, whom Achilles had slain; these he cast out on to the land, bellowing like a bull, and the living he saved under his fair streams, hiding them in eddies deep and wide. Terribly about Achilles rose up the tumultuous wave, and the stream as it beat on his shield thrust him backward, and he could not stand firm on his feet. Then he grasped an elm, shapely and tall, but it fell uprooted and tore away all the bank, and stretched over the fair streams with its thick branches, and dammed the river himself, falling all within him; but Achilles, springing out from the eddy, darted to fly with swift feet over the plain, for he was seized with fear. But the great god ceased not, but rushed on him with dark-crested wave, so that he might stay noble Achilles from his labor, and ward off disaster from the Trojans. But the son of Peleus Achilles rushed back as far as a spear-cast with the swoop of a black eagle, the mighty hunter, that is both the mightiest and swiftest of winged things; like him he darted, and on his chest the bronze rang terribly while he swerved from beneath the flood and fled ever onward, and the river followed after, flowing with a mighty roar. As a man who guides its flow leads from a dusky spring a stream of water among his plants and garden plots, a mattock in his hands, and clears away the dams from the channel, and as it flows all the pebbles beneath are swept along, and it glides swiftly onward with murmuring sound down a slop-

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11 *δίνης* Aristarchus: *λίμνης*.

12 *πόνοιο*: *φόνοιο* Aristophanes.

χώρῳ ἔνι προαλεῖ, φθάνει δέ τε καὶ τὸν ἄγοντα·
ὣς αἰεὶ Ἀχιλῆα κιχήσατο κῦμα ῥόοιο
καὶ λαιψηρὸν ἐόντα· θεοὶ δέ τε φέρτεροι ἀνδρῶν.
ὁσσάκι δ' ὁρμήσειε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
στῆναι ἐναντίβιον καὶ γνώμεναι εἴ μιν ἅπαντες
ἀθάνατοι φοβέουσι, τοὶ οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἔχουσι,
τοσσάκι μιν μέγα κῦμα διιπετέος ποταμοῖο
πλάζ' ὤμους καθύπερθεν· ὁ δ' ὑψόσε ποσσὶν ἐπήδα
θυμῷ ἀνιάζων· ποταμὸς δ' ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἐδάμνα
λάβρος ὕπαιθα ῥέων, κονίην δ' ὑπέρεπτε ποδοῖιν.
Πηλεΐδης δ' ᾤμωξεν ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·
"Ζεῦ πάτερ, ὡς οὔ τίς με θεῶν ἐλεεινὸν ὑπέστη
ἐκ ποταμοῖο σαῶσαι· ἔπειτα δὲ καί τι πάθοιμι.
ἄλλος δ' οὔ τίς μοι τόσον αἴτιος Οὐρανιώνων,
ἀλλὰ φίλη μήτηρ, ἥ με ψεύδεσσιν ἔθελγεν·
ἥ μ' ἔφατο Τρώων ὑπὸ τείχεϊ θωρηκτάων
λαιψηροῖς ὀλέεσθαι Ἀπόλλωνος βελέεσσιν.
ὥς μ' ὄφελ' Ἕκτωρ κτεῖναι, ὃς ἐνθάδε γ' ἔτραφ' ἄριστος·
τῶ κ' ἀγαθὸς μὲν ἔπεφν', ἀγαθὸν δέ κεν ἐξενάριξε·
νῦν δέ με λευγαλέῳ θανάτῳ εἵμαρτο ἁλῶναι
ἐρχθέντ' ἐν μεγάλῳ ποταμῷ, ὡς παῖδα συφορβόν,
ὅν ῥά τ' ἔναυλος ἀποέρσῃ χειμῶνι περῶντα."
Ὣς φάτο, τῷ δὲ μάλ' ὦκα Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀθήνη
στήτην ἐγγὺς ἰόντε, δέμας δ' ἄνδρεσσιν ἐίκτην,
χειρὶ δὲ χεῖρα λαβόντες ἐπιστώσαντ' ἐπέεσσι.
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων·
"Πηλεΐδη, μήτ' ἄρ τι λίην τρέε μήτε τι τάρβει·

ing place and outstrips even him who guides it, just so did the flood of the river ever overtake Achilles, fleet of foot though he was; for the gods are mightier than men. And every time swift-footed, noble Achilles strove to make a stand against him and to learn if all the immortals who hold broad heaven were driving him in rout, each time the great flood of the heaven-fed river would beat on his shoulders from above; and he would leap high with his feet, distressed at heart, and the river was ever tiring his knees with its violent flow beneath, and was snatching away the ground from under his feet. Then the son of Peleus uttered a bitter cry looking up to the broad heaven: "Father Zeus, how is it that no one of the gods takes it on him in my piteous plight to save me from the river? After that let me suffer what I may. No other of the heavenly gods is so much to blame, but only my dear mother, who deceived me with false words, saying that beneath the wall of the mail-clad Trojans I should perish by the swift missiles of Apollo. I wish that Hector had slain me, the best of the men bred here; then would a good man have been the slayer, and a good man would he have slain. But now by a miserable death was it fated for me to be cut off and penned up in a great river, like a swineherd boy whom a torrent sweeps away as he tries to cross it in winter."

So he spoke, and quickly Poseidon and Athene came up and stood by his side, and they were like in form to mortal men, and they took his hand in theirs and gave assurance in words. And among them Poseidon, the shaker of earth, was first to speak: "Son of Peleus, do not tremble too much, nor

τοίω γάρ τοι νῶι θεῶν ἐπιταρρόθω εἰμέν,
Ζηνὸς ἐπαινήσαντος, ἐγὼ καὶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη·[13]
ὡς οὔ τοι ποταμῷ γε δαμήμεναι αἴσιμόν ἐστιν,
ἀλλ᾽ ὅδε μὲν τάχα λωφήσει, σὺ δὲ εἴσεαι αὐτός·
αὐτάρ τοι πυκινῶς ὑποθησόμεθ᾽, αἴ κε πίθηαι·
μὴ πρὶν παύειν χεῖρας ὁμοιίου πολέμοιο,
πρὶν κατὰ Ἰλιόφι κλυτὰ τείχεα λαὸν ἐέλσαι
Τρωικόν, ὅς κε φύγῃσι. σὺ δ᾽ Ἕκτορι θυμὸν ἀπούρας
ἂψ ἐπὶ νῆας ἴμεν· δίδομεν δέ τοι εὖχος ἀρέσθαι."
Τὼ μὲν ἄρ᾽ ὣς εἰπόντε μετ᾽ ἀθανάτους ἀπεβήτην·
αὐτὰρ ὁ βῆ, μέγα γάρ ῥα θεῶν ὄτρυνεν ἐφετμή,
ἐς πεδίον· τὸ δὲ πᾶν πλῆθ᾽ ὕδατος ἐκχυμένοιο,
πολλὰ δὲ τεύχεα καλὰ δαϊκταμένων αἰζηῶν
πλῶον καὶ νέκυες· τοῦ δ᾽ ὑψόσε γούνατ᾽ ἐπήδα
πρὸς ῥόον ἀίσσοντος ἀν᾽ ἰθύν, οὐδέ μιν ἴσχεν
εὐρὺ ῥέων ποταμός· μέγα γὰρ σθένος ἔμβαλ᾽ Ἀθήνη.
οὐδὲ Σκάμανδρος ἔληγε τὸ ὃν μένος, ἀλλ᾽ ἔτι μᾶλλον
χώετο Πηλεΐωνι, κόρυσσε δὲ κῦμα ῥόοιο
ὑψόσ᾽ ἀειρόμενος, Σιμόεντι δὲ κέκλετ᾽ ἀύσας·
"φίλε κασίγνητε, σθένος ἀνέρος ἀμφότεροί περ
σχῶμεν, ἐπεὶ τάχα ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος
ἐκπέρσει, Τρῶες δὲ κατὰ μόθον οὐ μενέουσιν.
ἀλλ᾽ ἐπάμυνε τάχιστα, καὶ ἐμπίπληθι ῥέεθρα
ὕδατος ἐκ πηγέων, πάντας δ᾽ ὀρόθυνον ἐναύλους,
ἵστη δὲ μέγα κῦμα, πολὺν δ᾽ ὀρυμαγδὸν ὄρινε
φιτρῶν καὶ λάων, ἵνα παύσομεν ἄγριον ἄνδρα,
ὃς δὴ νῦν κρατέει, μέμονεν δ᾽ ὅ γε ἶσα θεοῖσι.
φημὶ γὰρ οὔτε βίην χραισμησέμεν οὔτε τι εἶδος,

be at all afraid, for such helpers are we two from the gods—and Zeus approves—I and Pallas Athene. Because it is not fated for you to be vanquished by a river, he will soon cease, and you yourself will know it. But we will give you wise counsel, if you will listen. Let not your hands cease from evil war until inside the famed walls of Ilios you have penned the Trojan army, whoever escapes. But for yourself, when you have taken his life from Hector, come back to the ships; we grant you to win glory."

When they had thus spoken, they went away to the immortals, but he went on toward the plain, for greatly did the gods' charge rouse him; and the whole plain was filled with a flood of water, and many fair weapons of young men slain in battle were floating there, along with their corpses. But his legs leapt high as he rushed straight on against the flood, nor could the wide-flowing river stay him; for Athene put great strength in him. Nor did Scamander abate his might, but was even more angry against the son of Peleus, and raising himself on high he made the surge of his flood into a crest, and he called with a shout to Simoïs: "Dear brother, the strength of this man let the two of us together stay, since soon he will lay waste the great city of king Priam, and the Trojans will not withstand him in battle. But bring help quickly, and fill your streams with water from your springs, and rouse all your torrents; raise a great wave, and stir up a mighty din of logs and stones, so that we may check this wild warrior who now has the upper hand and is eager to act equally to the gods. For I say that neither his strength will rescue him, nor his beauty, nor yet

[13] Line 290 was rejected by Aristarchus.

οὔτε τὰ τεύχεα καλά, τά που μάλα νειόθι λίμνης
κείσεθ' ὑπ' ἰλύος κεκαλυμμένα· κὰδ δέ μιν αὐτὸν
εἰλύσω ψαμάθοισιν ἅλις χέραδος περιχεύας
μυρίον, οὐδέ οἱ ὀστέ' ἐπιστήσονται Ἀχαιοὶ
ἀλλέξαι· τόσσην οἱ ἄσιν καθύπερθε καλύψω.
αὐτοῦ οἱ καὶ σῆμα τετεύξεται, οὐδέ τί μιν χρεὼ
ἔσται τυμβοχόης, ὅτε μιν θάπτωσιν Ἀχαιοί."
Ἦ, καὶ ἐπῶρτ' Ἀχιλῆι κυκώμενος, ὑψόσε θύων,
μορμύρων ἀφρῷ τε καὶ αἵματι καὶ νεκύεσσι.
πορφύρεον δ' ἄρα κῦμα διιπετέος ποταμοῖο
ἵστατ' ἀειρόμενον, κατὰ δ' ᾕρεε Πηλεΐωνα·
Ἥρη δὲ μέγ' ἄυσε περιδδείσασ' Ἀχιλῆι,
μή μιν ἀποέρσειε μέγας ποταμὸς βαθυδίνης,
αὐτίκα δ' Ἥφαιστον προσεφώνεεν, ὃν φίλον υἱόν·
"ὄρσεο, κυλλοπόδιον, ἐμὸν τέκος· ἄντα σέθεν γὰρ
Ξάνθον δινήεντα μάχῃ ἠίσκομεν εἶναι.
ἀλλ' ἐπάμυνε τάχιστα, πιφαύσκεο δὲ φλόγα πολλήν.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Ζεφύροιο καὶ ἀργεστᾶο Νότοιο
εἴσομαι ἐξ ἁλόθεν χαλεπὴν ὄρσουσα θύελλαν,
ἥ κεν ἀπὸ Τρώων κεφαλὰς καὶ τεύχεα κήαι,
φλέγμα κακὸν φορέουσα· σὺ δὲ Ξάνθοιο παρ' ὄχθας
δένδρεα καῖ', ἐν δ' αὐτὸν ἵει πυρί· μηδέ σε πάμπαν
μειλιχίοις ἐπέεσσιν ἀποτρεπέτω καὶ ἀρειῇ·
μηδὲ πρὶν ἀπόπαυε τεὸν μένος, ἀλλ' ὁπότ' ἂν δὴ
φθέγξομ' ἐγὼν ἰάχουσα, τότε σχεῖν ἀκάματον πῦρ."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', Ἥφαιστος δὲ τιτύσκετο θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ.
πρῶτα μὲν ἐν πεδίῳ πῦρ δαίετο, καῖε δὲ νεκροὺς

that fair armor, which somewhere deep beneath the water will lie covered over with slime; and himself will I wrap in sands and pour shingle over him past all measuring; nor will the Achaeans know where to collect his bones, with such a depth of silt will I cover him over. Here too will his sepulcher be prepared, nor will he have need of a heaped-up mound when the Achaeans perform his funeral rites."

He spoke, and rushed tumultuously on Achilles, raging on high and seething with foam and blood and corpses. And the dark flood of the heaven-fed river rose towering above him, and was about to overwhelm the son of Peleus. But Hera cried out, seized with fear for Achilles, lest the great deep-eddying river should sweep him away. And immediately she spoke to Hephaestus, her dear son: "Rise up, Crook Foot, my child! For it was against you, as we thought, that eddying Xanthus was matched in battle.[1] But come quickly to his defence, and manifest much flame. But I will hurry and rouse from the sea a fierce blast of the West Wind and the white South Wind that will utterly consume the Trojan dead and their battle gear, spreading on the evil flame; and you along the banks of Xanthus burn up his trees, and set him about with fire, and do not let him in any way turn you back with gentle words or with threats; and do not stay your might, save only when I call to you with a shout; then stay your unwearied fire."

So she spoke, and Hephaestus made ready wondrous blazing fire. First on the plain was the fire kindled and be-

[1] A reference to the pairing of the gods in 20.73 f. M.

πολλούς, οἵ ῥα κατ᾽ αὐτὸν ἅλις ἔσαν, οὓς κτάν᾽ Ἀχιλλεύς·
πᾶν δ᾽ ἐξηράνθη πεδίον, σχέτο δ᾽ ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ.
ὡς δ᾽ ὅτ᾽ ὀπωρινὸς Βορέης νεοαρδέ᾽ ἀλωὴν
αἶψ᾽ ἀγξηράνῃ· χαίρει δέ μιν ὅς τις ἐθείρῃ·
ὣς ἐξηράνθη πεδίον πᾶν, κὰδ δ᾽ ἄρα νεκροὺς
κῆεν· ὁ δ᾽ ἐς ποταμὸν τρέψε φλόγα παμφανόωσαν.
καίοντο πτελέαι τε καὶ ἰτέαι ἠδὲ μυρῖκαι,
καίετο δὲ λωτός τε ἰδὲ θρύον ἠδὲ κύπειρον,
τὰ περὶ καλὰ ῥέεθρα ἅλις ποταμοῖο πεφύκει·
τείροντ᾽ ἐγχέλυές τε καὶ ἰχθύες οἳ κατὰ δίνας,
οἳ κατὰ καλὰ ῥέεθρα κυβίστων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
πνοιῇ τειρόμενοι πολυμήτιος Ἡφαίστοιο.
καίετο δ᾽ ἲς ποταμοῖο ἔπος τ᾽ ἔφατ᾽ ἔκ τ᾽ ὀνόμαζεν·
"Ἥφαιστ᾽, οὔ τις σοί γε θεῶν δύνατ᾽ ἀντιφερίζειν,
οὐδ᾽ ἂν ἐγὼ σοί γ᾽ ὧδε πυρὶ φλεγέθοντι μαχοίμην.
λῆγ᾽ ἔριδος, Τρῶας δὲ καὶ αὐτίκα δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἄστεος ἐξελάσειε· τί μοι ἔριδος καὶ ἀρωγῆς;"
Φῆ πυρὶ καιόμενος, ἀνὰ δ᾽ ἔφλυε καλὰ ῥέεθρα.
ὡς δὲ λέβης ζεῖ ἔνδον ἐπειγόμενος πυρὶ πολλῷ,
κνίσην μελδόμενος ἁπαλοτρεφέος σιάλοιο,
πάντοθεν ἀμβολάδην, ὑπὸ δὲ ξύλα κάγκανα κεῖται,
ὣς τοῦ καλὰ ῥέεθρα πυρὶ φλέγετο, ζέε δ᾽ ὕδωρ·
οὐδ᾽ ἔθελε προρέειν, ἀλλ᾽ ἴσχετο· τεῖρε δ᾽ ἀυτμὴ
Ἡφαίστοιο βίηφι πολύφρονος. αὐτὰρ ὅ γ᾽ Ἥρην
πολλὰ λισσόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ἥρη, τίπτε σὸς υἱὸς ἐμὸν ῥόον ἔχραε κήδειν
ἐξ ἄλλων; οὐ μέν τοι ἐγὼ τόσον αἴτιός εἰμι,

gan to burn the dead, the many dead that lay thick there, whom Achilles had slain; and all the plain was dried, and the bright water was stayed. And as in harvest time the North Wind quickly dries a freshly watered orchard, and glad is he who tills it, so was the whole plain dried, and the dead he utterly consumed; and then against the river he turned his gleaming flame. Burned were the elms and the willows and the tamarisks, burned the lotus and the rushes and the galingale that round the fair streams of the river grew abundantly; tormented were the eels and the fishes in the eddies, and in the fair streams they plunged this way and that, sorely tormented by the blast of Hephaestus of many wiles. Burned too was the mighty river, and he spoke and addressed the god: "Hephaestus, there is no one of the gods who can rival you, nor will I fight you, ablaze with fire as you are. Cease from strife and, as for the Trojans, let noble Achilles immediately drive them out of their city; what part do I have in strife and aid?"

So he spoke, burning with fire, and his fair streams were seething. And as a cauldron boils within when a large flame forces it, while it melts the lard of a fatted hog, and it bubbles in every part, and dry kindling is set beneath it, so burned in fire his fair streams, and the water boiled; nor had he any mind to flow further onward, but was stayed; for the blast of the might of skillful Hephaestus distressed him. Then with earnest prayer he spoke winged words to Hera: "Hera, why has your son attacked my stream so as to pain it beyond all others? Surely I am not so much at fault

ὅσσον οἱ ἄλλοι πάντες, ὅσοι Τρώεσσιν ἀρωγοί.
ἀλλ᾽ ἤ τοι μὲν ἐγὼν ἀποπαύσομαι, εἰ σὺ κελεύεις,
παυέσθω δὲ καὶ οὗτος· ἐγὼ δ᾽ ἐπὶ καὶ τόδ᾽ ὀμοῦμαι,
μή ποτ᾽ ἐπὶ Τρώεσσιν ἀλεξήσειν κακὸν ἦμαρ,
μηδ᾽ ὁπότ᾽ ἂν Τροίη μαλερῷ πυρὶ πᾶσα δάηται
καιομένη, καίωσι δ᾽ ἀρήιοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν."
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τό γ᾽ ἄκουσε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
αὐτίκ᾽ ἄρ᾽ Ἥφαιστον προσεφώνεεν, ὃν φίλον υἱόν·
"Ἥφαιστε, σχέο, τέκνον ἀγακλεές· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικεν
ἀθάνατον θεὸν ὧδε βροτῶν ἕνεκα στυφελίζειν."
Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, Ἥφαιστος δὲ κατέσβεσε θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ,
ἄψορρον δ᾽ ἄρα κῦμα κατέσσυτο καλὰ ῥέεθρα.
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Ξάνθοιο δάμη μένος, οἱ μὲν ἔπειτα
παυσάσθην· Ἥρη γὰρ ἐρύκακε χωομένη περ·
ἐν δ᾽ ἄλλοισι θεοῖσιν ἔρις πέσε βεβριθυῖα
ἀργαλέη, δίχα δέ σφιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἄητο.
σὺν δ᾽ ἔπεσον μεγάλῳ πατάγῳ, βράχε δ᾽ εὐρεῖα χθών,
ἀμφὶ δὲ σάλπιγξεν μέγας οὐρανός. ἄιε δὲ Ζεὺς
ἥμενος Οὐλύμπῳ· ἐγέλασσε δέ οἱ φίλον ἦτορ
γηθοσύνῃ, ὅθ᾽ ὁρᾶτο θεοὺς ἔριδι ξυνιόντας.
ἔνθ᾽ οἵ γ᾽ οὐκέτι δηρὸν ἀφέστασαν· ἦρχε γὰρ Ἄρης
ῥινοτόρος, καὶ πρῶτος Ἀθηναίῃ ἐπόρουσε
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχων, καὶ ὀνείδειον φάτο μῦθον·
"τίπτ᾽ αὖτ᾽, ὦ κυνάμυια, θεοὺς ἔριδι ξυνελαύνεις
θάρσος ἄητον ἔχουσα, μέγας δέ σε θυμὸς ἀνῆκεν;
ἦ οὐ μέμνῃ ὅτε Τυδεΐδην Διομήδε᾽ ἀνῆκας
οὐτάμεναι, αὐτὴ δὲ πανόψιον ἔγχος ἑλοῦσα

in your eyes as are all those others who are helpers of the Trojans. But I will refrain, if you tell me to, and let him also refrain. And I will furthermore swear this oath, never to ward off the day of evil from the Trojans, not even when all Troy blazes, burning in consuming fire, and the warlike sons of the Achaeans are the burners."

But when the goddess, white-armed Hera, heard this, immediately she spoke to Hephaestus, her dear son: "Hephaestus, hold off, my glorious son; for it is not right thus to strike an immortal god for mortals' sake."

So she spoke, and Hephaestus quenched his wondrous blazing fire, and once more the wave rolled along the fair streams.

But when the might of Xanthus was quelled, the two then ceased, for Hera stayed them, though she was angered; but on the other gods fell strife momentous and dire, and in different directions the heart in their breasts was blown. Together then they clashed with a mighty din and the wide earth rang, and round about great heaven pealed as with a trumpet. And Zeus heard it where he sat on Olympus, and the heart within him laughed with joy as he saw the gods joining in strife. Then they stood no longer apart, for Ares, piercer of shields, began the fray, and first leapt at Athene, brazen spear in hand, and spoke reviling words: "Why now again, you dog fly, are you making gods to clash with gods in strife, you with your fierce daring, as your great heart sets you on? Do you not remember the time that you set Diomedes, Tydeus' son, to wound me, and yourself in the sight of all grasped the spear and drove

ἰθὺς ἐμεῦ ὦσας, διὰ δὲ χρόα καλὸν ἔδαψας;
τῶ σ' αὖ νῦν ὀίω ἀποτισέμεν ὅσσα ἔοργας."
Ὣς εἰπὼν οὔτησε κατ' αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν
σμερδαλέην, ἣν οὐδὲ Διὸς δάμνησι κεραυνός·
τῇ μιν Ἄρης οὔτησε μιαιφόνος ἔγχεϊ μακρῷ.
ἡ δ' ἀναχασσαμένη λίθον εἵλετο χειρὶ παχείῃ
κείμενον ἐν πεδίῳ μέλανα, τρηχύν τε μέγαν τε,
τόν ῥ' ἄνδρες πρότεροι θέσαν ἔμμεναι οὖρον ἀρούρης·
τῷ βάλε θοῦρον Ἄρηα κατ' αὐχένα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.
ἑπτὰ δ' ἐπέσχε πέλεθρα πεσών, ἐκόνισε δὲ χαίτας,
τεύχεά τ' ἀμφαράβησε· γέλασσε δὲ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
καί οἱ ἐπευχομένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"νηπύτι', οὐδέ νύ πώ περ ἐπεφράσω ὅσσον ἀρείων
εὔχομ' ἐγὼν ἔμεναι, ὅτι μοι μένος ἰσοφαρίζεις.
οὕτω κεν τῆς μητρὸς Ἐρινύας ἐξαποτίνοις,
ἥ τοι χωομένη κακὰ μήδεται, οὕνεκ' Ἀχαιοὺς
κάλλιπες, αὐτὰρ Τρωσὶν ὑπερφιάλοισιν ἀμύνεις."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα πάλιν τρέπεν ὄσσε φαεινώ·
τὸν δ' ἄγε χειρὸς ἑλοῦσα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη
πυκνὰ μάλα στενάχοντα· μόγις δ' ἐσαγείρετο θυμόν.
τὴν δ' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
αὐτίκ' Ἀθηναίην ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"ὢ πόποι, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, Ἀτρυτώνη,
καὶ δὴ αὖθ' ἡ κυνάμυια ἄγει βροτολοιγὸν Ἄρηα
δηίου ἐκ πολέμοιο κατὰ κλόνον· ἀλλὰ μέτελθε."
Ὣς φάτ', Ἀθηναίη δὲ μετέσσυτο, χαῖρε δὲ θυμῷ,
καί ῥ' ἐπιεισαμένη πρὸς στήθεα χειρὶ παχείῃ

straight at me, and tore my fair flesh? So will you now, I think, pay back the full price of all that you have done."

So saying he struck on her tasseled aegis—the awful aegis which not even the lightning of Zeus can subdue—on it blood-stained Ares struck with his long spear. But she gave ground, and seized with her stout hand a black stone that lay on the plain, jagged and great, that men of former days had set to be the boundary mark of a field. With this she struck furious Ares on the neck, and loosed his limbs. Over seven plethra[2] he stretched in his fall, and befouled his hair with dust, and about him his armor clanged. But Pallas Athene laughed, and boasting over him she spoke winged words: "Fool, not even yet have you learned how much more warlike than you I claim to be, since you match your strength with mine. In this way will you pay back in full the Erinyes invoked by your mother, who in her wrath devises evil against you, because you have deserted the Achaeans and assist the overbearing Trojans."

So spoke the goddess, and she turned her bright eyes away from Ares. Him then the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, took by the hand, and led away, as he uttered many a groan, and with difficulty could he collect his breath. But when the goddess, white-armed Hera, noticed her, immediately she spoke winged words to Athene: "Well, now, child of Zeus who bears the aegis, Atrytone, there once again the dog fly is leading Ares, the bane of mortals, away from the fury of war through the throng; but go after her."

So she spoke, and Athene sped in pursuit, glad at heart, and rushing on her she struck Aphrodite on the breast with

[2] Roughly, either 70,000 square feet in extent (something over an acre and a half) or 700 feet in length. W.

ἤλασε· τῆς δ᾽ αὐτοῦ λύτο γούνατα καὶ φίλον ἦτορ.
τὼ μὲν ἄρ᾽ ἄμφω κεῖντο ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ,
ἡ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐπευχομένη ἔπεα πτερόεντ᾽ ἀγόρευε·
"τοιοῦτοι νῦν πάντες, ὅσοι Τρώεσσιν ἀρωγοί,
εἶεν, ὅτ᾽ Ἀργείοισι μαχοίατο θωρηκτῇσιν,
ὧδέ τε θαρσαλέοι καὶ τλήμονες, ὡς Ἀφροδίτη
ἦλθεν Ἄρῃ ἐπίκουρος ἐμῷ μένει ἀντιόωσα·
τῶ κεν δὴ πάλαι ἄμμες ἐπαυσάμεθα πτολέμοιο,
Ἰλίου ἐκπέρσαντες ἐϋκτίμενον πτολίεθρον."
Ὣς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη.[14]
αὐτὰρ Ἀπόλλωνα προσέφη κρείων Ἐνοσίχθων·
"Φοῖβε, τί ἢ δὴ νῶι διέσταμεν; οὐδὲ ἔοικεν
ἀρξάντων ἑτέρων· τὸ μὲν αἴσχιον, αἴ κ᾽ ἀμαχητὶ
ἴομεν Οὔλυμπόνδε Διὸς ποτὶ χαλκοβατὲς δῶ.
ἄρχε· σὺ γὰρ γενεῆφι νεώτερος· οὐ γὰρ ἐμοί γε
καλόν, ἐπεὶ πρότερος γενόμην καὶ πλείονα οἶδα.
νηπύτι᾽, ὡς ἄνοον κραδίην ἔχες· οὐδέ νυ τῶν περ
μέμνηαι, ὅσα δὴ πάθομεν κακὰ Ἴλιον ἀμφὶ
μοῦνοι νῶι θεῶν, ὅτ᾽ ἀγήνορι Λαομέδοντι
πὰρ Διὸς ἐλθόντες θητεύσαμεν εἰς ἐνιαυτὸν
μισθῷ ἔπι ῥητῷ· ὁ δὲ σημαίνων ἐπέτελλεν.
ἤ τοι ἐγὼ Τρώεσσι πόλιν πέρι τεῖχος ἔδειμα
εὐρύ τε καὶ μάλα καλόν, ἵν᾽ ἄρρηκτος πόλις εἴη·
Φοῖβε, σὺ δ᾽ εἰλίποδας ἕλικας βοῦς βουκολέεσκες
Ἴδης ἐν κνημοῖσι πολυπτύχου ὑληέσσης.
ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ μισθοῖο τέλος πολυγηθέες ὧραι
ἐξέφερον, τότε νῶι βιήσατο μισθὸν ἅπαντα
Λαομέδων ἔκπαγλος, ἀπειλήσας δ᾽ ἀπέπεμπε.

her stout hand; and her knees collapsed on the spot and her heart likewise. So the two of them lay on the bounteous earth, and boasting over them Athene spoke winged words: "Such let all now be who are aiders of the Trojans when they fight against the mail-clad Argives; and let them be as bold and resolute as Aphrodite here, who came to assist Ares, and stood up to my might. Then long before this would we have ceased from war, having sacked Ilios, that well-peopled city."

So she spoke, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, smiled. But to Apollo spoke the lord Poseidon, the shaker of earth: "Phoebus, why do we two stand apart? It is not right, since others have begun. It would be the more shameful if without fighting we should go back to Olympus, to the house of Zeus with threshold of bronze. Begin, for you are the younger; for it is not good for me, since I am the elder-born and know the more. Fool, how senseless is the heart you have! Do you not remember all the ills that we two alone of all the gods suffered at Ilios, that time when we came at the command of Zeus and served the lordly Laomedon for a year at a fixed wage, and he was our taskmaster and laid on us his commands? I built for the Trojans round about their city a wall, wide and very fair, so that the city might never be broken; and you, Phoebus, herded the sleek cattle of shambling gait among the spurs of wooded Ida, the many-ridged. But when at length the glad seasons were bringing the end of our term of hire, then did daunting Laomedon defraud us two of all hire,

[14] Line 434 is omitted in the best MSS.

σὺν μὲν ὅ γ᾽ ἠπείλησε πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὕπερθε
δήσειν, καὶ περάαν νήσων ἔπι τηλεδαπάων·
στεῦτο δ᾽ ὅ γ᾽ ἀμφοτέρων ἀπολεψέμεν οὔατα χαλκῷ.
νῶι δέ τ᾽ ἄψορροι κίομεν κεκοτηότι θυμῷ,
μισθοῦ χωόμενοι, τὸν ὑποστὰς οὐκ ἐτέλεσσε.
τοῦ δὴ νῦν λαοῖσι φέρεις χάριν, οὐδὲ μεθ᾽ ἡμέων
πειρᾷ ὥς κε Τρῶες ὑπερφίαλοι ἀπόλωνται
πρόχνυ κακῶς, σὺν παισὶ καὶ αἰδοίῃς ἀλόχοισι."

Τὸν δ᾽ αὖτε προσέειπεν ἄναξ ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·
"Ἐννοσίγαι᾽, οὐκ ἄν με σαόφρονα μυθήσαιο
ἔμμεναι, εἰ δὴ σοί γε βροτῶν ἕνεκα πτολεμίξω
δειλῶν, οἳ φύλλοισιν ἐοικότες ἄλλοτε μέν τε
ζαφλεγέες τελέθουσιν, ἀρούρης καρπὸν ἔδοντες,
ἄλλοτε δὲ φθινύθουσιν ἀκήριοι. ἀλλὰ τάχιστα
παυώμεσθα μάχης· οἱ δ᾽ αὐτοὶ δηριαάσθων."

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας πάλιν ἐτράπετ᾽· αἴδετο γάρ ῥα
πατροκασιγνήτοιο μιγήμεναι ἐν παλάμῃσι.
τὸν δὲ κασιγνήτη μάλα νείκεσε, πότνια θηρῶν,
Ἄρτεμις ἀγροτέρη, καὶ ὀνείδειον φάτο μῦθον·[15]
"φεύγεις δή, ἑκάεργε, Ποσειδάωνι δὲ νίκην
πᾶσαν ἐπέτρεψας, μέλεον δέ οἱ εὖχος ἔδωκας·
νηπύτιε, τί νυ τόξον ἔχεις ἀνεμώλιον αὔτως;
μή σευ νῦν ἔτι πατρὸς ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἀκούσω[16]
εὐχομένου, ὡς τὸ πρὶν ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν,
ἄντα Ποσειδάωνος ἐναντίβιον πολεμίζειν."

Ὣς φάτο, τὴν δ᾽ οὔ τι προσέφη ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων,
ἀλλὰ χολωσαμένη Διὸς αἰδοίη παράκοιτις

and send us away with a threat. He threatened that he would bind together our feet and our hands above, and would sell us into distant isles. And he also declared he would lop off the ears of us both with the bronze. So we went back with angry hearts, angered for the hire he promised but gave us not. To his people now you show favor, and do not seek with us that the overbearing Trojans may perish miserably in utter ruin with their children and their respected wives."

Then spoke to him lord Apollo, who works from afar: "Shaker of Earth, you would not call me sound of mind if I war with you for the sake of mortals, pitiful creatures, who like leaves are now full of flaming life, eating the fruit of the field, and now again waste away and perish. But quickly let us cease from strife, and let them do battle on their own."

So saying he turned back, for he felt shame to come to blows with his father's brother. But his sister rebuked him harshly, the queen of the wild beasts, Artemis of the fields, and spoke reviling words: "Fleeing are you, god who works from afar, and to Poseidon have you utterly yielded the victory, and given him glory for nothing? Fool, why are you holding a bow as worthless as wind? After this let me not hear you in the halls of our father boasting as you did earlier among the immortal gods that you would fight in open combat with Poseidon."

So she spoke, but Apollo, who works from afar, answered her not. But the revered wife of Zeus grew an-

[15] Line 471 was rejected by Aristarchus.
[16] Lines 475–477 were rejected by Aristarchus.

νείκεσεν ἰοχέαιραν ὀνειδείοις ἐπέεσσι·[17]
"πῶς δὲ σὺ νῦν μέμονας, κύον ἀδδεές, ἀντί' ἐμεῖο
στήσεσθαι; χαλεπή τοι ἐγὼ μένος ἀντιφέρεσθαι
τοξοφόρῳ περ ἐούσῃ, ἐπεὶ σὲ λέοντα γυναιξὶ
Ζεὺς θῆκεν, καὶ ἔδωκε κατακτάμεν ἥν κ' ἐθέλῃσθα.
ἤ τοι βέλτερόν ἐστι κατ' οὔρεα θῆρας ἐναίρειν
ἀγροτέρας τ' ἐλάφους ἢ κρείσσοσιν ἶφι μάχεσθαι.
εἰ δ' ἐθέλεις, πολέμοιο δαήμεναι, ὄφρ' ἐῢ εἰδῇς
ὅσσον φερτέρη εἴμ', ὅτι μοι μένος ἀντιφερίζεις."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμφοτέρας ἐπὶ καρπῷ χεῖρας ἔμαρπτε
σκαιῇ, δεξιτερῇ δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' ὤμων αἴνυτο τόξα,
αὐτοῖσιν δ' ἄρ' ἔθεινε παρ' οὔατα μειδιόωσα
ἐντροπαλιζομένην· ταχέες δ' ἔκπιπτον ὀιστοί.
δακρυόεσσα δ' ὕπαιθα[18] θεὰ φύγεν ὥς τε πέλεια,
ἥ ῥά θ' ὑπ' ἴρηκος κοίλην εἰσέπτατο πέτρην,
χηραμόν· οὐδ' ἄρα τῇ γε ἁλώμεναι αἴσιμον ἦεν·
ὣς ἣ δακρυόεσσα φύγεν, λίπε δ' αὐτόθι τόξα.
Λητὼ δὲ προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργεϊφόντης·
"Λητοῖ, ἐγὼ δέ τοι οὔ τι μαχήσομαι· ἀργαλέον δὲ
πληκτίζεσθ' ἀλόχοισι Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο·
ἀλλὰ μάλα πρόφρασσα μετ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν
εὔχεσθαι ἐμὲ νικῆσαι κρατερῆφι βίηφιν."
Ὣς ἄρ' ἔφη, Λητὼ δὲ συναίνυτο καμπύλα τόξα
πεπτεῶτ' ἄλλυδις ἄλλα μετὰ στροφάλιγγι κονίης.
ἡ μὲν τόξα λαβοῦσα πάλιν κίε θυγατέρος ἧς·

[17] Line 480 was omitted by Aristarchus and is lacking in most MSS.

gered, and rebuked the archer queen with reviling words: "How comes it that now you are eager, bold and shameless one, to stand and oppose me? No easy foe, I tell you, am I for you to rival in might, though you are carrying the bow, since it was against women that Zeus made you a lion, and granted you to slay whomever of them you are minded to. Surely it is better on the mountains to be slaying beasts and wild deer than to do battle in strength with those mightier than you. But if you are minded, learn of war, so that you may well know how much superior I am, since you vie with me in strength."

She spoke and caught both the other's hands by the wrist with her left hand, and with her right took the bow and its arrows from her shoulders, and with these same weapons, smiling the while, she beat her about the ears, as she turned this way and that; and the swift arrows fell out of the quiver. Then weeping the goddess fled from before her like a dove that from before a falcon flies into a hollow rock, a cleft—nor is it her fate to be taken; so Artemis fled weeping, and left her bow and arrows where they lay. But to Leto spoke the messenger Argeïphontes: "Leto, I will not fight with you; a hard thing it is to exchange blows with the wives of Zeus, the cloud-gatherer; but to your heart's content boast among the immortal gods that you defeated me with your great might."

So he spoke, and Leto gathered up the curved bow and the arrows that had fallen here and there among the whirl of dust. She then went back, taking her daughter's bow and

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18 ὕπαιθα: ἔπειτα.

ἡ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ Ὄλυμπον ἵκανε Διὸς ποτὶ χαλκοβατὲς δῶ,
δακρυόεσσα δὲ πατρὸς ἐφέζετο γούνασι κούρη,
ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἀμβρόσιον ἑανὸς τρέμε· τὴν δὲ προτὶ οἷ
εἷλε πατὴρ Κρονίδης, καὶ ἀνείρετο ἡδὺ γελάσσας·
"τίς νύ σε τοιάδ᾽ ἔρεξε, φίλον τέκος, Οὐρανιώνων
μαψιδίως, ὡς εἴ τι κακὸν ῥέζουσαν ἐνωπῇ;"[19]
Τὸν δ᾽ αὖτε προσέειπεν ἐυστέφανος κελαδεινή·
"σή μ᾽ ἄλοχος στυφέλιξε, πάτερ, λευκώλενος Ἥρη,
ἐξ ἧς ἀθανάτοισιν ἔρις καὶ νεῖκος ἐφῆπται."
Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον·
αὐτὰρ Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος ἐδύσετο Ἴλιον ἱρήν·
μέμβλετο γάρ οἱ τεῖχος ἐυδμήτοιο πόληος,
μὴ Δαναοὶ πέρσειαν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἤματι κείνῳ.
οἱ δ᾽ ἄλλοι πρὸς Ὄλυμπον ἴσαν θεοὶ αἰὲν ἐόντες,
οἱ μὲν χωόμενοι, οἱ δὲ μέγα κυδιόωντες·
κὰδ δ᾽ ἷζον παρὰ πατρὶ κελαινεφεῖ· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
Τρῶας ὁμῶς αὐτούς τ᾽ ὄλεκεν καὶ μώνυχας ἵππους.
ὡς δ᾽ ὅτε καπνὸς ἰὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἵκηται
ἄστεος αἰθομένοιο, θεῶν δέ ἑ μῆνις ἀνῆκε,
πᾶσι δ᾽ ἔθηκε πόνον, πολλοῖσι δὲ κήδε᾽ ἐφῆκεν,
ὣς Ἀχιλεὺς Τρώεσσι πόνον[20] καὶ κήδε᾽ ἔθηκεν.
Ἑστήκει δ᾽ ὁ γέρων Πρίαμος θείου ἐπὶ πύργου,
ἐς δ᾽ ἐνόησ᾽ Ἀχιλῆα πελώριον· αὐτὰρ ὑπ᾽ αὐτοῦ
Τρῶες ἄφαρ κλονέοντο πεφυζότες, οὐδέ τις ἀλκὴ
γίγνεθ᾽· ὁ δ᾽ οἰμώξας ἀπὸ πύργου βαῖνε χαμᾶζε,
ὀτρύνων παρὰ τεῖχος ἀγακλειτοὺς πυλαωρούς·

[19] Line 510 is omitted in most MSS.

arrows; but the maiden came to Olympus, to the house of Zeus with threshold of bronze, and sat down weeping on her father's knees, while about her the fragrant robe quivered; and her father, the son of Cronos, drew her to him, and asked of her, laughing heartily: "Who now of the sons of heaven, dear child, has done such things to you for no reason, as though you were openly working some evil?"

Then answered him the fair-crowned huntress of the echoing chase: "Your wife it was who buffeted me, father, white-armed Hera, by whom strife and contention have been fastened on the immortals."

Thus they spoke to one another; but Phoebus Apollo entered sacred Ilios, for he was troubled for the wall of the well-built citadel lest the Danaans beyond what was ordained should lay it waste on that day. But the other gods who are for ever went to Olympus, some of them angered and some exulting greatly, and they sat down beside the father, the lord of the dark clouds. But Achilles was still slaying alike the Trojans themselves and their single-hoofed horses. And as smoke rises and reaches the wide heaven from a city that burns, and the wrath of the gods drives it on—it causes toil to all and on many does it fasten woes—so Achilles caused toil and woes for the Trojans.

And the old man Priam stood on the god-built wall, and noticed huge Achilles, and how before him the Trojans were being driven in headlong rout; and help there was none. Then with a groan he went down to the ground from the wall, calling to the glorious keepers of the gate along

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20 *πόνον*: *φόνον*.

"πεπταμένας ἐν χερσὶ πύλας ἔχετ᾽, εἰς ὅ κε λαοὶ
ἔλθωσι προτὶ ἄστυ πεφυζότες· ἦ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐγγὺς ὅδε κλονέων· νῦν οἴω λοίγι᾽ ἔσεσθαι.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κ᾽ ἐς τεῖχος ἀναπνεύσωσιν ἀλέντες,
αὖτις ἐπανθέμεναι σανίδας πυκινῶς ἀραρυίας·
δείδια γὰρ μὴ οὖλος ἀνὴρ ἐς τεῖχος ἅληται."
Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, οἱ δ᾽ ἄνεσάν τε πύλας καὶ ἀπῶσαν ὀχῆας·
αἱ δὲ πετασθεῖσαι τεῦξαν φάος· αὐτὰρ Ἀπόλλων[21]
ἀντίος ἐξέθορε, Τρώων ἵνα λοιγὸν ἀλάλκοι.
οἱ δ᾽ ἰθὺς πόλιος καὶ τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο,
δίψῃ καρχαλέοι, κεκονιμένοι ἐκ πεδίοιο
φεῦγον· ὁ δὲ σφεδανὸν ἔφεπ᾽ ἔγχεϊ, λύσσα δέ οἱ κῆρ
αἰὲν ἔχε κρατερή, μενέαινε δὲ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι.
Ἔνθα κεν ὑψίπυλον Τροίην ἕλον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
εἰ μὴ Ἀπόλλων Φοῖβος Ἀγήνορα δῖον ἀνῆκε,
φῶτ᾽ Ἀντήνορος υἱὸν ἀμύμονά τε κρατερόν τε.
ἐν μέν οἱ κραδίῃ θάρσος βάλε, πὰρ δέ οἱ αὐτὸς
ἔστη, ὅπως θανάτοιο βαρείας χεῖρας[22] ἀλάλκοι,
φηγῷ κεκλιμένος· κεκάλυπτο δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἠέρι πολλῇ.
αὐτὰρ ὅ γ᾽ ὡς ἐνόησεν Ἀχιλλῆα πτολίπορθον,
ἔστη, πολλὰ δέ οἱ κραδίη πόρφυρε μένοντι·
ὀχθήσας δ᾽ ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·
"Ὤ μοι ἐγών· εἰ μέν κεν ὑπὸ κρατεροῦ Ἀχιλῆος
φεύγω, τῇ περ οἱ ἄλλοι ἀτυζόμενοι κλονέονται,

[21] Lines 538 f. were rejected by Zenodotus.
[22] χεῖρας: κῆρας.

the wall: "Wide open hold the gates with your hands until the men come into the city in their rout, for hard by him is Achilles, driving them on; now I think there will be sorry work. But when they have found respite, gathered inside the wall, then close again the close-fitted double doors; for I fear that destructive man may leap inside the wall."

So he spoke, and they undid the gates and thrust back the bars; and the gates being flung wide brought deliverance. But Apollo leapt out to face Achilles so that he might ward off ruin from the Trojans. And they were fleeing straight for the city and the high wall, parched with thirst, and begrimed with dust from the plain, while Achilles pressed on them fiercely with his spear; for mighty madness ever possessed his heart, and he was eager to win glory.

Then would the sons of the Achaeans have taken high-gated Troy, if Phoebus Apollo had not roused noble Agenor, Antenor's son, an incomparable warrior and mighty. In his heart he put boldness, and himself stood by his side, so as to ward off from him the heavy hands of death; against the oak[3] he leaned, and he was shrouded in deep mist. So when Agenor caught sight of Achilles, sacker of cities, he halted, and many things did his heart darkly ponder as he waited; and in agitation he spoke to his own proud heart:

"Ah, woe is me; if I flee before mighty Achilles, there where the rest are being driven in rout, even so will he

[3] An oak in the neighborhood of the Scaean gate is frequently mentioned as a well-known landmark; see 6.237; 9.354; 11.170. M.

αἱρήσει με καὶ ὧς, καὶ ἀνάλκιδα δειροτομήσει.
εἰ δ᾽ ἂν ἐγὼ τούτους μὲν ὑποκλονέεσθαι ἐάσω
Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλῆι, ποσὶν δ᾽ ἀπὸ τείχεος ἄλλῃ
φεύγω πρὸς πεδίον Ἰλήιον, ὄφρ᾽ ἂν ἵκωμαι
Ἴδης τε κνημοὺς κατά τε ῥωπήια δύω·
ἑσπέριος δ᾽ ἂν ἔπειτα λοεσσάμενος ποταμοῖο
ἱδρῶ ἀποψυχθεὶς προτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονεοίμην·
ἀλλὰ τί ἦ μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;
μή μ᾽ ἀπαειρόμενον πόλιος πεδίονδε νοήσῃ
καί με μεταΐξας μάρψῃ ταχέεσσι πόδεσσιν.
οὐκέτ᾽ ἔπειτ᾽ ἔσται θάνατον καὶ κῆρας ἀλύξαι·
λίην γὰρ κρατερὸς περὶ πάντων ἔστ᾽ ἀνθρώπων.
εἰ δέ κέ οἱ προπάροιθε πόλεος κατεναντίον ἔλθω·
καὶ γάρ θην τούτῳ τρωτὸς χρὼς ὀξέι χαλκῷ,
ἐν δὲ ἴα ψυχή, θνητὸν δέ ἕ φασ᾽ ἄνθρωποι
ἔμμεναι· αὐτάρ οἱ Κρονίδης Ζεὺς κῦδος ὀπάζει."[23]
Ὣς εἰπὼν Ἀχιλῆα ἀλεὶς μένεν, ἐν δέ οἱ ἦτορ
ἄλκιμον ὁρμᾶτο πτολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι.
ἠύτε πάρδαλις εἶσι βαθείης ἐκ ξυλόχοιο
ἀνδρὸς θηρητῆρος ἐναντίον, οὐδέ τι θυμῷ
ταρβεῖ οὐδὲ φοβεῖται, ἐπεί κεν ὑλαγμὸν ἀκούσῃ·
εἴ περ γὰρ φθάμενός μιν ἢ οὐτάσῃ ἠὲ βάλῃσιν,
ἀλλά τε καὶ περὶ δουρὶ πεπαρμένη οὐκ ἀπολήγει
ἀλκῆς, πρίν γ᾽ ἠὲ ξυμβλήμεναι ἠὲ δαμῆναι·
ὣς Ἀντήνορος υἱὸς ἀγαυοῦ, δῖος Ἀγήνωρ,
οὐκ ἔθελεν φεύγειν, πρὶν πειρήσαιτ᾽ Ἀχιλῆος,
ἀλλ᾽ ὅ γ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἀσπίδα μὲν πρόσθ᾽ ἔσχετο πάντοσ᾽ ἐίσην,

overtake and butcher me in my cowardice. But what if I leave these men to be driven before Achilles, son of Peleus, and with my feet flee from the wall elsewhere, toward the Ilean plain, until I come to the glens and the spurs of Ida, and hide in the thickets? Then in the evening, when I have bathed the sweat from me in the river and cooled off, I would get back to Ilios. But why does my heart debate these things with me? Let him not notice me as I turn away from the city toward the plain, and darting after me overtake me by his fleetness of foot. Then will it no more be possible to escape death and the fates, for exceeding mighty is he above all mortal men. What then if in front of the city I go out to meet him? His flesh, too, I suspect, may be pierced with the sharp sword, and in him is but one life, and men say he is mortal; but Zeus, son of Cronos, gives him glory."

So saying he crouched to await Achilles, and within him his mighty heart was eager to war and to battle. Just as a leopard goes out from a deep thicket to face a huntsman, neither fears she at heart, nor quails when she hears the baying of the hounds; for though the man strikes her first with thrust of spear or with missile, yet even pierced through with the spear she ceases not from her charge until she grapples with him or is slain; so lordly Antenor's son, noble Agenor, was not minded to flee till he should make trial of Achilles, but held before him his shield that was well-balanced on every side, and aimed at Achilles with his

[23] Line 570 was rejected by Aristarchus.

ἐγχείῃ δ᾽ αὐτοῖο τιτύσκετο, καὶ μέγ᾽ ἄϋτει·
"ἦ δή που μάλ᾽ ἔολπας ἐνὶ φρεσί, φαίδιμ᾽ Ἀχιλλεῦ,
ἤματι τῷδε πόλιν πέρσειν Τρώων ἀγερώχων,
νηπύτι᾽· ἦ τ᾽ ἔτι πολλὰ τετεύξεται ἄλγε᾽ ἐπ᾽ αὐτῇ.
ἐν γάρ οἱ πολέες τε καὶ ἄλκιμοι ἀνέρες εἰμέν,
οἳ καὶ πρόσθε φίλων τοκέων ἀλόχων τε καὶ υἱῶν
Ἴλιον εἰρυόμεσθα· σὺ δ᾽ ἐνθάδε πότμον ἐφέψεις,
ὧδ᾽ ἔκπαγλος ἐὼν καὶ θαρσαλέος πολεμιστής."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ὀξὺν ἄκοντα βαρείης χειρὸς ἀφῆκε,
καί ῥ᾽ ἔβαλε κνήμην ὑπὸ γούνατος, οὐδ᾽ ἀφάμαρτεν.
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κνημὶς νεοτεύκτου κασσιτέροιο
σμερδαλέον κονάβησε· πάλιν δ᾽ ἀπὸ χαλκὸς ὄρουσε
βλημένου, οὐδ᾽ ἐπέρησε, θεοῦ δ᾽ ἠρύκακε δῶρα.
Πηλεΐδης δ᾽ ὡρμήσατ᾽ Ἀγήνορος ἀντιθέοιο
δεύτερος· οὐδ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ἔασεν Ἀπόλλων κῦδος ἀρέσθαι,
ἀλλά μιν ἐξήρπαξε, κάλυψε δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἠέρι πολλῇ,
ἡσύχιον δ᾽ ἄρα μιν πολέμου ἔκπεμπε νέεσθαι.
αὐτὰρ ὁ Πηλεΐωνα δόλῳ ἀποέργαθε λαοῦ·
αὐτῷ γὰρ ἑκάεργος Ἀγήνορι πάντα ἐοικὼς
ἔστη πρόσθε ποδῶν, ὁ δ᾽ ἐπέσσυτο ποσσὶ διώκειν.
ἦος ὁ τὸν πεδίοιο διώκετο πυροφόροιο,
τρέψας πὰρ ποταμὸν βαθυδινήεντα Σκάμανδρον,
τυτθὸν ὑπεκπροθέοντα· δόλῳ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔθελγεν Ἀπόλλων,
ὡς αἰεὶ ἔλποιτο κιχήσεσθαι ποσὶν οἷσι·
τόφρ᾽ ἄλλοι Τρῶες[24] πεφοβημένοι ἦλθον ὁμίλῳ
ἀσπάσιοι προτὶ ἄστυ, πόλις δ᾽ ἔμπλητο ἀλέντων.

[24] Τρῶες: πάντες.

spear, and shouted aloud: "I suppose you expected in your mind, glorious Achilles, to sack the city of the lordly Trojans this very day. You fool! Many indeed are the woes that will yet be fashioned on her account. Inside her are we, many men and mighty, who in front of our dear parents and wives and sons guard Ilios; it is you who will here meet your fate, though you are so daunting and so bold a warrior."

He spoke, and hurled the sharp spear from his heavy hand, and struck him on the shin below the knee, and missed him not; and the greave of newly worked tin rang terribly on him; but back from him it struck leapt the bronze, and pierced not through, for the gift of the god stayed it. And the son of Peleus in his turn set on godlike Agenor; but Apollo did not allow him to win glory, but snatched away Agenor, and shrouded him in thick mist, and sent him away from the war to return in peace. But Apollo by craft kept the son of Peleus away from the army for, resembling Agenor in every way, the god who works from afar stood before his very feet; and Achilles rushed on him swiftly to pursue him. And while he pursued him over the wheat-bearing plain, turning him toward the river, deep-eddying Scamander, he ran just a little ahead of him—for by craft did Apollo deceive him, so that he ever hoped to overtake him in his running. Meanwhile the rest of the Trojans who were fleeing in rout came crowding gladly toward the city, and the town was filled with the

οὐδ᾽ ἄρα τοί γ᾽ ἔτλαν πόλιος καὶ τείχεος ἐκτὸς
μεῖναι ἔτ᾽ ἀλλήλους, καὶ γνώμεναι ὅς τε πεφεύγοι
ὅς τ᾽ ἔθαν᾽ ἐν πολέμῳ· ἀλλ᾽ ἐσσυμένως ἐσέχυντο
ἐς πόλιν, ὅν τινα τῶν γε πόδες καὶ γοῦνα σαώσαι.

throng of them. Nor dared they longer to await one another outside the city and wall, and to know who had escaped and who had been slain in the fight; but gladly they poured into the city, whomever of them his feet and knees had saved.

X

Ὣς οἱ μὲν κατὰ ἄστυ πεφυζότες ἠύτε νεβροὶ
ἱδρῶ ἀπεψύχοντο πίον τ' ἀκέοντό τε δίψαν,
κεκλιμένοι καλῇσιν ἐπάλξεσιν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
τείχεος ἆσσον ἴσαν, σάκε' ὤμοισι κλίναντες.
Ἕκτορα δ' αὐτοῦ μεῖναι ὀλοιὴ μοῖρ' ἐπέδησεν
Ἰλίου προπάροιθε πυλάων τε Σκαιάων.
αὐτὰρ Πηλεΐωνα προσηύδα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·
"τίπτε με, Πηλέος υἱέ, ποσὶν ταχέεσσι διώκεις,
αὐτὸς θνητὸς ἐὼν θεὸν ἄμβροτον; οὐδέ νύ πώ με
ἔγνως ὡς θεός εἰμι, σὺ δ' ἀσπερχὲς μενεαίνεις.
ἦ νύ τοι οὔ τι μέλει Τρώων πόνος, οὓς ἐφόβησας,
οἳ δή τοι εἰς ἄστυ ἄλεν, σὺ δὲ δεῦρο λιάσθης.
οὐ μέν με κτενέεις, ἐπεὶ οὔ τοι μόρσιμός εἰμι."
Τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὀχθήσας προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"ἔβλαψάς μ', ἑκάεργε, θεῶν ὀλοώτατε πάντων,
ἐνθάδε νῦν τρέψας ἀπὸ τείχεος· ἦ κ' ἔτι πολλοὶ
γαῖαν ὀδὰξ εἷλον πρὶν Ἴλιον εἰσαφικέσθαι.
νῦν δ' ἐμὲ μὲν μέγα κῦδος ἀφείλεο, τοὺς δὲ σάωσας
ῥηιδίως, ἐπεὶ οὔ τι τίσιν γ' ἔδεισας ὀπίσσω.
ἦ σ' ἂν τισαίμην, εἴ μοι δύναμίς γε παρείη."

BOOK 22

So they throughout the city, having fled like fawns, were cooling their sweat and drinking and quenching their thirst as they leaned on the fair battlements; while the Achaeans came up to the wall leaning their shields against their shoulders. But Hector did deadly fate ensnare to remain there in front of Ilios and the Scaean gates. Then to the son of Peleus spoke Phoebus Apollo: "Why, son of Peleus, do you pursue me with swift feet, you a mortal, while I am an immortal god? Not even yet have you recognized me that I am a god, but you rage incessantly! Have you indeed no care for your toil over the Trojans whom you put to flight, who now are gathered into the city, while you have turned aside here? You will not slay me, since I am not one appointed to die."

Then deeply agitated spoke to him swift-footed Achilles: "You have foiled me, god who works from afar, most cruel of all gods, in that you have now turned me here from the wall; otherwise had many a man yet bitten the ground before reaching Ilios. Now have you robbed me of great glory, and them have you saved—easily, since you had no fear of vengeance to come. I would certainly avenge myself on you, had I but the power."

Ὣς εἰπὼν προτὶ ἄστυ μέγα φρονέων ἐβεβήκει,
σευάμενος ὥς θ᾿ ἵππος ἀεθλοφόρος σὺν ὄχεσφιν,
ὅς ῥά τε ῥεῖα θέῃσι τιταινόμενος πεδίοιο·
ὣς Ἀχιλεὺς λαιψηρὰ πόδας καὶ γούνατ᾿ ἐνώμα.
Τὸν δ᾿ ὁ γέρων Πρίαμος πρῶτος ἴδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσι,
παμφαίνονθ᾿ ὥς τ᾿ ἀστέρ᾿ ἐπεσσύμενον πεδίοιο,
ὅς ῥά τ᾿ ὀπώρης εἶσιν, ἀρίζηλοι δέ οἱ αὐγαὶ
φαίνονται πολλοῖσι μετ᾿ ἀστράσι νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ·
ὅν τε κύν᾿ Ὠρίωνος ἐπίκλησιν καλέουσι.
λαμπρότατος μὲν ὅ γ᾿ ἐστί, κακὸν δέ τε σῆμα τέτυκ-
ται,
καί τε φέρει πολλὸν πυρετὸν δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν·
ὣς τοῦ χαλκὸς ἔλαμπε περὶ στήθεσσι θέοντος.
ᾤμωξεν δ᾿ ὁ γέρων, κεφαλὴν δ᾿ ὅ γε κόψατο χερσὶν
ὑψόσ᾿ ἀνασχόμενος, μέγα δ᾿ οἰμώξας ἐγεγώνει
λισσόμενος φίλον υἱόν· ὁ δὲ προπάροιθε πυλάων
ἑστήκει, ἄμοτον μεμαὼς Ἀχιλῆι μάχεσθαι·
τὸν δ᾿ ὁ γέρων ἐλεεινὰ προσηύδα χεῖρας ὀρεγνύς·
"Ἕκτορ, μή μοι μίμνε, φίλον τέκος, ἀνέρα τοῦτον
οἶος ἄνευθ᾿ ἄλλων, ἵνα μὴ τάχα πότμον ἐπίσπῃς
Πηλεΐωνι δαμείς, ἐπεὶ ἦ πολὺ φέρτερός ἐστι,
σχέτλιος· αἴθε θεοῖσι φίλος τοσσόνδε γένοιτο
ὅσσον ἐμοί· τάχα κέν ἑ κύνες καὶ γῦπες ἔδοιεν
κείμενον· ἦ κέ μοι αἰνὸν ἀπὸ πραπίδων ἄχος ἔλθοι·
ὅς μ᾿ υἱῶν πολλῶν τε καὶ ἐσθλῶν εὖνιν ἔθηκε,
κτείνων καὶ περνὰς νήσων ἔπι τηλεδαπάων.
καὶ γὰρ νῦν δύο παῖδε, Λυκάονα καὶ Πολύδωρον,
οὐ δύναμαι ἰδέειν Τρώων εἰς ἄστυ ἀλέντων,

So he spoke, and went toward the city in great eagerness, speeding as speeds with a chariot a horse that is winner of prizes, one that easily runs at full speed over the plain; so swiftly plied Achilles his feet and knees.

The old man Priam was first to see him with his eyes, as he sped all-gleaming over the plain like the star that comes up at harvest time, and brightly do its rays shine among the many stars in the dead of night, the star that men call by name the Dog of Orion. Brightest of all is he, yet he is a sign of evil, and brings much fever on wretched mortals. So did the bronze gleam on the breast of Achilles as he ran. And the old man uttered a groan, and beat on his head with his hands, raising them up on high, and with a groan he called aloud, begging his dear son, who was standing before the gates furiously eager to do battle with Achilles. To him the old man spoke piteously, stretching out his arms:

"Hector, my dear child, I pray you, do not face that man alone with no one to aid you, lest quickly you meet your fate, slain by the son of Peleus, since surely he is far the mightier—hard man that he is. I wish that he were as much loved by the gods as he is by me! Then would the dogs and vultures speedily devour him as he lay unburied; so would dread sorrow depart from my heart, since he has robbed me of sons many and mighty, slaying them and selling them into distant isles. For even now there are two sons, Lycaon and Polydorus, whom I cannot see among the Trojans that

τούς μοι Λαοθόη τέκετο, κρείουσα γυναικῶν.
ἀλλ᾽ εἰ μὲν ζώουσι μετὰ στρατῷ, ἦ τ᾽ ἂν ἔπειτα
χαλκοῦ τε χρυσοῦ τ᾽ ἀπολυσόμεθ᾽· ἔστι γὰρ ἔνδον·
πολλὰ γὰρ ὤπασε παιδὶ γέρων ὀνομάκλυτος Ἄλτης.
εἰ δ᾽ ἤδη τεθνᾶσι καὶ εἰν Ἀίδαο δόμοισιν,
ἄλγος ἐμῷ θυμῷ καὶ μητέρι, τοὶ τεκόμεσθα·
λαοῖσιν δ᾽ ἄλλοισι μινυνθαδιώτερον ἄλγος
ἔσσεται, ἢν μὴ καὶ σὺ θάνῃς Ἀχιλῆι δαμασθείς.
ἀλλ᾽ εἰσέρχεο τεῖχος, ἐμὸν τέκος, ὄφρα σαώσῃς
Τρῶας καὶ Τρῳάς, μηδὲ μέγα κῦδος ὀρέξῃς
Πηλεΐδῃ, αὐτὸς δὲ φίλης αἰῶνος ἀμερθῇς.
πρὸς δ᾽ ἐμὲ τὸν δύστηνον ἔτι φρονέοντ᾽ ἐλέησον,
δύσμορον, ὅν ῥα πατὴρ Κρονίδης ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδῷ
αἴσῃ ἐν ἀργαλέῃ φθίσει, κακὰ πόλλ᾽ ἐπιδόντα,
υἷάς τ᾽ ὀλλυμένους ἑλκηθείσας τε θύγατρας,
καὶ θαλάμους κεραϊζομένους, καὶ νήπια τέκνα
βαλλόμενα προτὶ γαίῃ ἐν αἰνῇ δηιοτῆτι,
ἑλκομένας τε νυοὺς ὀλοῇς ὑπὸ χερσὶν Ἀχαιῶν.
αὐτὸν δ᾽ ἂν πύματόν με κύνες πρώτῃσι θύρῃσιν
ὠμησταὶ ἐρύουσιν, ἐπεί κέ τις ὀξέι χαλκῷ
τύψας ἠὲ βαλὼν ῥεθέων ἐκ θυμὸν ἕληται,
οὓς τρέφον ἐν μεγάροισι τραπεζῆας θυραωρούς,[1]
οἵ κ᾽ ἐμὸν αἷμα πιόντες ἀλύσσοντες περὶ θυμῷ
κείσοντ᾽ ἐν προθύροισι. νέῳ δέ τε πάντ᾽ ἐπέοικεν
ἀρηικταμένῳ, δεδαϊγμένῳ ὀξέι χαλκῷ,
κεῖσθαι· πάντα δὲ καλὰ θανόντι περ, ὅττι φανήῃ·
ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ πολιόν τε κάρη πολιόν τε γένειον
αἰδῶ τ᾽ αἰσχύνωσι κύνες κταμένοιο γέροντος,

are gathered into the city, those that Laothoe bore me, a princess among women. But if they are still alive in the enemy camp, then we will certainly ransom them with bronze and gold, for there is much of that in my house; for many gifts did the old Altes, of glorious name, give to his daughter. But if they are now dead and in the house of Hades, then it is sorrow to my heart and to their mother, to us who gave them birth; but to the rest of the men the sorrow will be briefer, if you do not die as well, slain by Achilles. But come inside the walls, my child, so that you may save the Trojan men and Trojan women, and not give great glory to the son of Peleus, and be yourself robbed of your dear life. Furthermore, have compassion on me while I still live—on wretched me, whom the father, son of Cronos, will slay by a gruesome fate on the threshold of old age after seeing many ills, my sons perishing and my daughters dragged off, and my treasure chambers sacked, and little ones hurled to the ground in the dread conflict, and my sons' wives dragged off at the deadly hands of the Achaeans. Myself then last of all before my doors will dogs that eat raw flesh tear apart, when some man by thrust or cast of the sharp bronze has taken the spirit from my limbs—the dogs that in my halls I reared at my table to guard my door—which then having drunk my blood in the madness of their hearts, will lie there in the gateway. For a young man it is wholly fitting, when he is slain in battle, to lie mangled by the sharp bronze; dead though he is, all is fair that can be seen. But when dogs work shame on the gray head and gray beard and on the nakedness of a

[1] *θυραωρούς*: *πυλαωρούς*.

τοῦτο δὴ οἴκτιστον πέλεται δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν."
Ἦ ῥ' ὁ γέρων, πολιὰς δ' ἄρ' ἀνὰ τρίχας ἕλκετο χερσὶ
τίλλων ἐκ κεφαλῆς· οὐδ' Ἕκτορι θυμὸν ἔπειθε.
μήτηρ δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρωθεν ὀδύρετο δάκρυ χέουσα,
κόλπον ἀνιεμένη, ἑτέρηφι δὲ μαζὸν ἀνέσχε·
καί μιν δάκρυ χέουσ' ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ἕκτορ, τέκνον ἐμόν, τάδε τ' αἴδεο καί μ' ἐλέησον
αὐτήν, εἴ ποτέ τοι λαθικηδέα μαζὸν ἐπέσχον·
τῶν μνῆσαι, φίλε τέκνον, ἄμυνε δὲ δήιον ἄνδρα
τείχεος ἐντὸς ἐών, μηδὲ πρόμος ἵστασο τούτῳ·
σχέτλιος· εἴ περ γάρ σε κατακτάνῃ, οὔ σ' ἔτ' ἐγώ γε
κλαύσομαι ἐν λεχέεσσι, φίλον θάλος,[2] ὃν τέκον αὐτή,
οὐδ' ἄλοχος πολύδωρος· ἄνευθε δέ σε μέγα νῶιν
Ἀργείων παρὰ νηυσὶ κύνες ταχέες κατέδονται."
Ὣς τώ γε κλαίοντε προσαυδήτην φίλον υἱόν,
πολλὰ λισσομένω· οὐδ' Ἕκτορι θυμὸν ἔπειθον,
ἀλλ' ὅ γε μίμν' Ἀχιλῆα πελώριον ἆσσον ἰόντα.
ὡς δὲ δράκων ἐπὶ χειῇ ὀρέστερος ἄνδρα μένῃσι,
βεβρωκὼς κακὰ φάρμακ', ἔδυ δέ τέ μιν χόλος αἰνός,
σμερδαλέον δὲ δέδορκεν ἑλισσόμενος περὶ χειῇ·
ὣς Ἕκτωρ ἄσβεστον ἔχων μένος οὐχ ὑπεχώρει,
πύργῳ ἔπι προὔχοντι φαεινὴν ἀσπίδ' ἐρείσας·
ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς ὃν μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·
"ὤ μοι ἐγών, εἰ μέν κε πύλας καὶ τείχεα δύω,
Πουλυδάμας μοι πρῶτος ἐλεγχείην ἀναθήσει,
ὅς μ' ἐκέλευε Τρωσὶ ποτὶ πτόλιν ἡγήσασθαι
νύχθ' ὕπο τήνδ' ὀλοήν, ὅτε τ' ὤρετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.

slain old man, that is the most piteous thing that falls to wretched mortals."

Thus spoke the old man, and with his hands he plucked and tore the gray hairs from his head; but he could not persuade the heart of Hector. And for her part his mother in her turn wailed and shed tears, loosening the folds of her robe, while with the other hand she held out her breast, and shedding tears she spoke to him winged words: "Hector, my child, respect this and pity me, if ever I gave you the breast to lull your pain. Think on these things, dear child, and ward off that foeman from inside the wall, and do not stand to face him. Hard is he; for if he slays you, never will I lay you on a bier and weep for you, dear plant whom I myself bore, nor will the wife you wooed with many gifts; but far away from us by the ships of the Argives will swift dogs devour you."

So the two, weeping, spoke to their dear son, earnestly begging him; but they could not persuade the heart of Hector, but he awaited Achilles, huge, as he came on. And as a serpent of the mountain awaits a man at his lair, having fed on evil herbs, and dread wrath has entered into him, and terribly he glares as he coils about inside his lair, so Hector with unquenchable might did not give ground, leaning his bright shield against the jutting wall. Then in agitation he spoke to his own proud heart: "Ah, me, if I go inside the gates and the walls, Polydamas will be the first to put reproach on me, since he told me to lead the Trojans to the city during that fatal night when noble Achilles rose

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2 θάλος: τέκος.

ἀλλ᾽ ἐγὼ οὐ πιθόμην· ἦ τ᾽ ἂν πολὺ κέρδιον ἦεν.
νῦν δ᾽ ἐπεὶ ὤλεσα λαὸν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ἐμῇσιν,
αἰδέομαι Τρῶας καὶ Τρῳάδας ἑλκεσιπέπλους,
μή ποτέ τις εἴπῃσι κακώτερος ἄλλος ἐμεῖο·
"Ἕκτωρ ἧφι βίηφι πιθήσας ὤλεσε λαόν."
ὣς ἐρέουσιν· ἐμοὶ δὲ τότ᾽ ἂν πολὺ κέρδιον εἴη
ἄντην ἢ Ἀχιλῆα κατακτείναντα νέεσθαι,
ἠέ κεν αὐτῷ ὀλέσθαι ἐυκλειῶς πρὸ πόληος.
εἰ δέ κεν ἀσπίδα μὲν καταθείομαι ὀμφαλόεσσαν
καὶ κόρυθα βριαρήν, δόρυ δὲ πρὸς τεῖχος ἐρείσας
αὐτὸς ἰὼν Ἀχιλῆος ἀμύμονος ἀντίος ἔλθω
καί οἱ ὑπόσχωμαι Ἑλένην καὶ κτήμαθ᾽ ἅμ᾽ αὐτῇ,
πάντα μάλ᾽ ὅσσα τ᾽ Ἀλέξανδρος κοίλῃς ἐνὶ νηυσὶν
ἠγάγετο Τροίηνδ᾽, ἥ τ᾽ ἔπλετο νείκεος ἀρχή,
δωσέμεν Ἀτρεΐδῃσιν ἄγειν, ἅμα δ᾽ ἀμφὶς Ἀχαιοῖς
ἄλλ᾽ ἀποδάσσεσθαι, ὅσα τε πτόλις ἥδε κέκευθε·
Τρωσὶν δ᾽ αὖ μετόπισθε γερούσιον ὅρκον ἕλωμαι
μή τι κατακρύψειν, ἀλλ᾽ ἄνδιχα πάντα δάσασθαι
κτῆσιν ὅσην πτολίεθρον ἐπήρατον ἐντὸς ἐέργει·[3]
ἀλλὰ τί ἤ μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;
μή μιν ἐγὼ μὲν ἵκωμαι ἰών, ὁ δέ μ᾽ οὐκ ἐλεήσει
οὐδέ τί μ᾽ αἰδέσεται, κτενέει δέ με γυμνὸν ἐόντα
αὔτως ὥς τε γυναῖκα ἐπεί κ᾽ ἀπὸ τεύχεα δύω.
οὐ μέν πως νῦν ἔστιν ἀπὸ δρυὸς οὐδ᾽ ἀπὸ πέτρης
τῷ ὀαριζέμεναι, ἅ τε παρθένος ἠίθεός τε,
παρθένος ἠίθεός τ᾽ ὀαρίζετον ἀλλήλοιιν.

[3] Line 121 is omitted in the best MSS.

up. But I did not listen—surely it would have been far better! But now, since I have brought the army to ruin through my blind folly, I feel shame before the Trojans, and the Trojans' wives with trailing robes, lest perhaps some other, baser than I, may say: 'Hector, trusting in his own might, brought ruin on the army.' So will they say; but for me it would be far better to meet Achilles man to man and slay him and so return home, or myself perish gloriously before the city. Or suppose I lay down my bossed shield and my heavy helmet and, leaning my spear against the wall, go on my own to meet incomparable Achilles, and promise him that Helen, and with her all the many treasures that Alexander brought in his hollow ships to Troy—and that was the beginning of strife—we will give to the sons of Atreus to take away, and furthermore and separately will make division with the Achaeans of all that this city holds; and that then I take from the Trojans an oath sworn by the elders that they will hide nothing, but will divide in two all the treasure that the lovely city holds inside. But why does my heart debate these things with me? Let it not be that I approach him as a suppliant, and he not pity me nor have respect for me, but slay me out of hand unarmed, as if I were a woman, when I have taken off my armor. There is no way now I may from oak tree or from rock have a lovers' chat with him, just as youth and maiden—youth and maiden![1]—chat the one with the

[1] The repetition of the phrase seems best understood as intended to mark the grim contrast between the real and the imagined situation. It is not a mere trick of style. M.

βέλτερον αὖτ' ἔριδι ξυνελαυνέμεν ὅττι τάχιστα·
εἴδομεν ὁπποτέρῳ κεν Ὀλύμπιος εὖχος ὀρέξῃ."
Ὣς ὅρμαινε μένων, ὁ δέ οἱ σχεδὸν ἦλθεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἶσος Ἐνυαλίῳ, κορυθάικι πτολεμιστῇ,
σείων Πηλιάδα μελίην κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον
δεινήν· ἀμφὶ δὲ χαλκὸς ἐλάμπετο εἴκελος αὐγῇ
ἢ πυρὸς αἰθομένου ἢ ἠελίου ἀνιόντος.
Ἕκτορα δ', ὡς ἐνόησεν, ἕλε τρόμος· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' ἔτλη
αὖθι μένειν, ὀπίσω δὲ πύλας λίπε, βῆ δὲ φοβηθείς·
Πηλεΐδης δ' ἐπόρουσε ποσὶ κραιπνοῖσι πεποιθώς.
ἠύτε κίρκος ὄρεσφιν, ἐλαφρότατος πετεηνῶν,
ῥηιδίως οἴμησε μετὰ τρήρωνα πέλειαν,
ἡ δέ θ' ὕπαιθα φοβεῖται, ὁ δ' ἐγγύθεν ὀξὺ λεληκὼς
ταρφέ' ἐπαΐσσει, ἑλέειν τέ ἑ θυμὸς ἀνώγει·
ὣς ἄρ' ὅ γ' ἐμμεμαὼς ἰθὺς πέτετο, τρέσε δ' Ἕκτωρ
τεῖχος ὕπο Τρώων, λαιψηρὰ δὲ γούνατ' ἐνώμα.
οἱ δὲ παρὰ σκοπιὴν καὶ ἐρινεὸν ἠνεμόεντα
τείχεος αἰὲν ὑπὲκ κατ' ἀμαξιτὸν ἐσσεύοντο.
κρουνὼ δ' ἵκανον καλλιρρόω· ἔνθα δὲ πηγαὶ
δοιαὶ ἀναΐσσουσι Σκαμάνδρου δινήεντος.
ἡ μὲν γάρ θ' ὕδατι λιαρῷ ῥέει, ἀμφὶ δὲ καπνὸς
γίγνεται ἐξ αὐτῆς ὡς εἰ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο·
ἡ δ' ἑτέρη θέρεϊ προρέει ἐικυῖα χαλάζῃ,
ἢ χιόνι ψυχρῇ, ἢ ἐξ ὕδατος κρυστάλλῳ.
ἔνθα δ' ἐπ' αὐτάων πλυνοὶ εὐρέες ἐγγὺς ἔασι
καλοὶ λαΐνεοι, ὅθι εἵματα σιγαλόεντα
πλύνεσκον Τρώων ἄλοχοι καλαί τε θύγατρες
τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' εἰρήνης, πρὶν ἐλθεῖν υἷας Ἀχαιῶν.

other. It would be better to clash in strife as quickly as possible; let us know to which of us the Olympian will grant glory."

So he pondered as he waited, and near him came Achilles, the peer of Enyalius, warrior of the waving helmet, brandishing over his right shoulder the Pelian ash, his terrible spear; and all around the bronze flashed like the gleam of blazing fire or of the sun as it rises. But trembling seized Hector when he caught sight of him, and he dared no longer remain where he was, but left the gates behind him, and fled in fear; and the son of Peleus rushed after him, trusting in his fleetness of foot. As a falcon in the mountains, swiftest of winged things, swoops easily after a fluttering dove: she flees before him, and he close at hand darts again and again at her with shrill cries, and his heart commands him to seize her; so Achilles in his eagerness sped straight on, and Hector fled in terror beneath the wall of the Trojans, and plied his limbs swiftly. Past the place of watch, and the wind-waved wild fig tree they sped, ever away from under the wall along the wagon track, and came to the two fair-flowing fountains, where well up the two springs that feed eddying Scamander. The one flows with warm water, and round about it smoke goes up from it as from a blazing fire, while the other even in summer flows cold as hail or chill snow or ice that water forms. And there near the springs are broad washing tanks, fair and made of stone, where the wives and fair daughters of the Trojans were used to wash bright clothes formerly in the time of peace, before the sons of the Achaeans came. By these

τῇ ῥα παραδραμέτην, φεύγων, ὁ δ' ὄπισθε διώκων·
πρόσθε μὲν ἐσθλὸς ἔφευγε, δίωκε δέ μιν μέγ' ἀμείνων
καρπαλίμως, ἐπεὶ οὐχ ἱερήιον οὐδὲ βοείην
ἀρνύσθην, ἅ τε ποσσὶν ἀέθλια γίγνεται ἀνδρῶν,
ἀλλὰ περὶ ψυχῆς θέον Ἕκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀεθλοφόροι περὶ τέρματα μώνυχες ἵπποι
ῥίμφα μάλα τρωχῶσι· τὸ δὲ μέγα κεῖται ἄεθλον,
ἢ τρίπος ἠὲ γυνή, ἀνδρὸς κατατεθνηῶτος·
ὣς τὼ τρὶς Πριάμοιο πόλιν πέρι δινηθήτην
καρπαλίμοισι πόδεσσι· θεοὶ δ' ἐς πάντες ὁρῶντο·
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ φίλον ἄνδρα διωκόμενον περὶ τεῖχος
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρῶμαι· ἐμὸν δ' ὀλοφύρεται ἦτορ
Ἕκτορος, ὅς μοι πολλὰ βοῶν ἐπὶ μηρί' ἔκηεν
Ἴδης ἐν κορυφῇσι πολυπτύχου, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε
ἐν πόλει ἀκροτάτῃ· νῦν αὖτέ ἑ δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἄστυ πέρι Πριάμοιο ποσὶν ταχέεσσι διώκει.
ἀλλ' ἄγετε φράζεσθε, θεοί, καὶ μητιάασθε
ἠέ μιν ἐκ θανάτοιο σαώσομεν, ἦέ μιν ἤδη
Πηλεΐδῃ Ἀχιλῆι δαμάσσομεν ἐσθλὸν ἐόντα."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
"ὦ πάτερ ἀργικέραυνε, κελαινεφές, οἷον ἔειπες·
ἄνδρα θνητὸν ἐόντα, πάλαι πεπρωμένον αἴσῃ,
ἂψ ἐθέλεις θανάτοιο δυσηχέος ἐξαναλῦσαι;
ἔρδ'· ἀτὰρ οὔ τοι πάντες ἐπαινέομεν θεοὶ ἄλλοι."

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"θάρσει, Τριτογένεια, φίλον τέκος· οὔ νύ τι θυμῷ

they ran, one fleeing, and one pursuing. In front a good man fled, but one far better pursued him swiftly; for it was not for beast of sacrifice or for bull's hide that they strove, such as are men's prizes for swiftness of foot, but it was for the life of horse-taming Hector that they ran. And as single-hoofed horses that are winners of prizes gallop lightly about the turning points, and some great prize is set out, a tripod perhaps or a woman, in honor of a warrior who has been killed, so these two circled thrice with swift feet about the city of Priam; and all the gods gazed on them. Then among these the father of men and gods was first to speak: "Well now! Truly a well-loved man do my eyes look on pursued around the wall; and my heart is grieved for Hector, who has burned for me many thighs of oxen on the crests of many-ridged Ida, and at other times on the topmost citadel; but now again is noble Achilles pursuing him with swift feet around the city of Priam. But come, you gods, consider and take counsel whether we shall save him from death, or now at length shall vanquish him, good man though he is, at the hand of Achilles, son of Peleus."

Then spoke to him the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene: "Father, lord of the bright lightning and of the dark cloud, what a thing you have said! A mortal man, doomed long since by fate, are you minded to free from dolorous death? Do it; but be sure we other gods do not all assent to it."

In answer to her spoke Zeus, the cloud-gatherer: "Take heart, Tritogeneia, dear child. In no way do I speak in ear-

πρόφρονι μυθέομαι, ἐθέλω δέ τοι ἤπιος εἶναι·
ἕρξον ὅπῃ δή τοι νόος ἔπλετο, μηδ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ἐρώει."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ὄτρυνε πάρος μεμαυῖαν Ἀθήνην·
βῆ δὲ κατ᾽ Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων ἀΐξασα.
Ἕκτορα δ᾽ ἀσπερχὲς κλονέων ἔφεπ᾽ ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.
ὡς δ᾽ ὅτε νεβρὸν ὄρεσφι κύων ἐλάφοιο δίηται,
ὄρσας ἐξ εὐνῆς, διά τ᾽ ἄγκεα καὶ διὰ βήσσας·
τὸν δ᾽ εἴ πέρ τε λάθῃσι καταπτήξας ὑπὸ θάμνῳ,
ἀλλά τ᾽ ἀνιχνεύων θέει ἔμπεδον, ὄφρα κεν εὕρῃ·
ὣς Ἕκτωρ οὐ λῆθε ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα.
ὁσσάκι δ᾽ ὁρμήσειε πυλάων Δαρδανιάων
ἀντίον ἀΐξασθαι ἐυδμήτους ὑπὸ πύργους,
εἴ πώς οἱ καθύπερθεν ἀλάλκοιεν βελέεσσι,
τοσσάκι μιν προπάροιθεν ἀποστρέψασκε παραφθὰς
πρὸς πεδίον· αὐτὸς δὲ ποτὶ πτόλιος πέτετ᾽ αἰεί.
ὡς δ᾽ ἐν ὀνείρῳ οὐ δύναται φεύγοντα διώκειν·[4]
οὔτ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὁ τὸν δύναται ὑποφεύγειν οὔθ᾽ ὁ διώκειν·
ὣς ὁ τὸν οὐ δύνατο μάρψαι ποσίν, οὐδ᾽ ὃς ἀλύξαι.
πῶς δέ κεν Ἕκτωρ κῆρας ὑπεξέφυγεν[5] θανάτοιο,
εἰ μή οἱ πύματόν τε καὶ ὕστατον ἤντετ᾽ Ἀπόλλων
ἐγγύθεν, ὅς οἱ ἐπῶρσε μένος λαιψηρά τε γοῦνα;
λαοῖσιν δ᾽ ἀνένευε καρήατι δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
οὐδ᾽ ἔα ἱέμεναι ἐπὶ Ἕκτορι πικρὰ βέλεμνα,
μή τις κῦδος ἄροιτο βαλών, ὁ δὲ δεύτερος ἔλθοι.
ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ τὸ τέταρτον ἐπὶ κρουνοὺς ἀφίκοντο,
καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πατὴρ ἐτίταινε τάλαντα,
ἐν δ᾽ ἐτίθει δύο κῆρε τανηλεγέος θανάτοιο,

nest, but I am minded to be kindly to you. Be done with it as your mind is set and hold back no longer."

So saying he urged on Athene, who was already eager, and down from the peaks of Olympus she darted.

But swift Achilles kept pressing hard on Hector in ceaseless pursuit. And as on the mountains a hound starts from its covert the fawn of a deer and chases it through glens and glades, and though it escapes for a while, cowering beneath a thicket, yet does the hound track it down and run steadily until he finds it, so Hector did not escape the swift-footed son of Peleus. Every time he strove to rush straight for the Dardanian gates to gain the shelter of the well-built walls, hoping his fellows from above might protect him with missiles, Achilles would anticipate him and turn him back toward the plain, but himself sped on by the city's walls. And as in a dream a man can not pursue one who flees before him—the one can not flee, nor the other pursue—so Achilles could not overtake Hector in his fleetness, nor Hector escape. And how could Hector have escaped the fates of death, had it not been that Apollo, though for the last and latest time, came up to him to rouse his might and make swift his knees? And to his men noble Achilles made sign with a nod of his head, and did not allow them to hurl at Hector their bitter missiles, lest another might strike him and win glory, and himself come too late. But when for the fourth time they had come to the springs, then it was that the father lifted up his golden scales, and set in them two fates of grievous death, one for Achilles,

[4] Lines 199–201 were rejected by Aristarchus.
[5] *ὑπεξέφυγεν*: *ὑπεξέφερεν*.

τὴν μὲν Ἀχιλλῆος, τὴν δ' Ἕκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο,
ἕλκε δὲ μέσσα λαβών· ῥέπε δ' Ἕκτορος αἴσιμον ἦμαρ,
ᾤχετο δ' εἰς Ἀίδαο, λίπεν δέ ἑ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.
Πηλεΐωνα δ' ἵκανε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"νῦν δὴ νῶι ἔολπα, διίφιλε φαίδιμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
οἴσεσθαι μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιοῖσι προτὶ νῆας,
Ἕκτορα δῃώσαντε μάχης ἄατόν περ ἐόντα.
οὔ οἱ νῦν ἔτι γ' ἔστι πεφυγμένον ἄμμε γενέσθαι,
οὐδ' εἴ κεν μάλα πολλὰ πάθοι ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων
προπροκυλινδόμενος πατρὸς Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν νῦν στῆθι καὶ ἄμπνυε, τόνδε δ' ἐγώ τοι
οἰχομένη πεπιθήσω ἐναντίβιον μαχέσασθαι."
Ὣς φάτ' Ἀθηναίη, ὁ δ' ἐπείθετο, χαῖρε δὲ θυμῷ,
στῆ δ' ἄρ' ἐπὶ μελίης χαλκογλώχινος ἐρεισθείς.
ἡ δ' ἄρα τὸν μὲν ἔλειπε, κιχήσατο δ' Ἕκτορα δῖον
Δηιφόβῳ ἐικυῖα δέμας καὶ ἀτειρέα φωνήν·
ἀγχοῦ δ' ἱσταμένη ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ἠθεῖ', ἦ μάλα δή σε βιάζεται ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς,
ἄστυ πέρι Πριάμοιο ποσὶν ταχέεσσι διώκων·
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ στέωμεν καὶ ἀλεξώμεσθα μένοντες."
Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"Δηίφοβ', ἦ μέν τοι τὸ πάρος πολὺ φίλτατος ἦσθα
γνωτῶν, οὓς Ἑκάβη ἠδὲ Πρίαμος τέκε παῖδας·
νῦν δ' ἔτι καὶ μᾶλλον νοέω φρεσὶ τιμήσασθαι,
ὃς ἔτλης ἐμεῦ εἵνεκ', ἐπεὶ ἴδες ὀφθαλμοῖσι,
τείχεος ἐξελθεῖν, ἄλλοι δ' ἔντοσθε μένουσι."

and one for horse-taming Hector; then he grasped the balance by the middle and raised it; and down sank the day of doom of Hector and went away to Hades; and Phoebus Apollo left him. But to Peleus' son came the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, and standing close to him she spoke winged words: "Now indeed, glorious Achilles, dear to Zeus, I expect that to the ships we two will carry off great glory for the Achaeans, having slain Hector, insatiate of battle though he is; for now it is no longer possible for him to escape us, not even though Apollo, who works from afar, should go to any lengths, groveling before Father Zeus who bears the aegis. But stop now and get your breath; him I myself will go and persuade to fight with you man to man."

So spoke Athene, and he obeyed and rejoiced at heart, and stood leaning on his bronze-barbed spear of ash. But she left him, and came to noble Hector in the likeness of Deïphobus in form and untiring voice; and coming up to him she spoke winged words:

"Dear brother, hard indeed is fleet Achilles pressing on you, chasing you with swift feet around the city of Priam. But come, let us make a stand, and defend ourselves staying here."

Then spoke to her great Hector of the flashing helmet: "Deïphobus, in time past you were certainly far the dearest of my brothers who were born of Hecabe and Priam, but now I intend to honor you in my heart even more, since you have dared for my sake, when your eyes saw me, to come outside the wall, while the others remain inside."

Τὸν δ᾽ αὖτε προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
"ἠθεῖ᾽, ἦ μὲν πολλὰ πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
λίσσονθ᾽ ἑξείης γουνούμενοι, ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ἑταῖροι,
αὖθι μένειν· τοῖον γὰρ ὑποτρομέουσιν ἅπαντες·
ἀλλ᾽ ἐμὸς ἔνδοθι θυμὸς ἐτείρετο πένθεϊ λυγρῷ.
νῦν δ᾽ ἰθὺς μεμαῶτε μαχώμεθα, μηδέ τι δούρων
ἔστω φειδωλή, ἵνα εἴδομεν εἴ κεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
νῶϊ κατακτείνας ἔναρα βροτόεντα φέρηται
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυράς, ἦ κεν σῷ δουρὶ δαμήῃ."
Ὣς φαμένη καὶ κερδοσύνῃ ἡγήσατ᾽ Ἀθήνη·
οἱ δ᾽ ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ᾽ ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"οὔ σ᾽ ἔτι, Πηλέος υἱέ, φοβήσομαι, ὡς τὸ πάρος περ
τρὶς περὶ ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμου δίον, οὐδέ ποτ᾽ ἔτλην
μεῖναι ἐπερχόμενον· νῦν αὖτέ με θυμὸς ἀνῆκε
στήμεναι ἀντία σεῖο· ἕλοιμί κεν, ἤ κεν ἁλοίην.
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε δεῦρο θεοὺς ἐπιδώμεθα· τοὶ γὰρ ἄριστοι
μάρτυροι ἔσσονται καὶ ἐπίσκοποι ἁρμονιάων·
οὐ γὰρ ἐγώ σ᾽ ἔκπαγλον ἀεικιῶ, αἴ κεν ἐμοὶ Ζεὺς
δώῃ καμμονίην, σὴν δὲ ψυχὴν ἀφέλωμαι·
ἀλλ᾽ ἐπεὶ ἄρ κέ σε συλήσω κλυτὰ τεύχε᾽, Ἀχιλλεῦ,
νεκρὸν Ἀχαιοῖσιν δώσω πάλιν· ὣς δὲ σὺ ῥέζειν."
Τὸν δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Ἕκτορ, μή μοι, ἄλαστε, συνημοσύνας ἀγόρευε.
ὡς οὐκ ἔστι λέουσι καὶ ἀνδράσιν ὅρκια πιστά,
οὐδὲ λύκοι τε καὶ ἄρνες ὁμόφρονα θυμὸν ἔχουσιν,
ἀλλὰ κακὰ φρονέουσι διαμπερὲς ἀλλήλοισιν,

To him then spoke again the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene: "Dear brother, indeed my father and queenly mother and my comrades round about me begged me earnestly, each in turn imploring me to remain there, in such a way do they all tremble before Achilles; but my heart within me was distressed with bitter grief. But now let us charge straight at him and do battle, nor let there be any sparing of spears, so that we may know whether Achilles will slay us and carry our blood-stained armor to the hollow ships, or whether he will be vanquished by your spear."

By such words and by guile did Athene lead him on. And when they came near as they advanced one against the other, then first to Achilles spoke great Hector of the glancing helmet: "No longer, son of Peleus, will I flee from you, as before I thrice fled around the great city of Priam, nor ever had the heart to await your attack; but now again my heart impels me to stand and face you, whether I slay or be slain. But come here, let us call the gods to witness, for they will be the best witnesses and guardians of our covenants: I will do you no violent maltreatment if Zeus grants me strength to endure and I take your life; but when I have stripped from you your glorious armor, Achilles, I will give your dead body back to the Achaeans; and so too do you."

Then with an angry glance spoke to him Achilles, swift of foot: "Hector, talk not to me, curse you, of covenants. As between lions and men there are no oaths of faith, nor do wolves and lambs have hearts of concord but plan evils continually one against the other, so is it not possible for

ὣς οὐκ ἔστ᾽ ἐμὲ καὶ σὲ φιλήμεναι, οὐδέ τι νῶιν
ὅρκια ἔσσονται, πρίν γ᾽ ἢ ἕτερόν γε πεσόντα
αἵματος ἆσαι Ἄρηα, ταλαύρινον πολεμιστήν.
παντοίης ἀρετῆς μιμνήσκεο· νῦν σε μάλα χρὴ
αἰχμητήν τ᾽ ἔμεναι καὶ θαρσαλέον πολεμιστήν.
οὔ τοι ἔτ᾽ ἔσθ᾽ ὑπάλυξις, ἄφαρ δέ σε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
ἔγχει ἐμῷ δαμάᾳ· νῦν δ᾽ ἀθρόα πάντ᾽ ἀποτίσεις
κήδε᾽ ἐμῶν ἑτάρων, οὓς ἔκτανες ἔγχεϊ θύων."
 Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος.
καὶ τὸ μὲν ἄντα ἰδὼν ἠλεύατο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ·
ἕζετο γὰρ προϊδών, τὸ δ᾽ ὑπέρπτατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,
ἐν γαίῃ δ᾽ ἐπάγη· ἀνὰ δ᾽ ἥρπασε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
ἂψ δ᾽ Ἀχιλῆι δίδου, λάθε δ᾽ Ἕκτορα, ποιμένα λαῶν.
Ἕκτωρ δὲ προσέειπεν ἀμύμονα Πηλεΐωνα·
"ἤμβροτες, οὐδ᾽ ἄρα πώ τι, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ᾽ Ἀχιλλεῦ,
ἐκ Διὸς ἠείδης τὸν ἐμὸν μόρον· ἦ τοι ἔφης γε·
ἀλλά τις ἀρτιεπὴς καὶ ἐπίκλοπος ἔπλεο μύθων,
ὄφρα σ᾽ ὑποδδείσας μένεος ἀλκῆς τε λάθωμαι.
οὐ μέν μοι φεύγοντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρυ πήξεις,
ἀλλ᾽ ἰθὺς μεμαῶτι διὰ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσον,
εἴ τοι ἔδωκε θεός· νῦν αὖτ᾽ ἐμὸν ἔγχος ἄλευαι
χάλκεον· ὡς δή μιν σῷ ἐν χροῒ πᾶν κομίσαιο.
καί κεν ἐλαφρότερος πόλεμος Τρώεσσι γένοιτο
σεῖο καταφθιμένοιο· σὺ γάρ σφισι πῆμα μέγιστον."
 Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμπεπαλὼν προΐει δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
καὶ βάλε Πηλεΐδαο μέσον σάκος οὐδ᾽ ἀφάμαρτε·
τῆλε δ᾽ ἀπεπλάγχθη σάκεος δόρυ. χώσατο δ᾽ Ἕκτωρ
ὅττι ῥά οἱ βέλος ὠκὺ ἐτώσιον ἔκφυγε χειρός,

you and me to be friends, nor will there be oaths between us till one or the other has fallen, and glutted with his blood Ares, the warrior with tough shield of hide. Take thought of all manner of valor: now you must be a spearman and a bold warrior. No more is there any escape for you, but soon will Pallas Athene vanquish you by my spear. Now will you pay back the full price of all my sorrows for my comrades whom you slew when you raged with your spear."

He spoke, and poised his far-shadowing spear, and hurled it; but glorious Hector, looking steadily at him, avoided it; for he noticed it in time and crouched, and the spear of bronze flew over him and fixed itself in the earth; but Pallas Athene snatched it up, and gave it back to Achilles, unnoticed by Hector, shepherd of men. And Hector spoke to the incomparable son of Peleus: "You have missed, nor in any way, as it seems, godlike Achilles, have you yet known my fate from Zeus, though surely you thought you had. But you have proved but glib of tongue and cunning with words, intending that seized with fear of you I might be forgetful of my might and my valor. Not as I flee will you plant your spear in my back; but as I charge on you drive it straight through my breast, if a god has granted you this. Now in your turn avoid my spear of bronze. I pray that you will take all of it in your flesh! So would war be lighter for the Trojans, if you were dead; for you are their greatest bane."

He spoke, and poised his far-shadowing spear, and hurled it, and struck square on the shield of the son of Peleus, and missed him not; but far from the shield the spear leapt back. And Hector was angered because the swift shaft had flown vainly from his hand, and he stood

στῆ δὲ κατηφήσας, οὐδ᾽ ἄλλ᾽ ἔχε μείλινον ἔγχος.
Δηίφοβον δ᾽ ἐκάλει λευκάσπιδα μακρὸν ἀύσας·
ᾔτεέ μιν δόρυ μακρόν· ὁ δ᾽ οὔ τί οἱ ἐγγύθεν ἦεν·
Ἕκτωρ δ᾽ ἔγνω ᾗσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ φώνησέν τε·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ μάλα δή με θεοὶ θάνατόνδε κάλεσσαν·
Δηίφοβον γὰρ ἐγώ γ᾽ ἐφάμην ἥρωα παρεῖναι·
ἀλλ᾽ ὁ μὲν ἐν τείχει, ἐμὲ δ᾽ ἐξαπάτησεν Ἀθήνη.
νῦν δὲ δὴ ἐγγύθι μοι θάνατος κακός, οὐδ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ἄνευθεν,
οὐδ᾽ ἀλέη· ἦ γάρ ῥα πάλαι τό γε φίλτερον ἦεν
Ζηνί τε καὶ Διὸς υἷι ἑκηβόλῳ, οἵ με πάρος γε
πρόφρονες εἰρύατο· νῦν αὖτέ με μοῖρα κιχάνει.
μὴ μὰν ἀσπουδί γε καὶ ἀκλειῶς ἀπολοίμην,
ἀλλὰ μέγα ῥέξας τι καὶ ἐσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι."
 Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας εἰρύσσατο φάσγανον ὀξύ,
τό οἱ ὑπὸ λαπάρην τέτατο μέγα τε στιβαρόν τε,
οἴμησεν δὲ ἀλεὶς ὥς τ᾽ αἰετὸς ὑψιπετήεις,
ὅς τ᾽ εἶσιν πεδίονδε διὰ νεφέων ἐρεβεννῶν
ἁρπάξων ἢ ἄρν᾽ ἀμαλὴν ἢ πτῶκα λαγωόν·
ὣς Ἕκτωρ οἴμησε τινάσσων φάσγανον ὀξύ.
ὁρμήθη δ᾽ Ἀχιλεύς, μένεος δ᾽ ἐμπλήσατο θυμὸν
ἀγρίου, πρόσθεν δὲ σάκος στέρνοιο κάλυψε
καλὸν δαιδάλεον, κόρυθι δ᾽ ἐπένευε φαεινῇ
τετραφάλῳ· καλαὶ δὲ περισσείοντο ἔθειραι
χρύσεαι, ἃς Ἥφαιστος ἵει λόφον ἀμφὶ θαμειάς.[6]
οἷος δ᾽ ἀστὴρ εἶσι μετ᾽ ἀστράσι νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ
ἕσπερος, ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν οὐρανῷ ἵσταται ἀστήρ,
ὣς αἰχμῆς ἀπέλαμπ᾽ εὐήκεος, ἣν ἄρ᾽ Ἀχιλλεὺς
πάλλεν δεξιτερῇ φρονέων κακὸν Ἕκτορι δίῳ,

downcast, nor did he have a second spear of ash. He shouted aloud and called to Deïphobus of the white shield, and asked him for his long spear; but he was nowhere near at hand. And Hector realized in his mind, and spoke, saying: "Well now! Truly have the gods called me to my death. For I thought that the warrior Deïphobus was at my side, but he is inside the wall, and Athene has deceived me. Now surely is evil death near at hand, and no more far from me, nor is there a way of escape. So I imagine long since this was the pleasure of Zeus, and of the son of Zeus, the god who strikes from afar, those who in the past used to protect me with ready hearts; but now again has my fate caught up with me. Not without a struggle let me die, nor ingloriously, but having done some great deed for men yet to be born to hear."

So saying, he drew his sharp sword that hung beside his flank, a great sword and a mighty, and gathering himself swooped like an eagle of lofty flight that darts to the plain through the dark clouds to seize a tender lamb or a cowering hare; so Hector swooped, brandishing his sharp sword. And Achilles rushed on him, his heart full of savage might, and before his chest he made a covering of his shield, fair and elaborately worked, and tossed his bright four-crested helmet; and fair about it waved the golden plumes that Hephaestus had set thick about the crest. As a star goes among stars in the dead of night, the star of evening, which is set in heaven as the fairest of all, so shone a gleam from the sharp spear that Achilles brandished in his right hand as he devised evil for noble Hector, looking over his fair

[6] Line 316 (= 19.383) is omitted in the best MSS.

εἰσορόων χρόα καλόν, ὅπῃ εἴξειε μάλιστα.
τοῦ δὲ καὶ ἄλλο τόσον μὲν ἔχε χρόα χάλκεα τεύχεα,
καλά, τὰ Πατρόκλοιο βίην ἐνάριξε κατακτάς·
φαίνετο δ' ᾗ κληῗδες ἀπ' ὤμων αὐχέν' ἔχουσι,
λαυκανίην, ἵνα τε ψυχῆς ὤκιστος ὄλεθρος·
τῇ ῥ' ἐπὶ οἷ μεμαῶτ' ἔλασ' ἔγχεϊ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
ἀντικρὺ δ' ἁπαλοῖο δι' αὐχένος ἤλυθ' ἀκωκή.
οὐδ' ἄρ' ἀπ' ἀσφάραγον μελίη τάμε χαλκοβάρεια,
ὄφρα τί μιν προτιείποι ἀμειβόμενος ἐπέεσσιν.[7]
ἤριπε δ' ἐν κονίῃς· ὁ δ' ἐπεύξατο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Ἕκτορ, ἀτάρ που ἔφης Πατροκλῆ' ἐξεναρίζων
σῶς ἔσσεσθ', ἐμὲ δ' οὐδὲν ὀπίζεο νόσφιν ἐόντα,
νήπιε· τοῖο δ' ἄνευθεν ἀοσσητὴρ μέγ' ἀμείνων
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσιν ἐγὼ μετόπισθε λελείμμην,
ὅς τοι γούνατ' ἔλυσα. σὲ μὲν κύνες ἠδ' οἰωνοὶ
ἑλκήσουσ' ἀικῶς, τὸν δὲ κτεριοῦσιν Ἀχαιοί."
Τὸν δ' ὀλιγοδρανέων προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"λίσσομ' ὑπὲρ ψυχῆς καὶ γούνων σῶν τε τοκήων,
μή με ἔα παρὰ νηυσὶ κύνας καταδάψαι Ἀχαιῶν,
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν χαλκόν τε ἅλις χρυσόν τε δέδεξο,
δῶρα τά τοι δώσουσι πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,
σῶμα δὲ οἴκαδ' ἐμὸν δόμεναι πάλιν, ὄφρα πυρός με
Τρῶες καὶ Τρώων ἄλοχοι λελάχωσι θανόντα."
Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"μή με, κύον, γούνων γουνάζεο μηδὲ τοκήων.
αἲ γάρ πως αὐτόν με μένος καὶ θυμὸς ἀνείη

flesh to find where it was most open to a blow. Now all the rest of his flesh was covered by the armor of bronze, the fair armor that he had stripped from mighty Patroclus when he slew him; but there was an opening where the collarbones part the neck and shoulders, the throat, where destruction of life comes most speedily; there, as he rushed on him, noble Achilles drove with his spear; and clean out through the tender neck passed the point. But the ashen spear, heavy with bronze, cut not the windpipe, so that he might yet make answer and speak to him. Then he fell in the dust, and noble Achilles exulted over him; "Hector, you thought, I suppose, while you were stripping Patroclus, that you would be safe, and had no thought of me while I was away, you fool. Far from him a helper, mightier far, was left behind at the hollow ships, I, who have loosed your knees. You will dogs and birds tear at horribly, but to him will the Achaeans give burial."

Then feebly spoke to him Hector of the flashing helmet: "I beg you by your life and knees and your own parents, do not let the dogs devour me by the ships of the Achaeans; but take heaps of bronze and gold, gifts that my father and queenly mother will give you, but my body give to be taken back to my home, so that the Trojans and the Trojans' wives may give me my share of fire in my death."

Then with an angry glance spoke to him Achilles swift of foot: "Implore me not, dog, by knees or parents. I wish that somehow wrath and fury might drive me to carve

[7] Line 329 was rejected by Aristarchus.

ὤμ᾽ ἀποταμνόμενον κρέα ἔδμεναι, οἷα ἔοργας,
ὡς οὐκ ἔσθ᾽ ὃς σῆς γε κύνας κεφαλῆς ἀπαλάλκοι,
οὐδ᾽ εἴ κεν δεκάκις τε καὶ εἰκοσινήριτ᾽ ἄποινα
στήσωσ᾽ ἐνθάδ᾽ ἄγοντες, ὑπόσχωνται δὲ καὶ ἄλλα,
οὐδ᾽ εἴ κέν σ᾽ αὐτὸν χρυσῷ ἐρύσασθαι ἀνώγοι
Δαρδανίδης Πρίαμος· οὐδ᾽ ὧς σέ γε πότνια μήτηρ
ἐνθεμένη λεχέεσσι γοήσεται, ὃν τέκεν αὐτή,
ἀλλὰ κύνες τε καὶ οἰωνοὶ κατὰ πάντα δάσονται."

Τὸν δὲ καταθνῄσκων προσέφη κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
"ἦ σ᾽ εὖ γιγνώσκων προτιόσσομαι, οὐδ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔμελλον
πείσειν· ἦ γὰρ σοί γε σιδήρεος ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός.
φράζεο νῦν, μή τοί τι θεῶν μήνιμα γένωμαι
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε κέν σε Πάρις καὶ Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
ἐσθλὸν ἐόντ᾽ ὀλέσωσιν ἐνὶ Σκαιῇσι πύλῃσιν."

Ὣς ἄρα μιν εἰπόντα τέλος θανάτοιο κάλυψε,
ψυχὴ δ᾽ ἐκ ῥεθέων πταμένη Ἄϊδόσδε βεβήκει,
ὃν πότμον γοόωσα, λιποῦσ᾽ ἀνδροτῆτα καὶ ἥβην.
τὸν καὶ τεθνηῶτα προσηύδα δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
"τέθναθι· κῆρα δ᾽ ἐγὼ τότε δέξομαι, ὁππότε κεν δὴ
Ζεὺς ἐθέλῃ τελέσαι ἠδ᾽ ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι."

Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐκ νεκροῖο ἐρύσσατο χάλκεον ἔγχος,
καὶ τό γ᾽ ἄνευθεν ἔθηχ᾽, ὁ δ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ὤμων τεύχε᾽ ἐσύλα
αἱματόεντ᾽· ἄλλοι δὲ περίδραμον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
οἳ καὶ θηήσαντο φυὴν καὶ εἶδος ἀγητὸν
Ἕκτορος· οὐδ᾽ ἄρα οἵ τις ἀνουτητί γε παρέστη.
ὧδε δέ τις εἴπεσκεν ἰδὼν ἐς πλησίον ἄλλον·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ μάλα δὴ μαλακώτερος ἀμφαφάασθαι

your flesh and myself eat it raw because of what you have done, as surely as there lives no man that will ward off the dogs from your head; not though they should bring here and weigh out ransom tenfold and twentyfold, and should promise yet more, not though Priam, son of Dardanus, should command them to pay your weight in gold, not even so will your queenly mother place you on a bier and make lament for you, the son she herself bore, but dogs and birds will devour you utterly."

Then in dying spoke to him Hector of the flashing helmet: "Truly I know you well, and see what will be, nor was it to be that I should persuade you; truly the heart in your breast is of iron. Take thought now lest perhaps I become a cause of the gods' wrath against you on the day when Paris and Phoebus Apollo slay you, valiant though you are, at the Scaean gates."

As he spoke these words the end of death enfolded him; and his soul fleeting from his limbs was gone to Hades, bewailing its fate, leaving manliness and youth. And to him even in his death spoke noble Achilles: "Lie dead; my fate will I accept when Zeus is minded to bring it to pass and the other immortal gods."

He spoke, and from the corpse drew out his spear of bronze and laid it aside, and set about stripping from the shoulders the blood-stained armor. And the other sons of the Achaeans ran up around him, and gazed on the stature and wondrous beauty of Hector, nor did any approach but dealt him a wound. And one would turn to his neighbor and say: "Well now! Surely softer is Hector to handle now

[8] ἐν φρεσὶ: ἔνδοθι.

Ἕκτωρ ἢ ὅτε νῆας ἐνέπρησεν[9] πυρὶ κηλέῳ."
ὣς ἄρα τις εἴπεσκε καὶ οὐτήσασκε παραστάς·
τὸν δ' ἐπεὶ ἐξενάριξε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
στὰς ἐν Ἀχαιοῖσιν ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευεν·
"ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,[10]
ἐπεὶ δὴ τόνδ' ἄνδρα θεοὶ δαμάσασθαι ἔδωκαν,
ὃς κακὰ πόλλ' ἔρρεξεν, ὅσ' οὐ σύμπαντες οἱ ἄλλοι,
εἰ δ' ἄγετ' ἀμφὶ πόλιν σὺν τεύχεσι πειρηθῶμεν,
ὄφρα κ' ἔτι γνῶμεν Τρώων νόον, ὅν τιν' ἔχουσιν,
ἢ καταλείψουσιν πόλιν ἄκρην τοῦδε πεσόντος,
ἦε μένειν μεμάασι καὶ Ἕκτορος οὐκέτ' ἐόντος.
ἀλλὰ τί ἤ μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;
κεῖται πὰρ νήεσσι νέκυς ἄκλαυτος ἄθαπτος,
Πάτροκλος· τοῦ δ' οὐκ ἐπιλήσομαι, ὄφρ' ἂν ἐγώ γε
ζωοῖσιν μετέω καί μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀρώρῃ[11]
εἰ δὲ θανόντων περ καταλήθοντ' εἰν Ἀίδαο,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ καὶ κεῖθι φίλου μεμνήσομ' ἑταίρου.
νῦν δ' ἄγ' ἀείδοντες παιήονα, κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
νηυσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῇσι νεώμεθα, τόνδε δ' ἄγωμεν.
ἠράμεθα μέγα κῦδος· ἐπέφνομεν Ἕκτορα δῖον,[12]
ᾧ Τρῶες κατὰ ἄστυ θεῷ ὣς εὐχετόωντο."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ Ἕκτορα δῖον ἀεικέα μήδετο ἔργα.
ἀμφοτέρων μετόπισθε ποδῶν τέτρηνε τένοντε
ἐς σφυρὸν ἐκ πτέρνης, βοέους δ' ἐξῆπτεν ἱμάντας,
ἐκ δίφροιο δ' ἔδησε, κάρη δ' ἕλκεσθαι ἔασεν·

9 ἐνέπρησεν: ἐνέπρηθεν.

than when he burned the ships with blazing fire." Thus would one speak, and coming up would deal a wound. But when noble Achilles, swift of foot, had stripped him of his armor, he stood up among the Achaeans and spoke winged words: "My friends, leaders and rulers of the Argives, since the gods have granted us to slay this man who has worked much evil beyond all the others together, come, let us make trial in arms about the city, so that we may yet further know what purpose the Trojans have in mind, whether they will leave their high city now that this man is fallen, or whether they wish to remain, even though Hector is no more. But why does my heart debate these things with me? There lies by the ships a dead man unwept, unburied—Patroclus; him will I not forget so long as I am among the living, and my knees are quick. And even if in the house of Hades men forget their dead, yet will I even there remember my dear comrade. But now come, singing our song of victory, you sons of the Achaeans, let us go back to the hollow ships carrying this one here. We have won us great glory; we have slain noble Hector, to whom the Trojans made prayer throughout their city as to a god."

He spoke, and devised foul deeds for noble Hector. The tendons of both his feet behind he pierced from heel to ankle, and fastened through them thongs of oxhide, and bound them to his chariot, but left the head to trail behind.

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[10] Line 378 was given by Zenodotus in the form:
Ἀτρείδη τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν

[11] Line 388 is given by some MSS. in the form:
ζωὸς ἐν Ἀργείοισι φιλοπτολέμοισι μετείω

[12] Lines 393 f. were rejected by Aristarchus.

ἐς δίφρον δ᾽ ἀναβὰς ἀνά τε κλυτὰ τεύχε᾽ ἀείρας
μάστιξέν ῥ᾽ ἐλάαν, τὼ δ᾽ οὐκ ἀέκοντε πετέσθην.
τοῦ δ᾽ ἦν ἑλκομένοιο κονίσαλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται
κυάνεαι πίτναντο, κάρη δ᾽ ἅπαν ἐν κονίῃσι
κεῖτο πάρος χαρίεν· τότε δὲ Ζεὺς δυσμενέεσσι
δῶκεν ἀεικίσσασθαι ἑῇ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.

Ὣς τοῦ μὲν κεκόνιτο κάρη ἅπαν· ἡ δέ νυ μήτηρ
τίλλε κόμην, ἀπὸ δὲ λιπαρὴν ἔρριψε καλύπτρην
τηλόσε, κώκυσεν δὲ μάλα μέγα παῖδ᾽ ἐσιδοῦσα.
ᾤμωξεν δ᾽ ἐλεεινὰ πατὴρ φίλος, ἀμφὶ δὲ λαοὶ
κωκυτῷ τ᾽ εἴχοντο καὶ οἰμωγῇ κατὰ ἄστυ.
τῷ δὲ μάλιστ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔην ἐναλίγκιον, ὡς εἰ ἅπασα
Ἴλιος ὀφρυόεσσα πυρὶ σμύχοιτο κατ᾽ ἄκρης.
λαοὶ μέν ῥα γέροντα μόγις ἔχον ἀσχαλόωντα,
ἐξελθεῖν μεμαῶτα πυλάων Δαρδανιάων.
πάντας δὲ λιτάνευε κυλινδόμενος κατὰ κόπρον,
ἐξ ὀνομακλήδην ὀνομάζων ἄνδρα ἕκαστον·
"σχέσθε, φίλοι, καί μ᾽ οἶον ἐάσατε κηδόμενοί[13] περ
ἐξελθόντα πόληος ἱκέσθ᾽ ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν·
λίσσωμ᾽ ἀνέρα τοῦτον ἀτάσθαλον ὀβριμοεργόν,
ἤν πως ἡλικίην αἰδέσσεται ἠδ᾽ ἐλεήσῃ
γῆρας· καὶ δέ νυ τῷ γε πατὴρ τοιόσδε τέτυκται,
Πηλεύς, ὅς μιν ἔτικτε καὶ ἔτρεφε πῆμα γενέσθαι
Τρωσί· μάλιστα δ᾽ ἐμοὶ περὶ πάντων ἄλγε᾽ ἔθηκε·
τόσσους γάρ μοι παῖδας ἀπέκτανε τηλεθάοντας.
τῶν πάντων οὐ τόσσον ὀδύρομαι ἀχνύμενός περ
ὡς ἑνός, οὗ μ᾽ ἄχος ὀξὺ κατοίσεται Ἄϊδος εἴσω,
Ἕκτορος· ὡς ὄφελεν θανέειν ἐν χερσὶν ἐμῇσι·

Then when he had mounted his chariot and had lifted into it the glorious armor, he touched the horses with the whip to start them, and nothing loath the pair sped onward. And from Hector as he was dragged the dust rose up, and on either side his dark hair flowed outspread, and all in the dust lay the head that was formerly so fair; but now Zeus had given him over to his foes for mutilation in his own native land.

So was his head all befouled with dust; but his mother tore her hair and from her flung far her gleaming veil and uttered a cry exceeding loud at sight of her son. And a piteous groan did his father utter, and around them the people were given over to wailing and groaning throughout the city. To this was it most like, as though all beetling Ilios were utterly burning with fire. And the people were barely able to hold back the old man in his frenzy, eager as he was to go out from the Dardanian gates. All he begged, groveling the while in the filth, and calling on each man by name: "Hold off, my friends, and allow me, for all your concern, to go out from the city alone and go to the ships of the Achaeans. I will beg that shameless man, that worker of violence, if in any way he respects my years and has pity on my old age. He too, I suppose, has a father such as I am, Peleus, who begot him and reared him to be a bane to Trojans; but above all others he has brought sorrow to me, so many sons of mine has he slain in their prime. Yet for them all I mourn not so much, despite my grief, as for one only, sharp grief for whom will bring me down to the house of Hades—Hector. How I wish he had died in my arms; then

13 κηδόμενοι Aristarchus: κηδόμενον.

τῶ κε κορεσσάμεθα κλαίοντέ τε μυρομένω τε,
μήτηρ θ', ἥ μιν ἔτικτε δυσάμμορος, ἠδ' ἐγὼ αὐτός."
    Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίων, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο πολῖται·
Τρῳῇσιν δ' Ἑκάβη ἁδινοῦ ἐξῆρχε γόοιο·
"τέκνον, ἐγὼ δειλή· τί νυ βείομαι αἰνὰ παθοῦσα,[14]
σεῦ ἀποτεθνηῶτος; ὅ μοι νύκτας τε καὶ ἦμαρ
εὐχωλὴ κατὰ ἄστυ πελέσκεο, πᾶσί τ' ὄνειαρ
Τρωσί τε καὶ Τρῳῇσι κατὰ πτόλιν, οἵ σε θεὸν ὣς
δειδέχατ'· ἦ γὰρ καί σφι μάλα μέγα κῦδος ἔησθα
ζωὸς ἐών· νῦν αὖ θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κιχάνει."
    Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσ', ἄλοχος δ' οὔ πώ τι πέπυστο
Ἕκτορος· οὐ γάρ οἵ τις ἐτήτυμος ἄγγελος ἐλθὼν
ἤγγειλ' ὅττι ῥά οἱ πόσις ἔκτοθι μίμνε πυλάων,
ἀλλ' ἥ γ' ἱστὸν ὕφαινε μυχῷ δόμου ὑψηλοῖο
δίπλακα πορφυρέην, ἐν δὲ θρόνα ποικίλ' ἔπασσε.
κέκλετο δ' ἀμφιπόλοισιν ἐυπλοκάμοις κατὰ δῶμα
ἀμφὶ πυρὶ στῆσαι τρίποδα μέγαν, ὄφρα πέλοιτο
Ἕκτορι θερμὰ λοετρὰ μάχης ἐκ νοστήσαντι,
νηπίη, οὐδ' ἐνόησεν ὅ μιν μάλα τῆλε λοετρῶν
χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος δάμασε γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.
κωκυτοῦ δ' ἤκουσε καὶ οἰμωγῆς ἀπὸ πύργου·
τῆς δ' ἐλελίχθη γυῖα, χαμαὶ δέ οἱ ἔκπεσε κερκίς.
ἡ δ' αὖτις δμῳῇσιν ἐυπλοκάμοισι μετηύδα·
"δεῦτε, δύω μοι ἕπεσθον, ἴδωμ' ὅτιν' ἔργα τέτυκται.
αἰδοίης ἑκυρῆς ὀπὸς ἔκλυον, ἐν δ' ἐμοὶ αὐτῇ
στήθεσι πάλλεται ἦτορ ἀνὰ στόμα, νέρθε δὲ γοῦνα
πήγνυται· ἐγγὺς δή τι κακὸν Πριάμοιο τέκεσσιν.

we would have taken our fill of weeping and wailing, the mother who bore him to her sorrow, and I myself."

So he spoke weeping, and the townspeople added their laments. And among the women of Troy Hecabe led the vehement lamentation: "My child, how unhappy I am! Why shall I live in my dreadful suffering now you are dead? You were my boast night and day in the city, and a help to all, both to the men and women of Troy throughout the town, who always greeted you as a god; for surely you were to them a very great glory, while yet you lived; but now death and fate have caught up with you."

So she spoke weeping; but the wife knew nothing as yet—the wife of Hector—for no true messenger had come to tell her that her husband remained outside the gates; but she was weaving a tapestry in the innermost part of the lofty house, a purple tapestry of double fold, and in it she was weaving flowers of varied hue. And she called to her fair-tressed handmaids through the house to set a great tripod on the fire so that there should be a hot bath for Hector when he returned from the battle—unwitting one, nor did she know that far from all baths flashing-eyed Athene had vanquished him at the hands of Achilles. But she heard the shrieks and the groans from the wall, and her limbs reeled, and from her hand the shuttle fell to the floor. Then she spoke again among her fair-tressed handmaids: "Come here two of you, and follow me, let me see what deeds have been done. It was the voice of my husband's honored mother that I heard, and in my own breast my heart leaps to my mouth, and beneath me my knees are numbed; surely near at hand is some evil thing for the children of

14 παθοῦσα: τεκοῦσα Aristarchus.

αἲ γὰρ ἀπ' οὔατος εἴη ἐμεῦ ἔπος· ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς
δείδω μὴ δή μοι θρασὺν Ἕκτορα δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
μοῦνον ἀποτμήξας πόλιος πεδίονδε δίηται,
καὶ δή μιν καταπαύσῃ ἀγηνορίης ἀλεγεινῆς,
ἥ μιν ἔχεσκ', ἐπεὶ οὔ ποτ' ἐνὶ πληθυῖ μένεν ἀνδρῶν,
ἀλλὰ πολὺ προθέεσκε, τὸ ὃν μένος οὐδενὶ εἴκων."
Ὣς φαμένη μεγάροιο διέσσυτο μαινάδι ἴση,
παλλομένη κραδίην· ἅμα δ' ἀμφίπολοι κίον αὐτῇ.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πύργον τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν ἷξεν ὅμιλον,
ἔστη παπτήνασ' ἐπὶ τείχεϊ, τὸν δ' ἐνόησεν
ἑλκόμενον πρόσθεν πόλιος· ταχέες δέ μιν ἵπποι
ἕλκον ἀκηδέστως κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.
τὴν δὲ κατ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἐρεβεννὴ νὺξ ἐκάλυψεν,
ἤριπε δ' ἐξοπίσω, ἀπὸ δὲ ψυχὴν ἐκάπυσσε.
τῆλε δ' ἀπὸ κρατὸς βάλε[15] δέσματα σιγαλόεντα,
ἄμπυκα κεκρύφαλόν τε ἰδὲ πλεκτὴν ἀναδέσμην
κρήδεμνόν θ', ὅ ῥά οἱ δῶκε χρυσέη Ἀφροδίτη
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε μιν κορυθαίολος ἠγάγεθ' Ἕκτωρ
ἐκ δόμου Ἠετίωνος, ἐπεὶ πόρε μυρία ἕδνα.
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν γαλόῳ τε καὶ εἰνατέρες ἅλις ἔσταν,
αἵ ἑ μετὰ σφίσιν εἶχον ἀτυζομένην ἀπολέσθαι.
ἡ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἔμπνυτο καὶ ἐς φρένα θυμὸς ἀγέρθη,
ἀμβλήδην γοόωσα μετὰ Τρῳῇσιν ἔειπεν·
"Ἕκτορ, ἐγὼ δύστηνος· ἰῇ ἄρα γιγνόμεθ' αἴσῃ
ἀμφότεροι, σὺ μὲν ἐν Τροίῃ Πριάμου κατὰ δῶμα,
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Θήβῃσιν ὑπὸ Πλάκῳ ὑληέσσῃ
ἐν δόμῳ Ἠετίωνος, ὅ μ' ἔτρεφε τυτθὸν ἐοῦσαν,
δύσμορος αἰνόμορον· ὡς μὴ ὤφελλε τεκέσθαι.

Priam. Far from my ear be the word, but I am dreadfully afraid lest to my sorrow noble Achilles may have cut off bold Hector by himself alone, and has driven him from the city to the plain, and has by now made him cease from the baneful valor that possessed him; since he would never remain in the mass of men, but would ever charge far to the front, yielding to no man in his might."

So saying she rushed through the hall with throbbing heart like one beside herself, and with her went her handmaids. But when she came to the wall and the throng of men, then on the wall she stopped and looked, and caught sight of him as he was dragged before the city; and swift horses were dragging him ruthlessly toward the hollow ships of the Achaeans. Then down over her eyes came the darkness of night and enfolded her, and she fell backward and gasped out her spirit. Far from her head she cast her bright headbands, the frontlet and net and plaited clasp, and the veil that golden Aphrodite had given her on the day when Hector of the flashing helmet led her as his bride from the house of Eëtion, after he had brought countless brideprice. And round about her thronged her husband's sisters and his brothers' wives, who held her up in their midst, distraught even to death. But when she revived, and her spirit returned into her breast, then she lifted up her voice in wailing and spoke among the women of Troy: "Ah Hector, how wretched I am! To one fate, it seems, were we born, both of us, you in Troy in the house of Priam, and I in Thebes beneath wooded Placus in the house of Eëtion, who reared me when I was a babe, unlucky father of a cruel-fated child; how I wish he had never begotten me!

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15 βάλε Aristarchus: χέε.

νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν Ἀίδαο δόμους ὑπὸ κεύθεσι γαίης
ἔρχεαι, αὐτὰρ ἐμὲ στυγερῷ ἐνὶ πένθεϊ λείπεις
χήρην ἐν μεγάροισι· πάις δ᾽ ἔτι νήπιος αὔτως,
ὃν τέκομεν σύ τ᾽ ἐγώ τε δυσάμμοροι· οὔτε σὺ τούτῳ
ἔσσεαι, Ἕκτορ, ὄνειαρ, ἐπεὶ θάνες, οὔτε σοὶ οὗτος.
ἤν περ γὰρ πόλεμόν γε φύγῃ πολύδακρυν Ἀχαιῶν,[16]
αἰεί τοι τούτῳ γε πόνος καὶ κήδε᾽ ὀπίσσω
ἔσσοντ᾽· ἄλλοι γάρ οἱ ἀπουρήσουσιν[17] ἀρούρας.
ἦμαρ δ᾽ ὀρφανικὸν παναφήλικα παῖδα τίθησι·
πάντα δ᾽ ὑπομνήμυκε, δεδάκρυνται δὲ παρειαί,
δευόμενος δέ τ᾽ ἄνεισι πάις ἐς πατρὸς ἑταίρους,
ἄλλον μὲν χλαίνης ἐρύων, ἄλλον δὲ χιτῶνος·
τῶν δ᾽ ἐλεησάντων κοτύλην τις τυτθὸν ἐπέσχε,
χείλεα μέν τε δίην᾽, ὑπερῴην δ᾽ οὐκ ἐδίηνε.
τὸν δὲ καὶ ἀμφιθαλὴς ἐκ δαιτύος ἐστυφέλιξε,
χερσὶν πεπληγὼς καὶ ὀνειδείοισιν ἐνίσσων·
'ἔρρ᾽ οὕτως· οὐ σός γε πατὴρ μεταδαίνυται ἡμῖν.'
δακρυόεις δέ τ᾽ ἄνεισι πάις ἐς μητέρα χήρην,
Ἀστυάναξ, ὃς πρὶν μὲν ἑοῦ ἐπὶ γούνασι πατρὸς
μυελὸν οἶον ἔδεσκε καὶ οἰῶν πίονα δημόν·
αὐτὰρ ὅθ᾽ ὕπνος ἕλοι, παύσαιτό τε νηπιαχεύων,
εὕδεσκ᾽ ἐν λέκτροισιν, ἐν ἀγκαλίδεσσι τιθήνης,
εὐνῇ ἔνι μαλακῇ, θαλέων ἐμπλησάμενος κῆρ.
νῦν δ᾽ ἂν πολλὰ πάθῃσι, φίλου ἀπὸ πατρὸς ἁμαρτών,
Ἀστυάναξ, ὃν Τρῶες ἐπίκλησιν καλέουσιν·
οἶος γάρ σφιν ἔρυσο πύλας καὶ τείχεα μακρά.
νῦν δὲ σὲ μὲν παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσι νόσφι τοκήων
αἰόλαι εὐλαὶ ἔδονται, ἐπεί κε κύνες κορέσωνται,

Now you to the house of Hades beneath the depths of earth are departing, but me you leave in chilling grief, a widow in your halls, and your son is still a mere babe, the son born of you and me, both ill-fated; nor will you be any profit to him, Hector, since you are dead, nor he to you. For even though he escapes the woeful war of the Achaeans, yet will his portion be labor and sorrow afterwards, for others will take away his lands. The day of orphanhood cuts a child off from the friends of his youth; ever is his head bowed low, and his cheeks are bathed in tears, and in his need the child goes up to his father's friends, plucking one by the cloak and another by the tunic; and of them that are touched with pity, one holds out his cup for a moment: his lips he wets, but his palate he wets not. And one whose father and mother still live thrusts him from the feast striking him with his hand, and reproaches him with reviling words: 'Off with you, quick! No father of yours feasts in our company.' Then in tears to his widowed mother comes back the child—Astyanax, who once on his father's knees ate only marrow and the rich fat of sheep; and when sleep came on him and he ceased from his childish play, then would he slumber in a bed in the arms of his nurse, in his soft bed, his heart filled with good things. But now, since he has lost his dear father, he will suffer many ills—Astyanax, whom the Trojans call by this name since, Hector, you alone saved their gates and their high walls. But now by the beaked ships far from your parents will writhing worms devour you, when the dogs have had their fill, as you lie a naked corpse; yet in your

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[16] Lines 487–499 were rejected by Aristarchus.

[17] ἀπουρήσουσιν: ἀπουρίσσουσιν.

γυμνόν· ἀτάρ τοι εἵματ᾽ ἐνὶ μεγάροισι κέονται
λεπτά τε καὶ χαρίεντα, τετυγμένα χερσὶ γυναικῶν.
ἀλλ᾽ ἦ τοι τάδε πάντα καταφλέξω πυρὶ κηλέῳ,
οὐδὲν σοί γ᾽ ὄφελος, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐγκείσεαι αὐτοῖς,
ἀλλὰ πρὸς Τρώων καὶ Τρωϊάδων κλέος εἶναι."
Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσ᾽, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες.

halls lie clothes, finely woven and fair, fashioned by the hands of women. But all these things will I surely burn in blazing fire—in no way a profit to you, since you will not lie in them, but to be an honor to you from the men and women of Troy."

So she spoke weeping, and the women added their laments.

Ψ

Ὣς οἱ μὲν στενάχοντο κατὰ πτόλιν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὶ
ἐπεὶ δὴ νῆάς τε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντον ἵκοντο,
οἱ μὲν ἄρ᾽ ἐσκίδναντο ἑὴν ἐπὶ νῆα ἕκαστος,
Μυρμιδόνας δ᾽ οὐκ εἴα ἀποσκίδνασθαι Ἀχιλλεύς,
ἀλλ᾽ ὅ γε οἷς ἑτάροισι φιλοπτολέμοισι μετηύδα·
"Μυρμιδόνες ταχύπωλοι, ἐμοὶ ἐρίηρες ἑταῖροι,
μὴ δή πω ὑπ᾽ ὄχεσφι λυώμεθα μώνυχας ἵππους,
ἀλλ᾽ αὐτοῖς ἵπποισι καὶ ἅρμασιν ἆσσον ἰόντες
Πάτροκλον κλαίωμεν· ὃ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί κ᾽ ὀλοοῖο τεταρπώμεσθα γόοιο,
ἵππους λυσάμενοι δορπήσομεν ἐνθάδε πάντες."
Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, οἱ δ᾽ ᾤμωξαν ἀολλέες, ἦρχε δ᾽ Ἀχιλλεύς.
οἱ δὲ τρὶς περὶ νεκρὸν ἐΰτριχας ἤλασαν ἵππους
μυρόμενοι· μετὰ δέ σφι Θέτις γόου ἵμερον ὦρσε.
δεύοντο ψάμαθοι, δεύοντο δὲ τεύχεα φωτῶν
δάκρυσι· τοῖον γὰρ πόθεον μήστωρα φόβοιο.
τοῖσι δὲ Πηλεΐδης ἁδινοῦ ἐξῆρχε γόοιο,
χεῖρας ἐπ᾽ ἀνδροφόνους θέμενος στήθεσσιν ἑταίρου·
"χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ Πάτροκλε, καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο δόμοισι·
πάντα γὰρ ἤδη τοι τελέω τὰ πάροιθεν ὑπέστην.

BOOK 23

Thus they made lamentation throughout the city; but the Achaeans, when they came to the ships and the Hellespont, scattered each to his own ship; but the Myrmidons Achilles did not allow to scatter, but spoke among his war-loving comrades, saying: "Myrmidons of fleet steeds, my trusty comrades, let us not yet loose our single-hoofed horses from their chariots, but with horses and chariots let us draw near and mourn Patroclus; for that is the privilege of the dead. Then when we have taken our fill of dire lamenting, we will unyoke our horses and take our meal here all together."

So he spoke, and they raised the voice of wailing all with one accord, and Achilles was the leader. Then thrice about the corpse they drove their fair-maned steeds, mourning; and among them Thetis roused desire of lamentation. Wetted were the sands and wetted the armor of the warriors with their tears; so mighty a deviser of rout was he for whom they mourned. And among them the son of Peleus was leader in the vehement lamentation, laying his man-slaying hands on the breast of his comrade: "Hail, Patroclus, even in the house of Hades, for now I am bringing to fulfillment all that I promised you before: that I

Ἕκτορα δεῦρ' ἐρύσας δώσειν κυσὶν ὠμὰ δάσασθαι,
δώδεκα δὲ προπάροιθε πυρῆς ἀποδειροτομήσειν
Τρώων ἀγλαὰ τέκνα, σέθεν κταμένοιο χολωθείς."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ Ἕκτορα δῖον ἀεικέα μήδετο ἔργα,
πρηνέα πὰρ λεχέεσσι Μενοιτιάδαο τανύσσας
ἐν κονίῃς· οἱ δ' ἔντε' ἀφοπλίζοντο ἕκαστος
χάλκεα μαρμαίροντα, λύον δ' ὑψηχέας[1] ἵππους,
κὰδ δ' ἷζον παρὰ νηὶ ποδώκεος Αἰακίδαο
μυρίοι· αὐτὰρ ὁ τοῖσι τάφον μενοεικέα δαίνυ.
πολλοὶ μὲν βόες ἀργοὶ ὀρέχθεον ἀμφὶ σιδήρῳ[2]
σφαζόμενοι, πολλοὶ δ' ὄιες καὶ μηκάδες αἶγες·
πολλοὶ δ' ἀργιόδοντες ὕες, θαλέθοντες ἀλοιφῇ,
εὑόμενοι τανύοντο διὰ φλογὸς Ἡφαίστοιο·
πάντῃ δ' ἀμφὶ νέκυν κοτυλήρυτον ἔρρεεν αἷμα.
Αὐτὰρ τόν γε ἄνακτα ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα
εἰς Ἀγαμέμνονα δῖον ἄγον βασιλῆες Ἀχαιῶν,
σπουδῇ παρπεπιθόντες ἑταίρου χωόμενον κῆρ.
οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίην Ἀγαμέμνονος ἷξον ἰόντες,
αὐτίκα κηρύκεσσι λιγυφθόγγοισι κέλευσαν
ἀμφὶ πυρὶ στῆσαι τρίποδα μέγαν, εἰ πεπίθοιεν
Πηλεΐδην λούσασθαι ἄπο βρότον αἱματόεντα.
αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' ἠρνεῖτο στερεῶς, ἐπὶ δ' ὅρκον ὄμοσσεν·
"οὐ μὰ Ζῆν', ὅς τίς τε θεῶν ὕπατος καὶ ἄριστος,
οὐ θέμις ἐστὶ λοετρὰ καρήατος ἆσσον ἱκέσθαι,
πρίν γ' ἐνὶ Πάτροκλον θέμεναι πυρὶ σῆμά τε χεῦαι
κείρασθαί τε κόμην, ἐπεὶ οὔ μ' ἔτι δεύτερον ὧδε

[1] λύον δ' ὑψηχέας: λύοντο δὲ μώνυχας.

would drag Hector here and give him raw to dogs to devour, and of twelve glorious sons of the Trojans would I cut the throats before your pyre in my wrath at your slaying."

He spoke, and devised foul treatment for noble Hector, stretching him on his face in the dust before the bier of the son of Menoetius. And they removed, each man of them, their shining armor of bronze, and loosed their loud-neighing horses, and sat down beside the ship of the swift-footed grandson of Aeacus, a countless army; and he made them a funeral feast to satisfy their hearts. Many sleek bulls bellowed[1] about the knife as they were slaughtered, many sheep and bleating goats, and many white-tusked swine, rich with fat, were stretched to singe over the flame of Hephaestus; and everywhere about the corpse the blood ran so that one might dip cups in it.

But the lord, the swift-footed son of Peleus, was led to noble Agamemnon by the chief men of the Achaeans, persuading him only with difficulty, so angered at heart was he for his comrade. But when in their course they came to the hut of Agamemnon, at once they ordered the clear-voiced heralds to set on the fire a great cauldron, hoping to persuade the son of Peleus to wash off the bloody gore. But he steadfastly refused them, and swore an oath to it: "No, by Zeus, who is highest and best of gods, it cannot be that water should come near my head until I have laid Patroclus on the fire and have heaped him a mound and have cut my hair, since never more will a second grief so reach my

[1] Others render "plunged." M.

[2] Lines 30 f. were rejected by some ancient critics.

ἵξετ᾽ ἄχος κραδίην, ὄφρα ζωοῖσι μετείω.
ἀλλ᾽ ἤ τοι νῦν μὲν στυγερῇ πειθώμεθα δαιτί·
ἠῶθεν δ᾽ ὄτρυνον, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
ὕλην τ᾽ ἀξέμεναι παρά τε σχεῖν ὅσσ᾽ ἐπιεικὲς
νεκρὸν ἔχοντα νέεσθαι ὑπὸ ζόφον ἠερόεντα,
ὄφρ᾽ ἤ τοι τοῦτον μὲν ἐπιφλέγῃ ἀκάματον πῦρ
θᾶσσον ἀπ᾽ ὀφθαλμῶν, λαοὶ δ᾽ ἐπὶ ἔργα τράπωνται."
  Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, οἱ δ᾽ ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδ᾽ ἐπίθοντο.
ἐσσυμένως δ᾽ ἄρα δόρπον ἐφοπλίσσαντες ἕκαστοι
δαίνυντ᾽, οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἐΐσης.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἕντο,
οἱ μὲν κακκείοντες ἔβαν κλισίηνδε ἕκαστος,
Πηλεΐδης δ᾽ ἐπὶ θινὶ πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης
κεῖτο βαρὺ στενάχων, πολέσιν μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσιν,
ἐν καθαρῷ, ὅθι κύματ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἠιόνος κλύζεσκον·
εὖτε τὸν ὕπνος ἔμαρπτε, λύων μελεδήματα θυμοῦ,
νήδυμος ἀμφιχυθείς—μάλα γὰρ κάμε φαίδιμα γυῖα
Ἕκτορ᾽ ἐπαΐσσων προτὶ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν—
ἦλθε δ᾽ ἐπὶ ψυχὴ Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο,
πάντ᾽ αὐτῷ μέγεθός τε καὶ ὄμματα κάλ᾽ ἐικυῖα,
καὶ φωνήν, καὶ τοῖα περὶ χροῒ εἵματα ἕστο·
στῆ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς καί μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·
"εὕδεις, αὐτὰρ ἐμεῖο λελασμένος ἔπλευ, Ἀχιλλεῦ.
οὐ μέν μευ ζώοντος ἀκήδεις, ἀλλὰ θανόντος·
θάπτε με ὅττι τάχιστα, πύλας Ἀΐδαο περήσω.
τῆλέ με εἴργουσι ψυχαί, εἴδωλα καμόντων,
οὐδέ μέ πω μίσγεσθαι ὑπὲρ ποταμοῖο ἐῶσιν,

heart, while yet I am among the living. But for now let us yield to the loathsome banquet; but in the morning rouse the people, lord of men Agamemnon, to bring wood, and to make ready all that is right for a dead man to have when he goes beneath the murky darkness, so that unwearied fire may burn him quickly from our eyes, and the army turn to its tasks."

So he spoke, and they eagerly heard him and obeyed, and speedily making ready each man his meal they feasted, nor did their hearts lack anything of the equal feast. But when they had put from them the desire for food and drink, they went each man to his hut to take his rest; but the son of Peleus on the shore of the loud-resounding sea lay groaning heavily among the many Myrmidons, in an open space where the waves splashed on the shore. And when sleep seized him, loosening the cares of his heart, being shed in sweetness round about him—for very weary were his glorious limbs with speeding after Hector to windy Ilios—then there came to him the spirit of unhappy Patroclus, in all things like his very self, in stature and fair eyes and in voice, and like were the clothes that he wore about his body; and he stood above Achilles' head and spoke to him, saying: "You sleep, and have proved forgetful of me, Achilles. Not while I lived were you unmindful of me, but now that I am dead! Bury me with all speed, let me pass inside the gates of Hades. Far do the spirits keep me away, the phantoms of men that have done with toils, and they do not yet allow me to mingle with them beyond the

ἀλλ᾽ αὔτως ἀλάλημαι ἀν᾽ εὐρυπυλὲς Ἄιδος δῶ.
καί μοι δὸς τὴν χεῖρ᾽, ὀλοφύρομαι· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ᾽ αὖτις
νίσομαι ἐξ Ἀίδαο, ἐπήν με πυρὸς λελάχητε.
οὐ μὲν γὰρ ζωοί γε φίλων ἀπάνευθεν ἑταίρων
βουλὰς ἑζόμενοι βουλεύσομεν, ἀλλ᾽ ἐμὲ μὲν κὴρ
ἀμφέχανε στυγερή, ἥ περ λάχε γιγνόμενόν περ·
καὶ δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ μοῖρα, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ᾽ Ἀχιλλεῦ,
τείχει ὕπο Τρώων εὐηφενέων[3] ἀπολέσθαι.
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω καὶ ἐφήσομαι, αἴ κε πίθηαι·
μὴ ἐμὰ σῶν ἀπάνευθε τιθήμεναι ὀστέ᾽, Ἀχιλλεῦ,
ἀλλ᾽ ὁμοῦ, ὡς τράφομέν περ ἐν ὑμετέροισι δόμοισιν,
εὖτέ με τυτθὸν ἐόντα Μενοίτιος ἐξ Ὀπόεντος
ἤγαγεν ὑμέτερόνδ᾽ ἀνδροκτασίης ὕπο λυγρῆς,
ἤματι τῷ ὅτε παῖδα κατέκτανον Ἀμφιδάμαντος,
νήπιος, οὐκ ἐθέλων, ἀμφ᾽ ἀστραγάλοισι χολωθείς·
ἔνθα με δεξάμενος ἐν δώμασιν ἱππότα Πηλεὺς
ἔτραφέ τ᾽ ἐνδυκέως καὶ σὸν θεράποντ᾽ ὀνόμηνεν·
ὣς δὲ καὶ ὀστέα νῶιν ὁμὴ σορὸς ἀμφικαλύπτοι
χρύσεος ἀμφιφορεύς, τόν τοι πόρε πότνια μήτηρ."[4]
  Τὸν δ᾽ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"τίπτε μοι, ἠθείη κεφαλή, δεῦρ᾽ εἰλήλουθας,
καί μοι ταῦτα ἕκαστ᾽ ἐπιτέλλεαι; αὐτὰρ ἐγώ τοι
πάντα μάλ᾽ ἐκτελέω καὶ πείσομαι ὡς σὺ κελεύεις.
ἀλλά μοι ἆσσον στῆθι· μίνυνθά περ ἀμφιβαλόντε
ἀλλήλους ὀλοοῖο τεταρπώμεσθα γόοιο."
  Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ὠρέξατο χερσὶ φίλῃσιν,
οὐδ᾽ ἔλαβε· ψυχὴ δὲ κατὰ χθονὸς ἠύτε καπνὸς

river, but vainly I wander through the wide-gated house of Hades. And give me your hand, I beg you, for never more again will I return out of Hades, when once you have given me my share of fire. Never more in life will we sit apart from our dear comrades and take counsel together, but loathsome fate has gaped around me, the fate that was appointed me even from my birth. And for you yourself also, godlike Achilles, it is fate to die beneath the wall of the wealthy Trojans. And another thing I will tell you, and charge you, if you will listen. Lay not my bones apart from yours, Achilles, but let them lie together, just as we were reared in your house when Menoetius brought me, still a little lad, from Opoeis to your country because of grievous man-slaying on the day I slew Amphidamus' son—fool that I was, but I willed it not—angered over dice. Then the horseman Peleus received me in his house and reared me with kindly care and named me your attendant; so too let one coffer enfold our bones, a golden coffer with two handles, the one your queenly mother gave you."

In answer spoke to him Achilles, swift of foot: "Why, O head beloved, have you come here, and thus charge me about each thing? But I will accomplish all for you, and will obey just as you command. But come closer; though it be but for a little time, let us clasp our arms about one another, and take our fill of dire lamenting."

So saying he reached out with his hands, yet clasped him not; but the spirit like smoke was gone beneath the

[3] εὐηφενέων Aristophanes: εὐηγενέων MSS.; cf. 11.427.

[4] Line 92 was rejected by Aristarchus.

ᾤχετο τετριγυῖα· ταφὼν δ᾽ ἀνόρουσεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
χερσί τε συμπλατάγησεν, ἔπος δ᾽ ὀλοφυδνὸν ἔειπεν·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ ῥά τι ἔστι[5] καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο δόμοισι
ψυχὴ καὶ εἴδωλον, ἀτὰρ φρένες οὐκ ἔνι πάμπαν·[6]
παννυχίη γάρ μοι Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο
ψυχὴ ἐφεστήκει γοόωσά τε μυρομένη τε,
καί μοι ἕκαστ᾽ ἐπέτελλεν, ἔικτο δὲ θέσκελον αὐτῷ."
Ὣς φάτο, τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσιν ὑφ᾽ ἵμερον ὦρσε γόοιο·
μυρομένοισι δὲ τοῖσι φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἠὼς
ἀμφὶ νέκυν ἐλεεινόν. ἀτὰρ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
οὐρῆάς τ᾽ ὄτρυνε καὶ ἀνέρας ἀξέμεν ὕλην
πάντοθεν ἐκ κλισιῶν· ἐπὶ δ᾽ ἀνὴρ ἐσθλὸς ὀρώρει,
Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἀγαπήνορος Ἰδομενῆος.
οἱ δ᾽ ἴσαν ὑλοτόμους πελέκεας ἐν χερσὶν ἔχοντες
σειράς τ᾽ εὐπλέκτους· πρὸ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ οὐρῆες κίον αὐτῶν·
πολλὰ δ᾽ ἄναντα κάταντα πάραντά τε δόχμιά τ᾽ ἦλθον.
ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ κνημοὺς προσέβαν πολυπίδακος Ἴδης,
αὐτίκ᾽ ἄρα δρῦς ὑψικόμους ταναήκεϊ χαλκῷ
τάμνον ἐπειγόμενοι· ταὶ δὲ μεγάλα κτυπέουσαι
πῖπτον. τὰς μὲν ἔπειτα διαπλήσσοντες Ἀχαιοὶ
ἔκδεον ἡμιόνων· ταὶ δὲ χθόνα ποσσὶ δατεῦντο
ἐλδόμεναι πεδίοιο διὰ ῥωπήια πυκνά.
πάντες δ᾽ ὑλοτόμοι φιτροὺς φέρον· ὣς γὰρ ἀνώγει
Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἀγαπήνορος Ἰδομενῆος.
κὰδ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἀκτῆς βάλλον ἐπισχερώ, ἔνθ᾽ ἄρ᾽ Ἀχιλλεὺς
φράσσατο Πατρόκλῳ μέγα ἠρίον ἠδὲ οἷ αὐτῷ.

earth, gibbering faintly. And Achilles sprang up in amazement, and struck his hands together, and spoke a piteous word: "Well now! Even in the house of Hades there is something—spirit and phantom—though there is no mind at all; for the whole night long has the spirit of unlucky Patroclus stood over me, weeping and wailing, and charged me concerning each thing, and was marvellously like his very self."

So he spoke, and in them all roused the desire of lament, and rosy-fingered Dawn shone on them while still they wailed around the piteous corpse. But the lord Agamemnon sent out mules and men from all sides from the huts to fetch wood; and a noble man watched over them, Meriones, attendant of kindly Idomeneus. And they went out holding in their hands axes for the cutting of wood and well-woven ropes, and before them went the mules: and ever upward, downward, sideward, and aslant they went. But when they had come to the spurs of many-fountained Ida, at once they began to fell high-crested oaks with the long-edged bronze eagerly, and with a mighty crash the trees kept falling. Then the Achaeans split the trunks and bound them behind the mules, and these tore up the earth with their feet, straining toward the plain through the thick underbrush. And all the woodcutters carried logs; for so were they commanded by Meriones, attendant of kindly Idomeneus. Then down on the shore they cast these, one after the other, where Achilles planned a great mound for

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5 *τι ἔστι*: *τίς ἐστι*.

6 Line 104 was rejected by Aristophanes.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πάντῃ παρακάββαλον ἄσπετον ὕλην,
ἥατ᾽ ἄρ᾽ αὖθι μένοντες ἀολλέες. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
αὐτίκα Μυρμιδόνεσσι φιλοπτολέμοισι κέλευσε
χαλκὸν ζώννυσθαι, ζεῦξαι δ᾽ ὑπ᾽ ὄχεσφιν ἕκαστον
ἵππους· οἱ δ᾽ ὄρνυντο καὶ ἐν τεύχεσσιν ἔδυνον,
ἂν δ᾽ ἔβαν ἐν δίφροισι παραιβάται ἡνίοχοί τε,
πρόσθε μὲν ἱππῆες, μετὰ δὲ νέφος εἵπετο πεζῶν,
μυρίοι· ἐν δὲ μέσοισι φέρον Πάτροκλον ἑταῖροι.
θριξὶ δὲ πάντα νέκυν καταείνυσαν, ἃς ἐπέβαλλον
κειρόμενοι· ὄπιθεν δὲ κάρη ἔχε δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἀχνύμενος· ἕταρον γὰρ ἀμύμονα πέμπ᾽ Ἄϊδόσδε.
Οἱ δ᾽ ὅτε χῶρον ἵκανον ὅθί σφισι πέφραδ᾽ Ἀχιλλεύς,
κάτθεσαν, αἶψα δέ οἱ μενοεικέα νήεον ὕλην.
ἔνθ᾽ αὖτ᾽ ἄλλ᾽ ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
στὰς ἀπάνευθε πυρῆς ξανθὴν ἀπεκείρατο χαίτην,
τήν ῥα Σπερχειῷ ποταμῷ τρέφε τηλεθόωσαν·
ὀχθήσας δ᾽ ἄρα εἶπεν ἰδὼν ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον·
"Σπερχεί᾽, ἄλλως σοί γε πατὴρ ἠρήσατο Πηλεύς,
κεῖσέ με νοστήσαντα φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν
σοί τε κόμην κερέειν ῥέξειν θ᾽ ἱερὴν ἑκατόμβην,
πεντήκοντα δ᾽ ἔνορχα παρ᾽ αὐτόθι μῆλ᾽ ἱερεύσειν
ἐς πηγάς, ὅθι τοι τέμενος βωμός τε θυήεις.
ὣς ἠρᾶθ᾽ ὁ γέρων, σὺ δέ οἱ νόον οὐκ ἐτέλεσσας.
νῦν δ᾽ ἐπεὶ οὐ νέομαί γε φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
Πατρόκλῳ ἥρωι κόμην ὀπάσαιμι φέρεσθαι."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ κόμην ἑτάροιο φίλοιο
θῆκεν, τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσιν ὑφ᾽ ἵμερον ὦρσε γόοιο.

Patroclus and for himself. But when on all sides they had cast down the abundant wood, they sat down there and waited, all in one throng. And Achilles immediately ordered the war-loving Myrmidons to gird on their bronze, and yoke each man his horses to his chariot. And they rose and put on their armor and mounted their chariots, warriors and charioteers alike. In front were the men in chariots, and after them followed a cloud of foot soldiers, men past counting, and in their midst his comrades carried Patroclus. And as if with a garment they wholly covered the corpse with their hair that they cut off and cast on it; and behind them noble Achilles clasped the head, sorrowing; for incomparable was the comrade whom he was sending to the house of Hades.

But when they had come to the place that Achilles had indicated to them, they set him down, and swiftly heaped up for him sufficient wood. Then again swift-footed noble Achilles took other counsel; he stood away from the pyre and cut off a golden lock, the rich growth of which he had nursed for the river Spercheius, and in agitation he spoke, looking out over the wine-dark sea: "Spercheius, in vain did my father Peleus vow to you that when I came home there to my dear native land I would cut my hair to you and offer a holy hecatomb, and would sacrifice fifty rams, males without blemish, into your waters on the spot where is your precinct and your fragrant altar. So vowed that old man, but you did not fulfill for him his intent. Now, therefore, since I will not return to my dear native land, let me give this lock to the warrior Patroclus to take with him."

He spoke and set the lock in the hands of his dear comrade, and in them all roused the desire of lament. And now

καὶ νύ κ' ὀδυρομένοισιν ἔδυ φάος ἠελίοιο,
εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλεὺς αἶψ' Ἀγαμέμνονι εἶπε παραστάς·
"Ἀτρεΐδη, σοὶ γάρ τε μάλιστά γε λαὸς Ἀχαιῶν
πείσονται μύθοισι, γόοιο μὲν ἔστι καὶ ἆσαι,
νῦν δ' ἀπὸ πυρκαϊῆς σκέδασον καὶ δεῖπνον ἄνωχθι
ὅπλεσθαι· τάδε δ' ἀμφὶ πονησόμεθ' οἷσι μάλιστα
κήδεός ἐστι νέκυς· παρὰ δ' οἵ τ' ἀγοὶ ἄμμι μενόντων."
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τό γ' ἄκουσεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
αὐτίκα λαὸν μὲν σκέδασεν κατὰ νῆας ἐΐσας,
κηδεμόνες δὲ παρ' αὖθι μένον καὶ νήεον ὕλην,
ποίησαν δὲ πυρὴν ἑκατόμπεδον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
ἐν δὲ πυρῇ ὑπάτῃ νεκρὸν θέσαν ἀχνύμενοι κῆρ.
πολλὰ δὲ ἴφια μῆλα καὶ εἰλίποδας ἕλικας βοῦς
πρόσθε πυρῆς ἔδερόν τε καὶ ἄμφεπον· ἐκ δ' ἄρα πάντων
δημὸν ἑλὼν ἐκάλυψε νέκυν μεγάθυμος Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἐς πόδας ἐκ κεφαλῆς, περὶ δὲ δρατὰ σώματα νήει.
ἐν δ' ἐτίθει μέλιτος καὶ ἀλείφατος ἀμφιφορῆας,
πρὸς λέχεα κλίνων· πίσυρας δ' ἐριαύχενας ἵππους
ἐσσυμένως ἐνέβαλλε πυρῇ μεγάλα στεναχίζων.
ἐννέα τῷ γε ἄνακτι τραπεζῆες κύνες ἦσαν,
καὶ μὲν τῶν ἐνέβαλλε πυρῇ δύο δειροτομήσας,
δώδεκα δὲ Τρώων μεγαθύμων υἱέας ἐσθλοὺς
χαλκῷ δηιόων· κακὰ δὲ φρεσὶ μήδετο ἔργα·
ἐν δὲ πυρὸς μένος ἧκε σιδήρεον, ὄφρα νέμοιτο.
ᾤμωξέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα, φίλον δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἑταῖρον·
"χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ Πάτροκλε, καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο δόμοισι·

would the light of the sun have gone down on their weeping, if Achilles had not come up to Agamemnon and said: "Son of Atreus—for your words as those of no other will the army of the Achaeans obey—of lamenting it is certainly possible to take one's fill, but for the moment disperse them from the pyre, and command them to make ready their meal; for all things here we to whom the dead is nearest and dearest will manage; and with us let the chief men also remain."

Then when the lord of men Agamemnon heard this, he immediately dispersed the men among the shapely ships, but they who were nearest and dearest to the dead remained there, and heaped up the wood, and made a pyre of one hundred feet this way and that, and on the topmost part they set the dead man, inwardly grieving. And many noble sheep and many sleek cattle of shambling gait they flayed and dressed before the pyre; and from them all great-hearted Achilles gathered the fat, and enfolded the dead in it from head to foot, and about him heaped the flayed bodies. And on it he set two-handled jars of honey and oil, leaning them against the bier; and four horses with high arched necks he cast swiftly on the pyre, groaning aloud. Nine dogs had their master that fed beneath his table, and of these did Achilles cut the throats of two, and cast them on the pyre. And twelve noble sons of the great-hearted Trojans he slaughtered with the bronze—and grim was the work he devised in his mind—and to it he set the iron might of fire, so that it would spread. Then he uttered a groan, and called on his dear comrade by name: "Hail, Patroclus, even in the house of Hades, for now I

πάντα γὰρ ἤδη τοι τελέω τὰ πάροιθεν ὑπέστην.
δώδεκα μὲν Τρώων μεγαθύμων υἱέας ἐσθλοὺς
τοὺς ἅμα σοὶ πάντας πῦρ ἐσθίει· Ἕκτορα δ᾽ οὔ τι
δώσω Πριαμίδην πυρὶ δαπτέμεν, ἀλλὰ κύνεσσιν."
  Ὣς φάτ᾽ ἀπειλήσας· τὸν δ᾽ οὐ κύνες ἀμφεπένοντο,
ἀλλὰ κύνας μὲν ἄλαλκε Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη
ἤματα καὶ νύκτας, ῥοδόεντι δὲ χρῖεν ἐλαίῳ
ἀμβροσίῳ, ἵνα μή μιν ἀποδρύφοι ἑλκυστάζων.
τῷ δ᾽ ἐπὶ κυάνεον νέφος ἤγαγε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων
οὐρανόθεν πεδίονδε, κάλυψε δὲ χῶρον ἅπαντα
ὅσσον ἐπεῖχε νέκυς, μὴ πρὶν μένος ἠελίοιο
σκήλει᾽ ἀμφὶ περὶ χρόα ἴνεσιν ἠδὲ μέλεσσιν.
  Οὐδὲ πυρὴ Πατρόκλου ἐκαίετο τεθνηῶτος·
ἔνθ᾽ αὖτ᾽ ἄλλ᾽ ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
στὰς ἀπάνευθε πυρῆς δοιοῖς ἠρᾶτ᾽ ἀνέμοισι,
Βορέῃ καὶ Ζεφύρῳ, καὶ ὑπίσχετο ἱερὰ καλά·
πολλὰ δὲ καὶ σπένδων χρυσέῳ δέπαϊ λιτάνευεν
ἐλθέμεν, ὄφρα τάχιστα πυρὶ φλεγεθοίατο νεκροί,
ὕλη τε σεύαιτο καήμεναι. ὦκα δὲ Ἶρις
ἀράων ἀίουσα μετάγγελος ἦλθ᾽ ἀνέμοισιν·
οἱ μὲν ἄρα Ζεφύροιο δυσαέος ἀθρόοι ἔνδον
εἰλαπίνην δαίνυντο· θέουσα δὲ Ἶρις ἐπέστη
βηλῷ ἔπι λιθέῳ. τοὶ δ᾽ ὡς ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσι,
πάντες ἀνήιξαν, κάλεόν τέ μιν εἰς ἓ ἕκαστος·
ἡ δ᾽ αὖθ᾽ ἕζεσθαι μὲν ἀνήνατο, εἶπε δὲ μῦθον·
"οὐχ ἕδος· εἶμι γὰρ αὖτις ἐπ᾽ Ὠκεανοῖο ῥέεθρα,
Αἰθιόπων ἐς γαῖαν, ὅθι ῥέζουσ᾽ ἑκατόμβας
ἀθανάτοις, ἵνα δὴ καὶ ἐγὼ μεταδαίσομαι ἱρῶν.

am bringing to fulfillment all that I promised you before. Twelve noble sons of the great-hearted Trojans, all these together with you the flame devours; but Hector, son of Priam, I will not give to the fire to feed on, but to dogs."

So he spoke threatening, but no dogs were busy with Hector, but the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, kept dogs from him by day and by night alike, and with oil she anointed him, rose-sweet, ambrosial, so that Achilles might not tear him as he dragged him. And over him Phoebus Apollo drew a dark cloud from heaven to the plain, and covered the entire place on which the dead man lay, lest before time the might of the sun should shrivel his flesh around his sinews and limbs.

But the pyre of dead Patroclus did not kindle. Then again did swift-footed noble Achilles take other counsel; standing away from the pyre, he made prayer to the two winds, to the North Wind and the West Wind, and promised fair offerings, and earnestly, as he poured libations from a cup of gold, he implored them to come, so that the corpses might speedily blaze with fire, and the wood make haste to be kindled. Then Iris heard his prayers, and came swiftly with the message to the winds. They in the house of the fierce-blowing West Wind were feasting all together at the banquet, and Iris halted from her running on the threshold of stone. At sight of her they all sprang up and called her each one to himself. But she refused to sit, and spoke saying: "I may not sit, for I must go back to the streams of Oceanus, to the land of the Ethiopians, where they are sacrificing hecatombs to the immortals, so that I

ἀλλ' Ἀχιλεὺς Βορέην ἠδὲ Ζέφυρον κελαδεινὸν
ἐλθεῖν ἀρᾶται, καὶ ὑπίσχεται ἱερὰ καλά,
ὄφρα πυρὴν ὄρσητε καήμεναι, ᾗ ἔνι κεῖται
Πάτροκλος, τὸν πάντες ἀναστενάχουσιν Ἀχαιοί."
Ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰποῦσ' ἀπεβήσετο, τοὶ δ' ὀρέοντο
ἠχῇ θεσπεσίῃ, νέφεα κλονέοντε πάροιθεν.
αἶψα δὲ πόντον ἵκανον ἀήμεναι, ὦρτο δὲ κῦμα
πνοιῇ ὕπο λιγυρῇ· Τροίην δ' ἐρίβωλον ἱκέσθην,
ἐν δὲ πυρῇ πεσέτην, μέγα δ' ἴαχε θεσπιδαὲς πῦρ.
παννύχιοι δ' ἄρα τοί γε πυρῆς ἄμυδις φλόγ' ἔβαλλον,
φυσῶντες λιγέως· ὁ δὲ πάννυχος ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς
χρυσέου ἐκ κρητῆρος, ἑλὼν[7] δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον,
οἶνον ἀφυσσόμενος χαμάδις χέε, δεῦε δὲ γαῖαν,
ψυχὴν κικλήσκων Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο.
ὡς δὲ πατὴρ οὗ παιδὸς ὀδύρεται ὀστέα καίων,
νυμφίου, ὅς τε θανὼν δειλοὺς ἀκάχησε τοκῆας,
ὣς Ἀχιλεὺς ἑτάροιο ὀδύρετο ὀστέα καίων,
ἑρπύζων παρὰ πυρκαϊήν, ἁδινὰ στεναχίζων.
Ἦμος δ' ἑωσφόρος εἶσι φόως ἐρέων ἐπὶ γαῖαν,
ὅν τε μέτα κροκόπεπλος ὑπεὶρ ἅλα κίδναται Ἠώς,
τῆμος πυρκαϊὴ ἐμαραίνετο, παύσατο δὲ φλόξ.
οἱ δ' ἄνεμοι πάλιν αὖτις ἔβαν οἶκόνδε νέεσθαι
Θρηίκιον κατὰ πόντον· ὁ δ' ἔστενεν οἴδματι θύων·
Πηλεΐδης δ' ἀπὸ πυρκαϊῆς ἑτέρωσε λιασθεὶς
κλίνθη κεκμηώς, ἐπὶ δὲ γλυκὺς ὕπνος ὄρουσεν·
οἱ δ' ἀμφ' Ἀτρεΐωνα ἀολλέες ἠγερέθοντο·

[7] ἑλὼν: ἔχων.

too may share in the sacred feast. But Achilles prays the North Wind and the noisy West Wind to come, and promises them fair offerings, so that you may rouse the pyre to burn on which lies Patroclus, for whom all the Achaeans groan aloud."

When she had thus spoken, she went away, and they rose with a wondrous din, driving the clouds tumultuously before them. And swiftly they came to the sea to blow on it, and the wave swelled beneath the shrill blast; and they came to the deep-soiled land of Troy, and fell on the pyre, and greatly roared the wondrous blazing fire. So the whole night long as with one blast they beat on the flame of the pyre, blowing shrill; and the whole night long swift Achilles, holding a two-handled cup in his hand, drew wine from a golden bowl and poured it on the earth, and wetted the ground, calling ever on the spirit of unhappy Patroclus. As a father wails for his son as he burns his bones, a son newly wed whose death has brought woe to his unhappy parents, so wailed Achilles for his comrade as he burned his bones, pacing heavily about the pyre with ceaseless groaning.

But at the hour when the star of morning goes out to herald light over the face of the earth—the star after which follows saffron-robed Dawn and spreads over the sea—then the pyre died down, and the flame ceased. And the winds went back again to return to their home over the Thracian sea, and it roared with surging flood. Then the son of Peleus drew away from the burning pyre, and lay down wearied; and sweet sleep leapt on him. But they who were with the son of Atreus gathered in a throng, and the

τῶν μιν ἐπερχομένων ὅμαδος καὶ δοῦπος ἔγειρεν.
ἕζετο δ' ὀρθωθεὶς καί σφεας πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·
"Ἀτρεΐδη τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν,
πρῶτον μὲν κατὰ πυρκαϊὴν σβέσατ' αἴθοπι οἴνῳ
πᾶσαν, ὁπόσσον ἐπέσχε πυρὸς μένος· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
ὀστέα Πατρόκλοιο Μενοιτιάδαο λέγωμεν
εὖ διαγιγνώσκοντες· ἀριφραδέα δὲ τέτυκται·
ἐν μέσσῃ γὰρ ἔκειτο πυρῇ, τοὶ δ' ἄλλοι ἄνευθεν
ἐσχατιῇ καίοντ' ἐπιμὶξ ἵπποι τε καὶ ἄνδρες.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν χρυσέῃ φιάλῃ καὶ δίπλακι δημῷ
θείομεν, εἰς ὅ κεν αὐτὸς ἐγὼν Ἄιδι κεύθωμαι.[8]
τύμβον δ' οὐ μάλα πολλὸν ἐγὼ πονέεσθαι ἄνωγα,
ἀλλ' ἐπιεικέα τοῖον· ἔπειτα δὲ καὶ τὸν Ἀχαιοὶ
εὐρύν θ' ὑψηλόν τε τιθήμεναι, οἵ κεν ἐμεῖο
δεύτεροι ἐν νήεσσι πολυκλήισι λίπησθε."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἐπίθοντο ποδώκεϊ Πηλεΐωνι.
πρῶτον μὲν κατὰ πυρκαϊὴν σβέσαν αἴθοπι οἴνῳ,
ὅσσον ἐπὶ φλὸξ ἦλθε, βαθεῖα δὲ κάππεσε τέφρη·
κλαίοντες δ' ἑτάροιο ἐνηέος ὀστέα λευκὰ
ἄλλεγον ἐς χρυσέην φιάλην καὶ δίπλακα δημόν,
ἐν κλισίῃσι δὲ θέντες ἑανῷ λιτὶ κάλυψαν·
τορνώσαντο δὲ σῆμα θεμείλιά τε προβάλοντο
ἀμφὶ πυρήν· εἶθαρ δὲ χυτὴν ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἔχευαν.
χεύαντες δὲ τὸ σῆμα πάλιν κίον. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
αὐτοῦ λαὸν ἔρυκε καὶ ἵζανεν εὐρὺν ἀγῶνα.
νηῶν δ' ἔκφερ' ἄεθλα, λέβητάς τε τρίποδάς τε[9]

[8] κεύθωμαι: κλεύθωμαι Aristarchus.

noise and din of their coming roused him; and he sat upright and spoke to them saying: "Son of Atreus, and you other chief men of the armies of Achaea, first quench with ruddy wine the burning pyre, as far as the might of the fire has spread, and then let us gather the bones of Patroclus, Menoetius' son, singling them out well from the rest; and easy they are to discern, for he lay in the center of the pyre, while the others burned apart on its edges, horses and men mingled together. Then let us place the bones in a golden urn wrapped in a double layer of fat until such time as I myself be hidden in Hades. But no huge mound do I command you to toil over for him, but such a one only as is fitting; but in aftertime you Achaeans build it broad and high, whoever of you are left among the benched ships when I am gone."

So he spoke, and they obeyed the swift-footed son of Peleus. First they quenched the pyre with ruddy wine, so far as the flame had spread, and the ash had settled deep; and weeping they gathered up the white bones of their gentle comrade into a golden urn, and wrapped them in a double layer of fat, and placing the urn in the hut they covered it with a soft linen cloth. Then they traced the compass of the mound and set out foundations round about the pyre, and immediately they poured over it the piled-up earth. And when they had piled the mound, they went back again. But Achilles stayed the men where they were, and made them sit in wide assembly; and from his ships brought out prizes; cauldrons and tripods and horses and

[9] Lines 259–261 were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

ἵππους θ' ἡμιόνους τε βοῶν τ' ἴφθιμα κάρηνα,
ἠδὲ γυναῖκας ἐυζώνους πολιόν τε σίδηρον.
Ἱππεῦσιν μὲν πρῶτα ποδώκεσιν ἀγλά' ἄεθλα
θῆκε γυναῖκα ἄγεσθαι ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἰδυῖαν
καὶ τρίποδ' ὠτώεντα δυωκαιεικοσίμετρον,
τῷ πρώτῳ· ἀτὰρ αὖ τῷ δευτέρῳ ἵππον ἔθηκεν
ἑξέτε' ἀδμήτην, βρέφος ἡμίονον κυέουσαν·
αὐτὰρ τῷ τριτάτῳ ἄπυρον κατέθηκε λέβητα
καλόν, τέσσαρα μέτρα κεχανδότα, λευκὸν ἔτ' αὔτως·
τῷ δὲ τετάρτῳ θῆκε δύω χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,
πέμπτῳ δ' ἀμφίθετον φιάλην ἀπύρωτον ἔθηκε.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·
"Ἀτρεΐδη τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,[10]
ἱππῆας τάδ' ἄεθλα δεδεγμένα κεῖτ' ἐν ἀγῶνι.
εἰ μὲν νῦν ἐπὶ ἄλλῳ ἀεθλεύοιμεν Ἀχαιοί,
ἦ τ' ἂν ἐγὼ τὰ πρῶτα λαβὼν κλισίηνδε φεροίμην·
ἴστε γὰρ ὅσσον ἐμοὶ ἀρετῇ περιβάλλετον ἵπποι·
ἀθάνατοί τε γάρ εἰσι, Ποσειδάων δὲ πόρ' αὐτοὺς
πατρὶ ἐμῷ Πηλῆι, ὁ δ' αὖτ' ἐμοὶ ἐγγυάλιξεν.
ἀλλ' ἦ τοι μὲν ἐγὼ μενέω καὶ μώνυχες ἵπποι·
τοίου γὰρ κλέος[11] ἐσθλὸν ἀπώλεσαν ἡνιόχοιο,
ἠπίου, ὅς σφωιν μάλα πολλάκις ὑγρὸν ἔλαιον
χαιτάων κατέχευε, λοέσσας ὕδατι λευκῷ.
τὸν τώ γ' ἑσταότες πενθείετον, οὔδεϊ δέ σφι
χαῖται ἐρηρέδαται, τὼ δ' ἕστατον ἀχνυμένω κῆρ.
ἄλλοι δὲ στέλλεσθε κατὰ στρατόν, ὅς τις Ἀχαιῶν
ἵπποισίν τε πέποιθε καὶ ἅρμασι κολλητοῖσιν."

mules and strong oxen and fair-belted women and gray iron.

For swift charioteers first he set out glorious prizes, a woman to lead away, one skilled in noble handiwork, and an eared tripod of two and twenty measures for him who should be first; and for the second he set out a mare of six years, unbroken, with a mule foal in her womb; and for the third he set out a cauldron untouched by fire, a fair cauldron that held four measures, still completely bright; and for the fourth he set out two talents of gold; and for the fifth a two-handled urn, yet untouched by fire. Then he stood up, and spoke among the Argives, saying:

"Son of Atreus, and you other well-greaved Achaeans, for the charioteers these prizes lie waiting in the place of contest. If for some other's honor we Achaeans were now holding contests, surely it would be I who would win the first prize and carry it to my hut; for you know how far my two horses surpass in excellence, for they are immortal, and it was Poseidon who granted them to my father Peleus, and he in turn entrusted them to me. But I will remain here, I and my single-hoofed horses, so mighty and glorious a charioteer have they lost, and one so kind, who very often would pour on their manes soft oil when he had washed them in bright water. For him they stand and mourn, and on the ground their manes are trailing, and they stand there, grieving at heart. But you others make yourselves ready throughout the army, whoever of the Achaeans trusts in his horses and his jointed chariot."

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10 *ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί: ἀριστῆες Παναχαιῶν.*
11 *κλέος: σθένος.*

Ὣς φάτο Πηλεΐδης, ταχέες δ' ἱππῆες ἔγερθεν.[12]
ὦρτο πολὺ πρῶτος μὲν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Εὔμηλος,
Ἀδμήτου φίλος υἱός, ὃς ἱπποσύνῃ ἐκέκαστο·
τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Τυδεΐδης ὦρτο κρατερὸς Διομήδης,
ἵππους δὲ Τρῳοὺς ὕπαγε ζυγόν, οὕς ποτ' ἀπηύρα
Αἰνείαν, ἀτὰρ αὐτὸν ὑπεξεσάωσεν Ἀπόλλων.
τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀτρεΐδης ὦρτο ξανθὸς Μενέλαος
διογενής, ὑπὸ δὲ ζυγὸν ἤγαγεν ὠκέας ἵππους,
Αἴθην τὴν Ἀγαμεμνονέην τὸν ἑόν τε Πόδαργον·
τὴν Ἀγαμέμνονι δῶκ' Ἀγχισιάδης Ἐχέπωλος
δῶρ', ἵνα μή οἱ ἕποιθ' ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἠνεμόεσσαν,
ἀλλ' αὐτοῦ τέρποιτο μένων· μέγα γάρ οἱ ἔδωκε
Ζεὺς ἄφενος, ναῖεν δ' ὅ γ' ἐν εὐρυχόρῳ Σικυῶνι·
τὴν ὅ γ' ὑπὸ ζυγὸν ἦγε, μέγα δρόμου ἰσχανόωσαν.
Ἀντίλοχος δὲ τέταρτος ἐΰτριχας ὁπλίσαθ' ἵππους,
Νέστορος ἀγλαὸς υἱὸς ὑπερθύμοιο ἄνακτος,
τοῦ Νηληιάδαο· Πυλοιγενέες δέ οἱ ἵπποι
ὠκύποδες φέρον ἅρμα. πατὴρ δέ οἱ ἄγχι παραστὰς
μυθεῖτ' εἰς ἀγαθὰ φρονέων νοέοντι καὶ αὐτῷ·
"Ἀντίλοχ', ἤ τοι μέν σε νέον περ ἐόντα φίλησαν
Ζεύς τε Ποσειδάων τε, καὶ ἱπποσύνας ἐδίδαξαν
παντοίας· τῶ καί σε διδασκέμεν οὔ τι μάλα χρεώ·
οἶσθα γὰρ εὖ περὶ τέρμαθ' ἑλισσέμεν· ἀλλά τοι ἵπποι
βάρδιστοι θείειν· τῶ τ' οἴω λοίγι' ἔσεσθαι.
τῶν δ' ἵπποι μὲν ἔασιν ἀφάρτεροι, οὐδὲ μὲν αὐτοὶ
πλείονα ἴσασιν σέθεν αὐτοῦ μητίσασθαι.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ σύ, φίλος, μῆτιν ἐμβάλλεο θυμῷ
παντοίην, ἵνα μή σε παρεκπροφύγῃσιν ἄεθλα.

So spoke the son of Peleus, and the swift charioteers roused themselves. Far the first the lord of men, Eumelus, sprang up, Admetus' dear son, a man well skilled in horsemanship; and after him Tydeus' son, mighty Diomedes, sprang up, and led beneath the yoke the horses of Tros, which he had earlier taken from Aeneas, though Apollo snatched away Aeneas himself; and after him rose up Atreus' son, tawny-haired Menelaus, sprung from Zeus, and led beneath the yoke swift steeds, Aethe, Agamemnon's mare, and his own horse Podargus. The mare had Anchises' son Echepolus given to Agamemnon as a gift, so that he might not follow him to windy Ilios, but might remain at home and take his joy; for great wealth had Zeus given him, and he dwelt in spacious Sicyon: her Menelaus led beneath the yoke, and exceeding eager was she for the race. And fourth Antilochus made ready his fair-maned horses, he the glorious son of Nestor, the king high of heart, the son of Neleus; and bred at Pylos were the swift-footed horses that drew his chariot. And his father came up and gave counsel to him for his profit—a wise man to one who himself had knowledge: "Antilochus, though you are young, yet have Zeus and Poseidon loved you and taught you all manner of horsemanship; so to teach you is no great need, for you know well how to wheel about the turning-post; yet your horses are slowest in the race: therefore I think there will be sorry work for you. The horses of the others are swifter, but the men know not how to devise more cunning counsel than you do. So come, dear son, lay up in your mind cunning of every sort, so that the prizes

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12 ἔγερθεν: ἄγερθεν.

μήτι τοι δρυτόμος μέγ᾽ ἀμείνων ἠὲ βίηφι·
μήτι δ᾽ αὖτε κυβερνήτης ἐνὶ οἴνοπι πόντῳ
νῆα θοὴν ἰθύνει ἐρεχθομένην ἀνέμοισι·
μήτι δ᾽ ἡνίοχος περιγίγνεται ἡνιόχοιο.
ἄλλος μέν θ᾽ ἵπποισι καὶ ἅρμασιν οἷσι πεποιθὼς
ἀφραδέως ἐπὶ πολλὸν ἑλίσσεται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
ἵπποι δὲ πλανόωνται ἀνὰ δρόμον, οὐδὲ κατίσχει·
ὃς δέ κε κέρδεα εἰδῇ ἐλαύνων ἥσσονας ἵππους,
αἰεὶ τέρμ᾽ ὁρόων στρέφει ἐγγύθεν, οὐδέ ἑ λήθει
ὅππως τὸ πρῶτον τανύσῃ βοέοισιν ἱμᾶσιν,
ἀλλ᾽ ἔχει ἀσφαλέως καὶ τὸν προὔχοντα δοκεύει.
σῆμα δέ τοι ἐρέω μάλ᾽ ἀριφραδές, οὐδέ σε λήσει.
ἕστηκε ξύλον αὖον ὅσον τ᾽ ὄργυι᾽ ὑπὲρ αἴης,
ἢ δρυὸς ἢ πεύκης· τὸ μὲν οὐ καταπύθεται ὄμβρῳ,
λᾶε δὲ τοῦ ἑκάτερθεν ἐρηρέδαται δύο λευκὼ
ἐν ξυνοχῇσιν ὁδοῦ, λεῖος δ᾽ ἱππόδρομος ἀμφίς·
ἤ τευ σῆμα βροτοῖο πάλαι κατατεθνηῶτος,
ἢ τό γε νύσσα τέτυκτο ἐπὶ προτέρων ἀνθρώπων,[13]
καὶ νῦν τέρματ᾽ ἔθηκε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
τῷ σὺ μάλ᾽ ἐγχρίμψας ἐλάαν σχεδὸν ἅρμα καὶ ἵππους,
αὐτὸς δὲ κλινθῆναι ἐυπλέκτῳ ἐνὶ δίφρῳ
ἦκ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἀριστερὰ τοῖιν· ἀτὰρ τὸν δεξιὸν ἵππον

[13] In the place of lines 332 f Aristarchus read:
ἠὲ σκῖρος ἔην, νῦν αὖ θέτο τέρματ᾽ Ἀχιλλεύς.

[2] The meaning seems to be that the cunning driver, instead of

not slip away past your grasp. By cunning, you know, is a woodman far better than by might; by cunning too does a helmsman on the wine-dark deep guide rightly a swift ship that is buffeted by winds; and by cunning does charioteer prove better than charioteer. Another man, trusting in his horses and chariot, thoughtlessly wheels wide to this side and that, and his horses roam over the course, and he does not keep them in hand; but he who has a crafty mind, though driving worse horses, keeps his eye ever on the turning post and wheels close by it, nor is he unmindful how at the first to keep his horses taut with the oxhide reins,[2] but holds them steady, and keeps his eye on the man who leads him in the race. Now I will tell you a most certain sign that will not escape you. There stands, about a fathom's height above the ground, a dry stump, of oak or pine, which rots not in the rain, and two white stones on either side of it are firmly set against it at the turning of the course, and on either side is smooth ground for driving. Perhaps it is a monument of some man long ago dead, or perhaps was made the turning post of a race in days of men of old; and now has swift-footed noble Achilles marked it as his turning post. Pressing hard on it drive your chariot and horses close, and yourself lean in your well-plaited chariot[3] a little to the left of your pair, and to the off horse

allowing his horses to run without control and set their own pace, keeps them constantly in hand, and "stretches" them to just the right degree from the very start. M.

[3] That the platform on which the charioteer and warrior stood in the Homeric chariot was plaited of thongs appears from 5.727 f. M.

κένσαι ὁμοκλήσας, εἶξαί τέ οἱ ἡνία χερσίν.
ἐν νύσσῃ δέ τοι ἵππος ἀριστερὸς ἐγχριμφθήτω,
ὡς ἄν τοι πλήμνη γε δοάσσεται ἄκρον ἱκέσθαι
κύκλου ποιητοῖο· λίθου δ᾽ ἀλέασθαι ἐπαυρεῖν,
μή πως ἵππους τε τρώσῃς κατά θ᾽ ἅρματα ἄξῃς·
χάρμα δὲ τοῖς ἄλλοισιν, ἐλεγχείη δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ
ἔσσεται· ἀλλά, φίλος, φρονέων πεφυλαγμένος εἶναι.
εἰ γάρ κ᾽ ἐν νύσσῃ γε παρεξελάσῃσθα διώκων,
οὐκ ἔσθ᾽ ὅς κέ σ᾽ ἕλῃσι μετάλμενος οὐδὲ παρέλθῃ,
οὐδ᾽ εἴ κεν μετόπισθεν Ἀρίονα δῖον ἐλαύνοι,
Ἀδρήστου ταχὺν ἵππον, ὃς ἐκ θεόφιν γένος ἦεν,
ἢ τοὺς Λαομέδοντος, οἳ ἐνθάδε γ᾽ ἔτραφεν ἐσθλοί."
   Ὣς εἰπὼν Νέστωρ Νηλήιος ἂψ ἐνὶ χώρῃ
ἕζετ᾽, ἐπὶ ᾧ παιδὶ ἑκάστου πείρατ᾽ ἔειπε.
   Μηριόνης δ᾽ ἄρα πέμπτος ἐύτριχας ὡπλίσαθ᾽ ἵππους.
ἂν δ᾽ ἔβαν ἐς δίφρους, ἐν δὲ κλήρους ἐβάλοντο·
πάλλ᾽ Ἀχιλεύς, ἐκ δὲ κλῆρος θόρε Νεστορίδαο
Ἀντιλόχου· μετὰ τὸν δὲ λάχε κρείων Εὔμηλος·
τῷ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐπ᾽ Ἀτρεΐδης, δουρικλειτὸς Μενέλαος,
τῷ δ᾽ ἐπὶ Μηριόνης λάχ᾽ ἐλαυνέμεν· ὕστατος αὖτε
Τυδεΐδης ὄχ᾽ ἄριστος ἐὼν λάχ᾽ ἐλαυνέμεν ἵππους.
στὰν δὲ μεταστοιχί, σήμηνε δὲ τέρματ᾽ Ἀχιλλεὺς
τηλόθεν ἐν λείῳ πεδίῳ· παρὰ δὲ σκοπὸν εἷσεν
ἀντίθεον Φοίνικα, ὀπάονα πατρὸς ἑοῖο,
ὡς μεμνέῳτο δρόμου[14] καὶ ἀληθείην ἀποείποι.
   Οἱ δ᾽ ἅμα πάντες ἐφ᾽ ἵπποιιν μάστιγας ἄειραν,
πέπληγόν θ᾽ ἱμᾶσιν, ὁμόκλησάν τ᾽ ἐπέεσσιν

give the goad, calling to him with a shout, and give him rein from your hand. But let the near horse draw close to the post so that the hub of the well-made wheel seems to graze the surface—but avoid touching the stone, lest perhaps you wound your horses and wreck your chariot; and joy will it be for the rest, but rebuke for yourself. But, dear son, be wise and on your guard; for if at the turning post you drive past the rest in your course, there is no man who will catch you by a burst of speed, nor pass you by, not even though in pursuit he were driving noble Arion, Adrastus' swift horse, which was of heavenly stock, or those of Laomedon, the noble breed of this land."

So saying Nestor, son of Neleus, sat down again in his place when he had told his son the ways of achieving each thing.

And fifth Meriones made ready his fair-maned horses. Then they mounted their chariots, and cast in their lots; and Achilles shook them, and out leapt the lot of Nestor's son, Antilochus; after him drew the lord Eumelus a place, and next to him Atreus' son, Menelaus, famed for his spear, and next to him Meriones drew his place; and last of all the son of Tydeus, though far the best, drew a place for his chariot. Then they took their places in a row, and Achilles showed them the turning post far off in the smooth plain; and by it he set as an umpire godlike Phoenix, his father's follower, that he might observe the running and announce the truth.

Then they all at one moment lifted the whip each above his yoke of horses, and struck them with the reins, and

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14 δρόμου: δρόμους Aristarchus.

ἐσσυμένως· οἱ δ᾽ ὦκα διέπρησσον πεδίοιο
νόσφι νεῶν ταχέως· ὑπὸ δὲ στέρνοισι κονίη
ἵστατ᾽ ἀειρομένη ὥς τε νέφος ἠὲ θύελλα,
χαῖται δ᾽ ἐρρώοντο μετὰ πνοιῇς ἀνέμοιο.
ἅρματα δ᾽ ἄλλοτε μὲν χθονὶ πίλνατο πουλυβοτείρῃ,
ἄλλοτε δ᾽ ἀΐξασκε μετήορα· τοὶ δ᾽ ἐλατῆρες
ἕστασαν ἐν δίφροισι, πάτασσε δὲ θυμὸς ἑκάστου
νίκης ἱεμένων· κέκλοντο δὲ οἷσιν ἕκαστος
ἵπποις, οἱ δ᾽ ἐπέτοντο κονίοντες πεδίοιο.
Ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ πύματον τέλεον δρόμον ὠκέες ἵπποι
ἂψ ἐφ᾽ ἁλὸς πολιῆς, τότε δὴ ἀρετή γε ἑκάστου
φαίνετ᾽, ἄφαρ δ᾽ ἵπποισι τάθη δρόμος· ὦκα δ᾽ ἔπειτα
αἱ Φηρητιάδαο ποδώκεες ἔκφερον ἵπποι.
τὰς δὲ μετ᾽ ἐξέφερον Διομήδεος ἄρσενες ἵπποι,
Τρώιοι, οὐδέ τι πολλὸν ἄνευθ᾽ ἔσαν, ἀλλὰ μάλ᾽ ἐγγύς·
αἰεὶ γὰρ δίφρου ἐπιβησομένοισιν ἐίκτην,
πνοιῇ δ᾽ Εὐμήλοιο μετάφρενον εὐρέε τ᾽ ὤμω
θέρμετ᾽· ἐπ᾽ αὐτῷ γὰρ κεφαλὰς καταθέντε πετέσθην.
καί νύ κεν ἢ παρέλασσ᾽ ἢ ἀμφήριστον ἔθηκεν,
εἰ μὴ Τυδέος υἷι κοτέσσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ὅς ῥά οἱ ἐκ χειρῶν ἔβαλεν μάστιγα φαεινήν.
τοῖο δ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ὀφθαλμῶν χύτο δάκρυα χωομένοιο,
οὕνεκα τὰς μὲν ὅρα ἔτι καὶ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἰούσας,
οἱ δ᾽ ἑοὶ ἐβλάφθησαν ἄνευ κέντροιο θέοντες.
οὐδ᾽ ἄρ᾽ Ἀθηναίην ἐλεφηράμενος λάθ᾽ Ἀπόλλων
Τυδεΐδην, μάλα δ᾽ ὦκα μετέσσυτο ποιμένα λαῶν,
δῶκε δέ οἱ μάστιγα, μένος δ᾽ ἵπποισιν ἐνῆκεν·
ἡ δὲ μετ᾽ Ἀδμήτου υἱὸν κοτέουσα βεβήκει,

eagerly called to them with words; and very swiftly did they speed over the plain, quickly away from the ships; and beneath their breasts the dust rose on high, like a cloud or a whirlwind, and their manes streamed on the blasts of the wind. And the chariots would now run smoothly over the bounteous earth, and now again would bound on high; and they that drove stood in the chariots, and each man's heart was athrob as they strove for victory; and they called every man to his horses that flew raising the dust of the plain.

But when now the swift horses were completing the last stretch of the course back toward the gray sea, then indeed appeared the worth of each, and the pace of their horses was forced to the utmost. And swiftly then the swift-footed mares of the grandson of Pheres shot to the front, and after them Diomedes' stallions of the breed of Tros; not far behind were they, but close behind, for they seemed ever about to mount on Eumelus' chariot, and with their breath his back grew warm and his broad shoulders, for right over him did they lean their heads as they flew along. And now would Tydeus' son have passed him by or placed the outcome in doubt, had not Phoebus Apollo been resentful of him and struck from his hand the shining whip. Then from his eyes ran tears in his wrath because he saw the mares going even more swiftly than before, while his own horses were hampered, running without goad. But Athene was not unaware that Apollo had cheated the son of Tydeus, and swiftly she sped after the shepherd of men, and gave him back the whip and put might into his horses. Then in her resentment she went after the son of Admetus,

ἵππειον δέ οἱ ἦξε θεὰ ζυγόν· αἱ δέ οἱ ἵπποι
ἀμφὶς ὁδοῦ δραμέτην, ῥυμὸς δ᾽ ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐλύσθη.
αὐτὸς δ᾽ ἐκ δίφροιο παρὰ τροχὸν ἐξεκυλίσθη,
ἀγκῶνάς τε περιδρύφθη στόμα τε ῥῖνάς τε,
θρυλίχθη δὲ μέτωπον ἐπ᾽ ὀφρύσι· τὼ δέ οἱ ὄσσε
δακρυόφι πλῆσθεν, θαλερὴ δέ οἱ ἔσχετο φωνή.
Τυδεΐδης δὲ παρατρέψας ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους,
πολλὸν τῶν ἄλλων ἐξάλμενος· ἐν γὰρ Ἀθήνη
ἵπποις ἧκε μένος καὶ ἐπ᾽ αὐτῷ κῦδος ἔθηκε.
τῷ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐπ᾽ Ἀτρεΐδης εἶχε ξανθὸς Μενέλαος.
Ἀντίλοχος δ᾽ ἵπποισιν ἐκέκλετο πατρὸς ἑοῖο·
"ἔμβητον καὶ σφῶι· τιταίνετον ὅττι τάχιστα.
ἤ τοι μὲν κείνοισιν ἐριζέμεν οὔ τι κελεύω,
Τυδεΐδεω ἵπποισι δαΐφρονος, οἷσιν Ἀθήνη[15]
νῦν ὤρεξε τάχος καὶ ἐπ᾽ αὐτῷ κῦδος ἔθηκεν·
ἵππους δ᾽ Ἀτρεΐδαο κιχάνετε, μηδὲ λίπησθον,
καρπαλίμως, μὴ σφῶιν ἐλεγχείην καταχεύῃ
Αἴθη θῆλυς ἐοῦσα· τί ἢ λείπεσθε, φέριστοι;
ὧδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, καὶ μὴν τετελεσμένον ἔσται·
οὐ σφῶιν κομιδὴ παρὰ Νέστορι ποιμένι λαῶν
ἔσσεται, αὐτίκα δ᾽ ὔμμε κατακτενεῖ ὀξέι χαλκῷ,
αἴ κ᾽ ἀποκηδήσαντε φερώμεθα χεῖρον ἄεθλον.
ἀλλ᾽ ἐφομαρτεῖτον καὶ σπεύδετον ὅττι τάχιστα·
ταῦτα δ᾽ ἐγὼν αὐτὸς τεχνήσομαι ἠδὲ νοήσω,
στεινωπῷ ἐν ὁδῷ παραδύμεναι, οὐδέ με λήσει."
  Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, οἱ δὲ ἄνακτος ὑποδείσαντες ὁμοκλὴν
μᾶλλον ἐπιδραμέτην ὀλίγον χρόνον· αἶψα δ᾽ ἔπειτα
στεῖνος ὁδοῦ κοίλης ἴδεν Ἀντίλοχος μενεχάρμης.

and the goddess broke the yoke of his steeds, and his mares swerved to this side and that of the course, and the pole was swung to the earth; and Eumelus himself was hurled from the chariot beside the wheel, and from his elbows and his mouth and nose the skin was stripped, and his forehead above his brows was bruised; and his eyes were filled with tears and the flow of his voice was checked. Then Tydeus' son turned his single-hoofed horses aside and drove on, darting out far in advance of the rest; for Athene had put might in his horses and given glory to himself. And after him drove the son of Atreus, tawny-haired Menelaus. But Antilochus called to the horses of his father: "Get moving now, you two as well; strain to your utmost speed. With those steeds, though, I do not order you to strive, with the horses of battle-minded Tydeus to which Athene has now given speed and granted glory to himself. But the horses of the son of Atreus overtake quickly, and be not outstripped by them, lest shame be shed on you by Aethe who is but a mare. Why are you outstripped, good steeds? For thus will I speak out, and surely it will be brought to pass: no provisions will there be for you two with Nestor, the shepherd of men, but at once he will slay you with the sharp sword, if through your heedlessness we win but a lesser prize. But come along and hurry as fast as you can, and this will I myself contrive and plan, that we slip past them in the narrow road; it will not escape me."

So he spoke, and they, seized with fear at the rebuke of their lord, ran more swiftly on for a little time, and then quickly did Antilochus, firm in the fight, see a narrow place

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[15] Lines 405 f were rejected by Aristarchus.

ῥωχμὸς ἔην γαίης, ᾗ χειμέριον ἀλὲν ὕδωρ
ἐξέρρηξεν ὁδοῖο, βάθυνε δὲ χῶρον ἅπαντα·[16]
τῇ ῥ' εἶχεν Μενέλαος ἁματροχιὰς ἀλεείνων.
Ἀντίλοχος δὲ παρατρέψας ἔχε μώνυχας ἵππους
ἐκτὸς ὁδοῦ, ὀλίγον δὲ παρακλίνας ἐδίωκεν.
Ἀτρεΐδης δ' ἔδδεισε καὶ Ἀντιλόχῳ ἐγεγώνει·
"Ἀντίλοχ', ἀφραδέως ἱππάζεαι· ἀλλ' ἄνεχ' ἵππους·
στεινωπὸς γὰρ ὁδός, τάχα δ' εὐρυτέρη παρελάσσαι·
μή πως ἀμφοτέρους δηλήσεαι ἅρματι κύρσας."
  Ὣς ἔφατ', Ἀντίλοχος δ' ἔτι καὶ πολὺ μᾶλλον ἔλαυνε
κέντρῳ ἐπισπέρχων, ὡς οὐκ ἀίοντι ἐοικώς.
ὅσσα δὲ δίσκου οὖρα κατωμαδίοιο πέλονται,
ὅν τ' αἰζηὸς ἀφῆκεν ἀνὴρ πειρώμενος ἥβης,
τόσσον ἐπιδραμέτην· αἱ δ' ἠρώησαν ὀπίσσω
Ἀτρεΐδεω· αὐτὸς γὰρ ἑκὼν μεθέηκεν ἐλαύνειν,
μή πως συγκύρσειαν ὁδῷ ἔνι μώνυχες ἵπποι,
δίφρους τ' ἀνστρέψειαν ἐυπλεκέας, κατὰ δ' αὐτοὶ
ἐν κονίῃσι πέσοιεν ἐπειγόμενοι περὶ νίκης.
τὸν καὶ νεικείων προσέφη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος·
"Ἀντίλοχ', οὔ τις σεῖο βροτῶν ὀλοώτερος ἄλλος·
ἔρρ', ἐπεὶ οὔ σ' ἔτυμόν γε φάμεν πεπνῦσθαι Ἀχαιοί.
ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν οὐδ' ὧς ἄτερ ὅρκου οἴσῃ ἄεθλον."
  Ὣς εἰπὼν ἵπποισιν ἐκέκλετο φώνησέν τε·
"μή μοι ἐρύκεσθον μηδ' ἕστατον ἀχνυμένω κῆρ.
φθήσονται τούτοισι πόδες καὶ γοῦνα καμόντα

[16] ἅπαντα: ἔνερθεν.

in the hollow road. A gulley there was in the ground, where the water, swollen by winter rains, had broken away a part of the track and had hollowed all the ground. There drove Menelaus in the hope that no other would drive abreast of him. But Antilochus turned his single-hoofed horses aside, and held them outside the track, and pursued him, a little at one side. And the son of Atreus was seized with fear, and shouted to Antilochus: "Antilochus, you are driving recklessly; rein in your horses! Here the track is narrow, but soon it will be wider for passing; see that you not do harm to us both by striking my chariot."

So he spoke, but Antilochus drove on even the more hotly, and plied the goad, like one who heard not. And as far as is the range of a discus swung from the shoulder, which a young man hurls making trial of his strength, so far they ran on; but the mares of the son of Atreus fell back, for of his own will he left off driving them, lest perhaps the single-hoofed horses should clash together in the track and overturn the well-plaited cars, and themselves be hurled in the dust in their eager haste for victory. Then tawny-haired Menelaus rebuked Antilochus, and said: "Antilochus, no other of mortals is more baneful than you. Go on, since falsely did we Achaeans think you wise. But even so you will surely not win the prize without an oath."[4]

So saying, he shouted to his horses, and said: "Hold not back, and do not stop with dismay at heart. Their feet and

[4] Without giving an oath, i.e. that he had used no trickery in the race; cf. 585. This of course Antilochus could not do. M.

ἢ ὑμῖν· ἄμφω γὰρ ἀτέμβονται νεότητος."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ ἄνακτος ὑποδδείσαντες ὁμοκλὴν
μᾶλλον ἐπιδραμέτην, τάχα δέ σφισιν ἄγχι γένοντο.
Ἀργεῖοι δ' ἐν ἀγῶνι καθήμενοι εἰσορόωντο
ἵππους· τοὶ δ' ἐπέτοντο κονίοντες πεδίοιο.
πρῶτος δ' Ἰδομενεὺς Κρητῶν ἀγὸς ἐφράσαθ' ἵππους·
ἧστο γὰρ ἐκτὸς ἀγῶνος ὑπέρτατος ἐν περιωπῇ·
τοῖο δ' ἄνευθεν ἐόντος ὁμοκλητῆρος ἀκούσας
ἔγνω, φράσσατο δ' ἵππον ἀριπρεπέα προὔχοντα,
ὃς τὸ μὲν ἄλλο τόσον φοῖνιξ ἦν, ἐν δὲ μετώπῳ
λευκὸν σῆμα τέτυκτο περίτροχον ἠύτε μήνη.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·
"ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
οἶος ἐγὼν ἵππους αὐγάζομαι ἦε καὶ ὑμεῖς;
ἄλλοι μοι δοκέουσι παροίτεροι ἔμμεναι ἵπποι,
ἄλλος δ' ἡνίοχος ἰνδάλλεται· αἱ δέ που αὐτοῦ
ἔβλαβεν ἐν πεδίῳ, αἳ κεῖσέ γε φέρτεραι ἦσαν·
ἤ τοι γὰρ τὰς πρῶτα ἴδον περὶ τέρμα βαλούσας,
νῦν δ' οὔ πῃ δύναμαι ἰδέειν, πάντῃ δέ μοι ὄσσε
Τρωικὸν ἂμ πεδίον παπταίνετον εἰσορόωντι.
ἠὲ τὸν ἡνίοχον φύγον ἡνία, οὐδὲ δυνάσθη
εὖ σχεθέειν περὶ τέρμα, καὶ οὐκ ἐτύχησεν ἑλίξας·
ἔνθα μιν ἐκπεσέειν ὀίω σύν θ' ἅρματα ἆξαι,
αἱ δ' ἐξηρώησαν, ἐπεὶ μένος ἔλλαβε θυμόν.
ἀλλὰ ἴδεσθε καὶ ὔμμες ἀνασταδόν· οὐ γὰρ ἐγώ γε
εὖ διαγιγνώσκω· δοκέει δέ μοι ἔμμεναι ἀνὴρ
Αἰτωλὸς γενεήν, μετὰ δ' Ἀργείοισιν ἀνάσσει,[17]

knees will grow weary before yours do, for they both are lacking in youth."

So he spoke, and they, seized with fear at the rebuke of their lord, ran more swiftly on, and quickly came close to the others.

But the Argives sitting in the place of assembly were looking out toward the horses that flew raising the dust over the plain. And the first to catch sight of them was Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, for he sat apart from the assembly, the highest of all, in a lookout place, and when he heard the voice of him who urged his horses, though far off, he recognized it; and he noticed a horse showing clear to view in front, one that was a bay all the rest of him, but on his forehead was a white spot round like the moon. And he stood up, and spoke among the Argives saying: "My friends, leaders and rulers of the Argives, is it I alone who discern the horses, or do you as well? Other horses seem to be now in front, and another charioteer appears; and the mares I expect have come to harm out there in the plain, they that were superior on the outward course. For in truth I noticed them sweeping first about the turning post, but now I can nowhere see them, though my eyes glance everywhere over the Trojan plain as I look out. Did the reins perhaps slip from the charioteer, and was he unable to hold his course well about the post, and did he fail in the turn? There, I suspect, he must have been hurled to earth, and have wrecked his chariot, and the mares must have swerved from the course in wild terror of heart. But you stand up also, and look; for myself I discern not clearly, but the man seems to me to be an Aetolian by race, and is

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[17] Line 471 was rejected by Aristarchus.

Τυδέος ἱπποδάμου υἱός, κρατερὸς Διομήδης."
Τὸν δ' αἰσχρῶς ἐνένιπεν Ὀιλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας·
"Ἰδομενεῦ, τί πάρος λαβρεύεαι; αἱ δ' ἔτ' ἄνευθεν
ἵπποι ἀερσίποδες πολέος πεδίοιο δίενται.
οὔτε νεώτατός ἐσσι μετ' Ἀργείοισι τοσοῦτον,
οὔτε τοι ὀξύτατον κεφαλῆς ἐκ δέρκεται ὄσσε·
ἀλλ' αἰεὶ μύθοις λαβρεύεαι· οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ
λαβραγόρην ἔμεναι· πάρα γὰρ καὶ ἀμείνονες ἄλλοι.[18]
ἵπποι δ' αὐταὶ ἔασι παροίτεραι, αἳ τὸ πάρος περ,
Εὐμήλου, ἐν δ' αὐτὸς ἔχων εὔληρα βέβηκε."
Τὸν δὲ χολωσάμενος Κρητῶν ἀγὸς ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"Αἶαν, νεῖκος ἄριστε, κακοφραδές, ἄλλα τε πάντα
δεύεαι Ἀργείων, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής.
δεῦρό νυν, ἢ τρίποδος περιδώμεθα ἠὲ λέβητος,
ἵστορα δ' Ἀτρεΐδην Ἀγαμέμνονα θείομεν ἄμφω,
ὁππότεραι πρόσθ' ἵπποι, ἵνα γνώῃς ἀποτίνων."
Ὣς ἔφατ', ὄρνυτο δ' αὐτίκ' Ὀιλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας
χωόμενος χαλεποῖσιν ἀμείψασθαι ἐπέεσσι·
καί νύ κε δὴ προτέρω ἔτ' ἔρις γένετ' ἀμφοτέροισιν,
εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλεὺς αὐτὸς ἀνίστατο καὶ φάτο μῦθον·
"μηκέτι νῦν χαλεποῖσιν ἀμείβεσθον ἐπέεσσιν,
Αἶαν Ἰδομενεῦ τε, κακοῖς, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ ἔοικε.
καὶ δ' ἄλλῳ νεμεσᾶτον, ὅτις τοιαῦτά γε ῥέζοι.
ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς ἐν ἀγῶνι καθήμενοι εἰσοράασθε
ἵππους· οἱ δὲ τάχ' αὐτοὶ ἐπειγόμενοι περὶ νίκης
ἐνθάδ' ἐλεύσονται· τότε δὲ γνώσεσθε ἕκαστος

[18] Line 479 was rejected by Aristarchus.

king among the Argives, the son of horse-taming Tydeus, mighty Diomedes."

Then shamefully rebuked him swift Aias, son of Oïleus: "Idomeneus, why have you always had such a big mouth? Still afar off are the high-stepping mares speeding over the wide plain. Neither are you so far the youngest among the Argives, nor do your eyes look out from your head so far the sharpest; yet you always have a big mouth. You must not be a big-mouth, for here are others better than you. The same mares are in the lead that were leading before, those of Eumelus, and he himself stands firmly in the chariot and holds the reins."

Then the leader of the Cretans grew angry and spoke in answer: "Aias, excellent in rebuke, witless in counsel, in all things else you fall behind the other Argives, for your mind is harsh. Come now, let us wager a tripod or a cauldron, and as umpire let us choose Atreus' son Agamemnon, as to which mares are in the lead—so that you may learn by paying the price."

So he spoke, and immediately leapt up swift Aias, son of Oïleus, angered, to answer him with harsh words; and yet further would the strife between the two have gone, if Achilles himself had not stood up and spoken, saying: "No longer now, Aias and Idomeneus, answer one another with harsh words, with evil words, since that is not right. You would be indignant with anyone else who acted like this. But sit down in the place of assembly and look out for the horses; soon in their eager haste for victory they will come here, and then you will recognize, each man of you, the

ἵππους Ἀργείων, οἳ δεύτεροι οἵ τε πάροιθεν."
  Ὣς φάτο, Τυδεΐδης δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν ἦλθε διώκων,
μάστι δ' αἰὲν ἔλαυνε κατωμαδόν· οἱ δέ οἱ ἵπποι
ὑψόσ' ἀειρέσθην ῥίμφα πρήσσοντε κέλευθον.
αἰεὶ δ' ἡνίοχον κονίης ῥαθάμιγγες ἔβαλλον,
ἅρματα δὲ χρυσῷ πεπυκασμένα κασσιτέρῳ τε
ἵπποις ὠκυπόδεσσιν ἐπέτρεχον· οὐδέ τι πολλὴ
γίγνετ' ἐπισσώτρων ἁρματροχιὴ κατόπισθεν
ἐν λεπτῇ κονίῃ· τὼ δὲ σπεύδοντε πετέσθην.
στῆ δὲ μέσῳ ἐν ἀγῶνι, πολὺς δ' ἀνεκήκιεν ἱδρὼς
ἵππων ἔκ τε λόφων καὶ ἀπὸ στέρνοιο χαμᾶζε.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐκ δίφροιο χαμαὶ θόρε παμφανόωντος,
κλῖνε δ' ἄρα μάστιγα ποτὶ ζυγόν. οὐδὲ μάτησεν
ἴφθιμος Σθένελος, ἀλλ' ἐσσυμένως λάβ' ἄεθλον,
δῶκε δ' ἄγειν ἑτάροισιν ὑπερθύμοισι γυναῖκα
καὶ τρίποδ' ὠτώεντα φέρειν· ὁ δ' ἔλυεν ὑφ' ἵππους.
  Τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀντίλοχος Νηλήιος ἤλασεν ἵππους,
κέρδεσιν, οὔ τι τάχει γε, παραφθάμενος Μενέλαον·
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὧς Μενέλαος ἔχ' ἐγγύθεν ὠκέας ἵππους·
ὅσσον δὲ τροχοῦ ἵππος ἀφίσταται, ὅς ῥα ἄνακτα
ἕλκῃσιν πεδίοιο τιταινόμενος σὺν ὄχεσφι·
τοῦ μέν τε ψαύουσιν ἐπισσώτρου τρίχες ἄκραι
οὐραῖαι· ὁ δέ τ' ἄγχι μάλα τρέχει, οὐδέ τι πολλὴ
χώρη μεσσηγύς, πολέος πεδίοιο θέοντος·
τόσσον δὴ Μενέλαος ἀμύμονος Ἀντιλόχοιο
λείπετ'· ἀτὰρ τὰ πρῶτα καὶ ἐς δίσκουρα λέλειπτο,
ἀλλά μιν αἶψα κίχανεν· ὀφέλλετο γὰρ μένος ἠὺ
ἵππου τῆς Ἀγαμεμνονέης, καλλίτριχος Αἴθης·

horses of the Argives, which are behind and which in the lead."

So he spoke, and Tydeus' son came riding up, and with his whip dealt many a stroke down from the shoulder; and his horses stepped high as they swiftly sped on their way. And ever did specks of dust strike the charioteer, and his chariot overlaid with gold and tin ran on behind the swift-footed horses, and little trace was there of the wheel rims behind in the light dust, as the two flew speeding on. Then he drew up in the center of the place of assembly, and in streams the sweat welled up from the necks and chests of the horses to the ground. And Diomedes himself leapt to the ground from his gleaming chariot, and leaned the whip against the yoke. Nor did mighty Sthenelus lose any time, but eagerly took the prize and gave to his comrades to take away, high of heart, the woman and the eared tripod; and himself loosed the horses from beneath the yoke.

And next after him Antilochus of the stock of Neleus drove his horses, since by guile, and not at all by speed, had he outstripped Menelaus; but even so Menelaus guided his swift horses close behind. Far as a horse is from the wheel, a horse that draws his lord over the plain and strains at the chariot—the rim of its wheels do the hindmost hairs of his tail touch, for it runs close behind, and but little space is there between as he runs over the wide plain—by so much was Menelaus behind incomparable Antilochus, though at the first he was behind as far as a man hurls the discus; but quickly he was overtaking Antilochus, for the noble might of the mare of Agamemnon, fair-maned

εἰ δέ κ᾽ ἔτι προτέρω γένετο δρόμος ἀμφοτέροισι,
τῶ κέν μιν παρέλασσ᾽ οὐδ᾽[19] ἀμφήριστον ἔθηκεν.
αὐτὰρ Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἐῢς Ἰδομενῆος,
λείπετ᾽ ἀγακλῆος Μενελάου δουρὸς ἐρωήν·
βάρδιστοι μὲν γάρ οἱ ἔσαν καλλίτριχες ἵπποι,
ἥκιστος δ᾽ ἦν αὐτὸς ἐλαυνέμεν ἅρμ᾽ ἐν ἀγῶνι.
υἱὸς δ᾽ Ἀδμήτοιο πανύστατος ἤλυθεν ἄλλων,
ἕλκων ἅρματα καλά, ἐλαύνων πρόσσοθεν[20] ἵππους.
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ᾤκτειρε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
στὰς δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐν Ἀργείοις ἔπεα πτερόεντ᾽ ἀγόρευε·
"λοῖσθος ἀνὴρ ὤριστος ἐλαύνει μώνυχας ἵππους·
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε δή οἱ δῶμεν ἀέθλιον, ὡς ἐπιεικές,
δεύτερ᾽· ἀτὰρ τὰ πρῶτα φερέσθω Τυδέος υἱός."
  Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, οἱ δ᾽ ἄρα πάντες ἐπῄνεον ὡς ἐκέλευε.
καί νύ κέ οἱ πόρεν ἵππον, ἐπῄνησαν γὰρ Ἀχαιοί,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ᾽ Ἀντίλοχος μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱὸς
Πηλεΐδην Ἀχιλῆα δίκῃ ἠμείψατ᾽ ἀναστάς·
"ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ, μάλα τοι κεχολώσομαι, αἴ κε τελέσσῃς
τοῦτο ἔπος· μέλλεις γὰρ ἀφαιρήσεσθαι ἄεθλον,
τὰ φρονέων ὅτι οἱ βλάβεν ἅρματα καὶ ταχέ᾽ ἵππω
αὐτός τ᾽ ἐσθλὸς ἐών· ἀλλ᾽ ὤφελεν ἀθανάτοισιν
εὔχεσθαι· τῶ κ᾽ οὔ τι πανύστατος ἦλθε διώκων.
εἰ δέ μιν οἰκτείρεις καί τοι φίλος ἔπλετο θυμῷ,
ἔστι τοι ἐν κλισίῃ χρυσὸς πολύς, ἔστι δὲ χαλκὸς
καὶ πρόβατ᾽, εἰσὶ δέ τοι δμῳαὶ καὶ μώνυχες ἵπποι·
τῶν οἱ ἔπειτ᾽ ἀνελὼν δόμεναι καὶ μεῖζον ἄεθλον,
ἠὲ καὶ αὐτίκα νῦν, ἵνα σ᾽ αἰνήσωσιν Ἀχαιοί.

Aethe, was increasing. And if the course had been still longer for the two of them, then he would have passed him by, nor have made the outcome in doubt. But Meriones, mighty attendant of Idomeneus, was a spear-cast behind glorious Menelaus, for slowest of all were his fair-maned horses, and he himself weakest in driving a chariot in the race. And the son of Admetus came in last, behind all the rest, dragging his fair chariot and driving his horses before him. And at sight of him swift-footed, noble Achilles had pity and he stood up among the Argives, and spoke winged words: "In the last place drives his single-hoofed horses the man who is far the best. But come, let us give him a prize, as is proper, a prize for the second place; but the first let the son of Tydeus carry away."

So he spoke, and they all assented just as he commanded. And now would he have given him the mare—for the Achaeans assented to it—if Antilochus, son of great-hearted Nestor, had not risen and answered Achilles, son of Peleus, to claim his due: "Achilles, I shall be very angry with you if you complete this word, for you are about to rob me of my prize, with this in mind, that his chariot and his swift horses came to harm, and he himself, good man though he is. But he should have made prayer to the immortals, then he would not have come in last of all in the race. But if you pity him, and he is dear to your heart, in your hut there is much gold, and bronze is there and sheep, and handmaids too, and single-hoofed horses. Later on take from these and give him even a better prize, or even now at once, so that the Achaeans may applaud you. But

19 παρέλασσ' οὐδ': παρέλασσεν ἢ Zenodotus.
20 πρόσσοθεν: ὠκέας Zenodotus.

τὴν δ' ἐγὼ οὐ δώσω· περὶ δ' αὐτῆς πειρηθήτω
ἀνδρῶν ὅς κ' ἐθέλῃσιν ἐμοὶ χείρεσσι μάχεσθαι."
"Ὣς φάτο, μείδησεν δὲ ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς
χαίρων Ἀντιλόχῳ, ὅτι οἱ φίλος ἦεν ἑταῖρος·
καί μιν ἀμειβόμενος ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ἀντίλοχ', εἰ μὲν δή με κελεύεις οἴκοθεν ἄλλο
Εὐμήλῳ ἐπιδοῦναι, ἐγὼ δέ κε καὶ τὸ τελέσσω.
δώσω οἱ θώρηκα, τὸν Ἀστεροπαῖον ἀπηύρων,
χάλκεον, ᾧ πέρι χεῦμα φαεινοῦ κασσιτέροιο
ἀμφιδεδίνηται· πολέος δέ οἱ ἄξιον ἔσται."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ Αὐτομέδοντι φίλῳ ἐκέλευσεν ἑταίρῳ
οἰσέμεναι κλισίηθεν· ὁ δ' ᾤχετο καί οἱ ἔνεικεν,
Εὐμήλῳ δ' ἐν χερσὶ τίθει· ὁ δὲ δέξατο χαίρων.[21]
Τοῖσι δὲ καὶ Μενέλαος ἀνίστατο θυμὸν ἀχεύων,
Ἀντιλόχῳ ἄμοτον κεχολωμένος· ἐν δ' ἄρα κῆρυξ
χειρὶ σκῆπτρον ἔθηκε, σιωπῆσαί τε κέλευσεν
Ἀργείους· ὁ δ' ἔπειτα μετηύδα ἰσόθεος φώς·
"Ἀντίλοχε, πρόσθεν πεπνυμένε, ποῖον ἔρεξας.
ᾔσχυνας μὲν ἐμὴν ἀρετήν, βλάψας δέ μοι ἵππους,
τοὺς σοὺς πρόσθε βαλών, οἵ τοι πολὺ χείρονες ἦσαν.
ἀλλ' ἄγετ', Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες,
ἐς μέσον ἀμφοτέροισι δικάσσατε, μηδ' ἐπ' ἀρωγῇ,
μή ποτέ τις εἴπῃσιν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων·
'Ἀντίλοχον ψεύδεσσι βιησάμενος Μενέλαος
οἴχεται ἵππον ἄγων, ὅτι οἱ πολὺ χείρονες ἦσαν
ἵπποι, αὐτὸς δὲ κρείσσων ἀρετῇ τε βίῃ τε.'
εἰ δ' ἄγ' ἐγὼν αὐτὸς δικάσω, καί μ' οὔ τινά φημι
ἄλλον ἐπιπλήξειν Δαναῶν· ἰθεῖα γὰρ ἔσται.

the mare I will not give up; for her let any man that is so minded try to do battle with me by might of hand."

So he spoke, and swift-footed noble Achilles smiled, rejoicing in Antilochus because he was his dear comrade; and he made answer, and spoke to him winged words: "Antilochus, if you will have me give Eumelus some other thing out of my house as a further prize, this I will do. I will give him the corselet that I took from Asteropaeus; it is bronze, and on it is set in circles an overlay of bright tin, and it will be to him a thing of great worth."

He spoke, and told his dear comrade Automedon to bring it from the hut; and he went and brought it, and placed it in Eumelus' hands, and he received it gladly.

Then among them rose up also Menelaus, grieved at heart, furiously angry at Antilochus; and a herald placed the staff in his hand and ordered silence among the Argives; and then spoke among them the godlike man: "Antilochus, once wise, what a thing you have done! You have put my skill to shame and have thwarted my horses, thrusting to the front your own that were far lesser. Come now, you leaders and rulers of the Argives, judge rightly between us two, and not with partiality, lest in future some one of the bronze-clad Achaeans shall say: 'Over Antilochus did Menelaus prevail by deceit, and went away with the mare because his horses were far lesser, but he himself the mightier in worth and in power.' But I will myself declare what is right, and I think that no other of the Danaans will rebuke me, for my judgment will be just.

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[21] Line 565 is omitted in the best MSS.

Ἀντίλοχ᾽, εἰ δ᾽ ἄγε δεῦρο, διοτρεφές, ἣ θέμις ἐστί,[22]
στὰς ἵππων προπάροιθε καὶ ἅρματος, αὐτὰρ ἱμάσθλην
χερσὶν ἔχε ῥαδινήν, ᾗ περ τὸ πρόσθεν ἔλαυνες,
ἵππων ἁψάμενος γαιήοχον Ἐννοσίγαιον
ὄμνυθι μὴ μὲν ἑκὼν τὸ ἐμὸν δόλῳ ἅρμα πεδῆσαι."
  Τὸν δ᾽ αὖτ᾽ Ἀντίλοχος πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"ἄνσχεο νῦν· πολλὸν γὰρ ἐγώ γε νεώτερός εἰμι
σεῖο, ἄναξ Μενέλαε, σὺ δὲ πρότερος καὶ ἀρείων.
οἶσθ᾽ οἷαι νέου ἀνδρὸς ὑπερβασίαι τελέθουσι·
κραιπνότερος μὲν γάρ τε νόος, λεπτὴ δέ τε μῆτις.
τῶ τοι ἐπιτλήτω κραδίη· ἵππον δέ τοι αὐτὸς
δώσω, τὴν ἀρόμην. εἰ καί νύ κεν οἴκοθεν ἄλλο
μεῖζον ἐπαιτήσειας, ἄφαρ κέ τοι αὐτίκα δοῦναι
βουλοίμην ἢ σοί γε, διοτρεφές, ἤματα πάντα
ἐκ θυμοῦ πεσέειν καὶ δαίμοσιν εἶναι ἀλιτρός."
  Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἵππον ἄγων μεγαθύμου Νέστορος υἱὸς
ἐν χείρεσσι τίθει Μενελάου· τοῖο δὲ θυμὸς
ἰάνθη ὡς εἴ τε περὶ σταχύεσσιν ἐέρση
ληίου ἀλδήσκοντος, ὅτε φρίσσουσιν ἄρουραι·
ὣς ἄρα σοί, Μενέλαε, μετὰ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἰάνθη.
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Ἀντίλοχε, νῦν μέν τοι ἐγὼν ὑποείξομαι αὐτὸς
χωόμενος, ἐπεὶ οὔ τι παρήορος οὐδ᾽ ἀεσίφρων
ἦσθα πάρος· νῦν αὖτε νόον νίκησε νεοίη.
δεύτερον αὖτ᾽ ἀλέασθαι ἀμείνονας ἠπεροπεύειν.
οὐ γάρ κέν με τάχ᾽ ἄλλος ἀνὴρ παρέπεισεν Ἀχαιῶν·
ἀλλὰ σὺ γὰρ δὴ πόλλ᾽ ἔπαθες καὶ πόλλ᾽ ἐμόγησας,

Antilochus, nurtured by Zeus, come here and, as is the custom, stand before your horses and chariot, and take in hand the slender whip with which you were driving just now, and laying your hand on your horses swear by him who holds and shakes the earth that not of your own will did you hinder my chariot by guile."

Then in turn wise Antilochus answered him: "Bear with me now, for far younger am I than you, king Menelaus, and you are the elder and the better man. You know of what sort are the transgressions of a young man, for too hasty is his mind and but slender is his device. So let your heart endure it; the mare that I have won I will give you of my own free will. And if you should ask some other greater thing from my house, at once I would be eager to give it to you, rather than all my days be cast out of your heart, you who were nurtured by Zeus, and be culpable in the eyes of the gods."

So spoke the son of great-hearted Nestor and led up the mare, and gave her into the hands of Menelaus. And his heart was warmed like the grain when it grows ripe with the dew on the ears, when the fields are bristling. Even so, Menelaus, was your heart warmed in your breast. Then he spoke winged words to Antilochos, saying: "Antilochus, now I of myself cease from my anger against you, since not at all flighty or foolish were you before, though now your youth has got the better of your reason. In future seek not to outwit your betters. Surely not so soon would another of the Achaeans have persuaded me, but you have suffered

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[22] Line 581 was rejected by Aristarchus.

σός τε πατὴρ ἀγαθὸς καὶ ἀδελφεὸς εἵνεκ' ἐμεῖο·
τῷ τοι λισσομένῳ ἐπιπείσομαι, ἠδὲ καὶ ἵππον
δώσω ἐμήν περ ἐοῦσαν, ἵνα γνώωσι καὶ οἵδε
ὡς ἐμὸς οὔ ποτε θυμὸς ὑπερφίαλος καὶ ἀπηνής."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ Ἀντιλόχοιο Νοήμονι δῶκεν ἑταίρῳ
ἵππον ἄγειν· ὁ δ' ἔπειτα λέβηθ' ἕλε παμφανόωντα.
Μηριόνης δ' ἀνάειρε δύω χρυσοῖο τάλαντα
τέτρατος, ὡς ἔλασεν. πέμπτον δ' ὑπελείπετ' ἄεθλον,
ἀμφίθετος φιάλη· τὴν Νέστορι δῶκεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
Ἀργείων ἀν' ἀγῶνα φέρων, καὶ ἔειπε παραστάς·
"τῆ νῦν, καὶ σοὶ τοῦτο, γέρον, κειμήλιον ἔστω,
Πατρόκλοιο τάφου μνῆμ' ἔμμεναι· οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' αὐτὸν
ὄψῃ ἐν Ἀργείοισι· δίδωμι δέ τοι τόδ' ἄεθλον
αὔτως· οὐ γὰρ πύξ γε μαχήσεαι, οὐδὲ παλαίσεις,
οὐδ' ἔτ' ἀκοντιστὺν ἐσδύσεαι, οὐδὲ πόδεσσι
θεύσεαι· ἤδη γὰρ χαλεπὸν κατὰ γῆρας ἐπείγει."[23]
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ τίθει· ὁ δ' ἐδέξατο χαίρων,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, τέκος, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες·
οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἔμπεδα γυῖα, φίλος, πόδες, οὐδ' ἔτι χεῖρες
ὤμων ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἐπαΐσσονται ἐλαφραί.
εἴθ' ὣς ἡβώοιμι βίη τέ μοι ἔμπεδος εἴη
ὡς ὁπότε κρείοντ' Ἀμαρυγκέα θάπτον Ἐπειοὶ
Βουπρασίῳ, παῖδες δὲ θέσαν βασιλῆος ἄεθλα·
ἔνθ' οὔ τίς μοι ὁμοῖος ἀνὴρ γένετ', οὔτ' ἄρ' Ἐπειῶν
οὔτ' αὐτῶν Πυλίων οὔτ' Αἰτωλῶν μεγαθύμων·
πὺξ μὲν ἐνίκησα Κλυτομήδεα, Ἤνοπος υἱόν,

greatly and toiled greatly, you and your good father and your brother, for my sake; so I will hear your prayer, and will give you the mare, though she is mine, so that these too may know that my heart is never over-haughty or unbending."

He spoke, and gave the mare to Noëmon, the comrade of Antilochus, to lead away, and himself then took the shining cauldron. And Meriones took up the two talents of gold in the fourth place, just as he had driven; but the fifth prize was left unclaimed, the two-handled urn. To Nestor Achilles gave this, carrying it through the assembly of the Argives; and he came up to him, and said "Take this now, old man, and let it be a treasure for you, a memorial of Patroclus' burying; for nevermore will you look on him among the Argives. I give you this prize unwon; for not in boxing will you contend, nor in wrestling, nor will you enter the javelin contest, nor run on your feet; for now grievous old age weighs heavy on you."

So saying he placed the urn in his arms, and Nestor received it joyfully, and spoke, and addressed him with winged words : "Yes, surely, my son, all this have you spoken properly, for my limbs are no longer firm, my friend, my feet, that is, nor do my arms as of old dart out lightly from my shoulders on either side. I wish that I were as young and my strength were as firm as on the day when the Epeians were burying lord Amaryneeus at Buprasium, and his sons set out prizes in honor of the king. Then was there no man who proved himself my peer, neither of the Epeians nor of Pylians themselves nor of the great-hearted Aetolians. In boxing I overcame Clytomedes, son

23 ἐπείγει: ἔπεισιν, ἱκάνει.

Ἀγκαῖον δὲ πάλῃ Πλευρώνιον, ὅς μοι ἀνέστη·
Ἴφικλον δὲ πόδεσσι παρέδραμον ἐσθλὸν ἐόντα,
δουρὶ δ' ὑπειρέβαλον Φυλῆά τε καὶ Πολύδωρον.
οἴοισίν μ' ἵπποισι παρήλασαν Ἀκτορίωνε,
πλήθει πρόσθε βαλόντες, ἀγασσάμενοι περὶ νίκης,
οὕνεκα δὴ τὰ μέγιστα παρ' αὐτόθι λείπετ' ἄεθλα.
οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἔσαν δίδυμοι· ὁ μὲν ἔμπεδον ἡνιόχευεν,
ἔμπεδον ἡνιόχευ', ὁ δ' ἄρα μάστιγι κέλευεν.
ὥς ποτ' ἔον· νῦν αὖτε νεώτεροι ἀντιοώντων
ἔργων τοιούτων· ἐμὲ δὲ χρὴ γήραϊ λυγρῷ
πείθεσθαι, τότε δ' αὖτε μετέπρεπον ἡρώεσσιν.
ἀλλ' ἴθι καὶ σὸν ἑταῖρον ἀέθλοισι κτερέιζε.
τοῦτο δ' ἐγὼ πρόφρων δέχομαι, χαίρει δέ μοι ἦτορ,
ὥς μευ ἀεὶ μέμνησαι ἐνηέος, οὐδέ σε λήθω
τιμῆς θ' ἧς τέ μ' ἔοικε τετιμῆσθαι μετ' Ἀχαιοῖς.
σοὶ δὲ θεοὶ τῶνδ' ἀντὶ χάριν μενοεικέα δοῖεν."
  Ὣς φάτο, Πηλεΐδης δὲ πολὺν καθ' ὅμιλον Ἀχαιῶν
ᾤχετ', ἐπεὶ πάντ' αἶνον ἐπέκλυε Νηλεΐδαο.
αὐτὰρ ὁ πυγμαχίης ἀλεγεινῆς θῆκεν ἄεθλα·
ἡμίονον ταλαεργὸν ἄγων κατέδησ' ἐν ἀγῶνι
ἑξέτε' ἀδμήτην, ἥ τ' ἀλγίστη δαμάσασθαι·
τῷ δ' ἄρα νικηθέντι τίθει δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον.

[5] It seems impossible to give a satisfactory interpretation of the enigmatic phrase πλήθει πρόσθε βαλόντες. Aristarchus held that the Actoriones derived an advantage from their composite form—one body with two heads, four arms and four legs—but that Nestor's protest against this was overruled. Two other explanations are given by the Scholiast: (1) that the Actoriones entered

of Enops, and in wrestling Ancaeus of Pleuron, who stood up to face me; Iphiclus I outran in the foot race, good man though he was; and in casting the spear I outthrew Phyleus and Polydorus. In the chariot race alone the two sons of Actor outstripped me by force of numbers[5] crowding their horses to the front, begrudging me the victory because the best prize yet remained there.[6] Twin brothers they were—the one drove with sure hand, drove with sure hand, while the other plied the whip. Thus I was once, but now let men who are younger face tasks like this; I must yield to grievous old age, but then I was preeminent among warriors. But come, for your comrade too hold funeral rites with contests. For this gift, I receive it with gladness, and my heart rejoices that you remember me as your friend, and do not forget the honor with which it is right that I be honored among the Achaeans. And to you may the gods in return for these things grant favor to satisfy your heart."

So he spoke, and the son of Peleus went through the great throng of the Achaeans when he had heard the entire tale of the son of Neleus. Then he set out prizes for painful boxing. A sturdy mule he brought and tethered in the place of assembly, an unbroken mule of six years, which is hardest of all to break; and for the loser he set out a two-

more than one chariot, and so impeded their rivals; (2) that the majority of those taking part in the race conspired to give them an unfair advantage at the start. M.

[6] I take the meaning of this passage to be the following: Nestor had been successful in all four preceding contests, but the prizes for the chariot race—the most important of all—yet remained there, unwon. The Actoriones hoped that by winning the chief prize they might lessen the humiliation of their previous defeats. M.

στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·
"Ἀτρεΐδη τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,
ἄνδρε δύω περὶ τῶνδε κελεύομεν, ὥ περ ἀρίστω,
πὺξ μάλ' ἀνασχομένω πεπληγέμεν· ᾧ δέ κ' Ἀπόλλων
δώῃ καμμονίην, γνώωσι δὲ πάντες Ἀχαιοί,
ἡμίονον ταλαεργὸν ἄγων κλισίηνδε νεέσθω·
αὐτὰρ ὁ νικηθεὶς δέπας οἴσεται ἀμφικύπελλον."
Ὣς ἔφατ', ὄρνυτο δ' αὐτίκ' ἀνὴρ ἠΰς τε μέγας τε
εἰδὼς πυγμαχίης, υἱὸς Πανοπῆος Ἐπειός,
ἅψατο δ' ἡμιόνου ταλαεργοῦ φώνησέν τε·
"ἆσσον ἴτω ὅς τις δέπας οἴσεται ἀμφικύπελλον·
ἡμίονον δ' οὔ φημί τιν' ἀξέμεν ἄλλον Ἀχαιῶν
πυγμῇ νικήσαντ', ἐπεὶ εὔχομαι εἶναι ἄριστος.
ἦ οὐχ ἅλις ὅττι μάχης ἐπιδεύομαι; οὐδ' ἄρα πως ἦν
ἐν πάντεσσ' ἔργοισι δαήμονα φῶτα γενέσθαι.
ὧδε γὰρ ἐξερέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·
ἀντικρὺ χρόα τε ῥήξω σύν τ' ὀστέ' ἀράξω.
κηδεμόνες δέ οἱ ἐνθάδ' ἀολλέες αὖθι μενόντων,
οἵ κέ μιν ἐξοίσουσιν ἐμῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶ δαμέντα."
Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ.
Εὐρύαλος δέ οἱ οἶος ἀνίστατο, ἰσόθεος φώς,
Μηκιστῆος υἱὸς Ταλαϊονίδαο ἄνακτος,
ὅς ποτε Θήβασδ' ἦλθε δεδουπότος Οἰδιπόδαο
ἐς τάφον· ἔνθα δὲ πάντας ἐνίκα Καδμείωνας.
τὸν μὲν Τυδεΐδης δουρικλυτὸς ἀμφεπονεῖτο
θαρσύνων ἔπεσιν, μέγα δ' αὐτῷ βούλετο νίκην.
ζῶμα δέ οἱ πρῶτον παρακάββαλεν, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
δῶκεν ἱμάντας ἐυτμήτους βοὸς ἀγραύλοιο.

handled cup. Then he stood up, and spoke among the Argives, saying: "Son of Atreus, and you other well-greaved Achaeans, for these prizes we urge two warriors, the best there are, to lift up their hands and box. Let him to whom Apollo will grant strength to endure, and all the Achaeans have knowledge of it, go back to his hut leading the sturdy mule; but the loser will take as his prize the two-handled cup."

So he spoke, and immediately rose up a man powerful and tall, well skilled in boxing, Epeius, son of Panopeus; and he laid hold of the sturdy mule, and spoke, saying: "Let him come on, whoever is to take as his prize the two-handled cup: the mule I say that no other of the Achaeans will lead away by defeating me with his fists, since I claim to be the best man. Is it not enough that I fall short in battle? One may not, it seems, prove a man of skill in all works. For so I will speak, and surely this thing will be brought to pass: utterly I will tear his flesh and crush his bones. So let the next of kin remain here in a throng, so that they may carry him out when vanquished at my hands."

So he spoke, and they all became hushed in silence. Euryalus alone rose up to face him, a godlike man, son of king Mecisteus, son of Talaus, who once had come to Thebes for the burial of Oedipus when he had fallen, and there had defeated all the sons of Cadmus. And Tydeus' son, famed for his spear, attended to Euryalus, encouraging him with words, and he was very eager for him to have victory. A belt first he cast about him, and then gave him well-cut thongs of the hide of an ox of the field. So the two,

τὼ δὲ ζωσαμένω βήτην ἐς μέσσον ἀγῶνα,
ἄντα δ' ἀνασχομένω χερσὶ στιβαρῇσιν ἅμ' ἄμφω
σύν ῥ' ἔπεσον, σὺν δέ σφι βαρεῖαι χεῖρες ἔμιχθεν.
δεινὸς δὲ χρόμαδος γενύων γένετ', ἔρρεε δ' ἱδρὼς
πάντοθεν ἐκ μελέων· ἐπὶ δ' ὄρνυτο δῖος Ἐπειός,
κόψε δὲ παπτήναντα παρήιον· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτι δὴν
ἑστήκειν· αὐτοῦ γὰρ ὑπήριπε φαίδιμα γυῖα.
ὡς δ' ὅθ' ὑπὸ φρικὸς Βορέω ἀναπάλλεται ἰχθὺς
θίν' ἐν φυκιόεντι, μέλαν[24] δέ ἑ κῦμ' ἐκάλυψεν,
ὣς πληγεὶς ἀνέπαλτο. ἀτὰρ μεγάθυμος Ἐπειὸς
χερσὶ λαβὼν ὤρθωσε· φίλοι δ' ἀμφέσταν ἑταῖροι,
οἵ μιν ἄγον δι' ἀγῶνος ἐφελκομένοισι πόδεσσιν
αἷμα παχὺ πτύοντα, κάρη βάλλονθ' ἑτέρωσε·
κὰδ δ' ἀλλοφρονέοντα μετὰ σφίσιν εἷσαν ἄγοντες,
αὐτοὶ δ' οἰχόμενοι κόμισαν δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον.
  Πηλεΐδης δ' αἶψ' ἄλλα κατὰ τρίτα θῆκεν ἄεθλα,
δεικνύμενος Δαναοῖσι, παλαισμοσύνης ἀλεγεινῆς,
τῷ μὲν νικήσαντι μέγαν τρίποδ' ἐμπυριβήτην,
τὸν δὲ δυωδεκάβοιον ἐνὶ σφίσι τῖον Ἀχαιοί·
ἀνδρὶ δὲ νικηθέντι γυναῖκ' ἐς μέσσον ἔθηκε,
πολλὰ δ' ἐπίστατο ἔργα, τίον δέ ἑ τεσσαράβοιον.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·
"ὄρνυσθ' οἳ καὶ τούτου ἀέθλου πειρήσεσθον."
ὣς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δ' ἔπειτα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
ἂν δ' Ὀδυσεὺς πολύμητις ἀνίστατο, κέρδεα εἰδώς.
ζωσαμένω δ' ἄρα τώ γε βάτην ἐς μέσσον ἀγῶνα.

[24] μέλαν: μέγα.

when they had girded themselves, stepped into the center of the place of assembly, and lifting their mighty hands on high one against the other, fell on one another, and their hands clashed together in heavy blows. Terrible then was the grinding of their teeth, and the sweat flowed on every side from off their limbs. But on him noble Epeius rushed as he peered for an opening, and struck him on the cheek, nor did he long stand upright, for even there did his glorious limbs sink beneath him. And as beneath the ripple of the North Wind a fish leaps up on the seaweed-strewn sand of a shallow, and then the black wave hides it, so leapt up Euryalus when he was struck. But great-hearted Epeius took him in his hands and set him on his feet, and his dear comrades thronged about him and led him through the place of assembly dragging his feet, spitting out clotted blood and letting his head hang to one side; and they brought him wandering in his senses and set him down in their midst, and they went and fetched the two-handled cup.

Then the son of Peleus immediately set in sight of the Danaans other prizes for a third contest, for toilsome wrestling: for the winner, a great tripod to stand on the fire that the Achaeans prized among themselves at the worth of twelve oxen; and for the loser he set in their midst a woman of manifold skill in handiwork, and they prized her at the worth of four oxen. And he stood up and spoke among the Argives saying: "Up now, two of you who will attempt this contest also." So he spoke, and there rose up great Telamonian Aias, and up stood Odysseus of many wiles, he of crafty mind. Then the two, when they had girded themselves, stepped into the center of the place of assembly,

ἀγκὰς δ' ἀλλήλων λαβέτην χερσὶ στιβαρῇσιν
ὡς ὅτ' ἀμείβοντες, τούς τε κλυτὸς ἤραρε τέκτων
δώματος ὑψηλοῖο, βίας ἀνέμων ἀλεείνων.
τετρίγει δ' ἄρα νῶτα θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ἑλκόμενα στερεῶς· κατὰ δὲ νότιος ῥέεν ἱδρώς,
πυκναὶ δὲ σμώδιγγες ἀνὰ πλευράς τε καὶ ὤμους
αἵματι φοινικόεσσαι ἀνέδραμον· οἱ δὲ μάλ' αἰεὶ
νίκης ἱέσθην τρίποδος πέρι ποιητοῖο·
οὔτ' Ὀδυσεὺς δύνατο σφῆλαι οὔδει τε πελάσσαι,
οὔτ' Αἴας δύνατο, κρατερὴ δ' ἔχεν ἲς Ὀδυσῆος.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἀνίαζον ἐυκνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς,
δὴ τότε μιν προσέειπε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας·
"διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,
ἤ μ' ἀνάειρ', ἢ ἐγὼ σέ· τὰ δ' αὖ Διὶ πάντα μελήσει."
  Ὣς εἰπὼν ἀνάειρε· δόλου δ' οὐ λήθετ' Ὀδυσσεύς·
κόψ' ὄπιθεν κώληπα τυχών, ὑπέλυσε δὲ γυῖα,
κὰδ δ' ἔβαλ' ἐξοπίσω· ἐπὶ δὲ στήθεσσιν Ὀδυσσεὺς
κάππεσε· λαοὶ δ' αὖ θηεῦντό τε θάμβησάν τε.
δεύτερος αὖτ' ἀνάειρε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
κίνησεν δ' ἄρα τυτθὸν ἀπὸ χθονός, οὐδέ τ' ἄειρεν,
ἐν δὲ γόνυ γνάμψεν· ἐπὶ δὲ χθονὶ κάππεσον ἄμφω
πλησίοι ἀλλήλοισι, μιάνθησαν δὲ κονίῃ.
καί νύ κε τὸ τρίτον αὖτις ἀναΐξαντε πάλαιον,
εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλεὺς αὐτὸς ἀνίστατο καὶ κατέρυκε·
"μηκέτ' ἐρείδεσθον, μηδὲ τρίβεσθε κακοῖσι·
νίκη δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν· ἀέθλια δ' ἶσ' ἀνελόντες
ἔρχεσθ', ὄφρα καὶ ἄλλοι ἀεθλεύωσιν Ἀχαιοί."
ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ἠδὲ πίθοντο,

and laid hold each of the other in close grip with their mighty hands, like the gable-rafters of a high house which some famous craftsman joins together to avoid the might of the winds. And their backs creaked beneath the violent tugging of bold hands, and the sweat flowed down in streams; and many a welt, red with blood, sprang up along their ribs and shoulders; and ever they strove for victory, to win the fashioned tripod. Neither was Odysseus able to trip Aias and throw him to the ground, nor Aias him, for the mighty strength of Odysseus held firm. But when at last they began to weary the well-greaved Achaeans, then to Odysseus spoke great Telamonian Aias, saying: "Zeus-born son of Laertes, Odysseus of many wiles, either you lift me, or let me lift you; but the issue will rest with Zeus."

He spoke, and tried to lift him; but Odysseus forgot not his guile. With a sure blow he struck the hollow of Aias' knee from behind, and loosed his limbs, so that he was thrown backward, and Odysseus fell on his chest; and the men gazed and were struck with wonder. Then in his turn the much-enduring noble Odysseus tried to lift him, and moved him a little from the ground, but lifted him not, but he crooked his knee inside that of Aias, and on the ground the two fell next to one another, and were befouled with dust. And now they would have sprung up again for the third time and wrestled, if Achilles himself had not stood up and held them back: "No longer strain now, nor wear yourselves out with pain. Victory is with you both; take equal prizes and go your ways, so that other Achaeans too may strive." So he spoke, and they eagerly heard him

καί ῥ' ἀπομορξαμένω κονίην δύσαντο χιτῶνας.
Πηλεΐδης δ' αἶψ' ἄλλα τίθει ταχυτῆτος ἄεθλα,
ἀργύρεον κρητῆρα, τετυγμένον· ἓξ δ' ἄρα μέτρα
χάνδανεν, αὐτὰρ κάλλει ἐνίκα πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν
πολλόν, ἐπεὶ Σιδόνες πολυδαίδαλοι εὖ ἤσκησαν,
Φοίνικες δ' ἄγον ἄνδρες ἐπ' ἠεροειδέα πόντον,
στῆσαν δ' ἐν λιμένεσσι, Θόαντι δὲ δῶρον ἔδωκαν·
υἷος δὲ Πριάμοιο Λυκάονος ὦνον ἔδωκε
Πατρόκλῳ ἥρωι Ἰησονίδης Εὔνηος.
καὶ τὸν Ἀχιλλεὺς θῆκεν ἀέθλιον οὗ ἑτάροιο,
ὅς τις ἐλαφρότατος ποσσὶ κραιπνοῖσι πέλοιτο·
δευτέρῳ αὖ βοῦν θῆκε μέγαν καὶ πίονα δημῷ,
ἡμιτάλαντον δὲ χρυσοῦ λοισθήϊ' ἔθηκε.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·
"ὄρνυσθ' οἳ καὶ τούτου ἀέθλου πειρήσεσθε."
ὣς ἔφατ', ὄρνυτο δ' αὐτίκ' Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας,
ἂν δ' Ὀδυσεὺς πολύμητις, ἔπειτα δέ Νέστορος υἱὸς
Ἀντίλοχος· ὁ γὰρ αὖτε νέους ποσὶ πάντας ἐνίκα.
στὰν δὲ μεταστοιχί· σήμηνε δὲ τέρματ' Ἀχιλλεύς.[25]
τοῖσι δ' ἀπὸ νύσσης τέτατο δρόμος· ὦκα δ' ἔπειτα
ἔκφερ' Ὀϊλιάδης·[26] ἐπὶ δ' ὄρνυτο δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
ἄγχι μάλ', ὡς ὅτε τίς τε γυναικὸς ἐϋζώνοιο
στήθεός ἐστι κανών, ὅν τ' εὖ μάλα χερσὶ τανύσσῃ
πηνίον ἐξέλκουσα παρὲκ μίτον, ἀγχόθι δ' ἴσχει
στήθεος· ὣς Ὀδυσεὺς θέεν ἐγγύθεν, αὐτὰρ ὄπισθεν

[25] Line 757 (= 358) was rejected by Aristarchus.

[26] ἔκφερ' Ὀϊλιάδης: ἔκθορ' ὁ Ἰλιάδης Zenodotus.

and obeyed, and wiping the dust from their bodies they put on their tunics.

Then the son of Peleus immediately set out other prizes for fleetness of foot: a mixing bowl of silver, well made; six measures it held, and in beauty it was far the best in all the earth, since Sidonians, well skilled in handiwork, had crafted it cunningly, and men of the Phoenicians brought it over the murky deep and landed it in harbor, and gave it as a gift to Thoas; and as a ransom for Lycaon, son of Priam, Jason's son Euneos[7] gave it to the warrior Patroclus. This bowl did Achilles set out as a prize in honor of his comrade, whoever should prove fleetest in speed of foot. For the second again he set an ox great and rich with fat; and a half talent in gold he set out as last prize. And he stood up and spoke among the Argives saying: "Up now, you who will attempt this contest likewise." So he spoke, and immediately rose up swift Aias, son of Oïleus, and Odysseus of many wiles, and after them Antilochus, Nestor's son, for he surpassed all the youths in swiftness of foot. Then they took their places in a row, and Achilles showed them the goal, and a course was marked out for them from the turning point. Then speedily the son of Oïleus forged to the front, and close after him sped noble Odysseus, close as is the weaving rod to the breast of a fair-belted woman when she deftly draws it in her hands, pulling the spool past the warp, and holds the rod near to her breast, so close behind

[7] Jason was the son, Euneos the grandson, of Thoas. M.

ἴχνια τύπτε πόδεσσι πάρος κόνιν ἀμφιχυθῆναι.
κὰδ δ᾽ ἄρα οἱ κεφαλῆς χέ᾽ ἀυτμένα δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
αἰεὶ ῥίμφα θέων· ἴαχον δ᾽ ἐπὶ πάντες Ἀχαιοὶ
νίκης ἱεμένῳ, μάλα δὲ σπεύδοντι κέλευον.
ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ πύματον τέλεον δρόμον, αὐτίκ᾽ Ὀδυσσεὺς
εὔχετ᾽ Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκώπιδι ὃν κατὰ θυμόν·
"κλῦθι, θεά, ἀγαθή μοι ἐπίρροθος ἐλθὲ ποδοῖιν."
ὣς ἔφατ᾽ εὐχόμενος· τοῦ δ᾽ ἔκλυε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
γυῖα δ᾽ ἔθηκεν ἐλαφρά, πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ὕπερθεν.[27]
ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ τάχ᾽ ἔμελλον ἐπαΐξασθαι ἄεθλον,
ἔνθ᾽ Αἴας μὲν ὄλισθε θέων—βλάψεν γὰρ Ἀθήνη—
τῇ ῥα βοῶν κέχυτ᾽ ὄνθος ἀποκταμένων ἐριμύκων,
οὓς ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ πέφνεν πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
ἐν δ᾽ ὄνθου βοέου πλῆτο στόμα τε ῥῖνάς τε.
κρητῆρ᾽ αὖτ᾽ ἀνάειρε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
ὡς ἦλθε φθάμενος· ὁ δὲ βοῦν ἕλε φαίδιμος Αἴας.
στῆ δὲ κέρας μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχων βοὸς ἀγραύλοιο,
ὄνθον ἀποπτύων, μετὰ δ᾽ Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·
"ὢ πόποι, ἦ μ᾽ ἔβλαψε θεὰ πόδας, ἣ τὸ πάρος περ
μήτηρ ὣς Ὀδυσῆι παρίσταται ἠδ᾽ ἐπαρήγει."
Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, οἱ δ᾽ ἄρα πάντες ἐπ᾽ αὐτῷ ἡδὺ γέλασσαν.
Ἀντίλοχος δ᾽ ἄρα δὴ λοισθήιον ἔκφερ᾽ ἄεθλον
μειδιόων, καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·
"εἰδόσιν ὔμμ᾽ ἐρέω πᾶσιν, φίλοι, ὡς ἔτι καὶ νῦν
ἀθάνατοι τιμῶσι παλαιοτέρους ἀνθρώπους.
Αἴας μὲν γὰρ ἐμεῖ᾽ ὀλίγον προγενέστερός ἐστιν,
οὗτος δὲ προτέρης γενεῆς προτέρων τ᾽ ἀνθρώπων·

ran Odysseus, and his feet trod in the footsteps of Aias before the dust had settled in them, and down on his head beat the breath of noble Odysseus as he ran ever swiftly on; and all the Achaeans shouted as he struggled for victory, and urged him on as he strained to the utmost. But when now they were running the last part of the course, immediately Odysseus made prayer in his heart to flashing-eyed Athene: "Hear me, goddess, and come a good helper to my feet." So he spoke in prayer, and Pallas Athene heard him, and made his limbs light, his feet and his hands above. But when they were just about to dart out to win the prize, then Aias slipped as he ran—for Athene hampered him—where was strewn the offal from the slaying of the loud-bellowing bulls that swift-footed Achilles had slain in honor of Patroclus; and with the offal of the bulls were his mouth and nostrils filled. So then much-enduring, noble Odysseus took up the bowl, since he came in first, and glorious Aias took the ox. And he stood holding in his hands the horn of the ox of the field, spewing out the offal; and he spoke among the Argives: "Well now! The goddess hampered me in my running, she who stands ever by Odysseus' side like a mother, and helps him."

So he spoke, but they all laughed heartily at him. Then Antilochus carried off the last prize, smiling, and spoke among the Argives, saying: "Among you all who know it well, will I declare, my friends, that even to this day the immortals show honor to older men. For Aias is only a little older than I, but Odysseus is of an earlier generation and of

[27] Line 772 (= 5.122) was rejected by Aristarchus.

ὠμογέροντα δέ μίν φασ' ἔμμεναι· ἀργαλέον δὲ
ποσσὶν ἐριδήσασθαι Ἀχαιοῖς, εἰ μὴ Ἀχιλλεῖ."
Ὣς φάτο, κύδηνεν δὲ ποδώκεα Πηλεΐωνα.
τὸν δ' Ἀχιλεὺς μύθοισιν ἀμειβόμενος προσέειπεν·
"Ἀντίλοχ', οὐ μέν τοι μέλεος εἰρήσεται αἶνος,
ἀλλά τοι ἡμιτάλαντον ἐγὼ χρυσοῦ ἐπιθήσω."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ τίθει, ὁ δ' ἐδέξατο χαίρων.
αὐτὰρ Πηλεΐδης κατὰ μὲν δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος
θῆκ' ἐς ἀγῶνα φέρων, κατὰ δ' ἀσπίδα καὶ τρυφάλειαν,
τεύχεα Σαρπήδοντος, ἅ μιν Πάτροκλος ἀπηύρα.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·
"ἄνδρε δύω περὶ τῶνδε κελεύομεν, ὥ περ ἀρίστω,
τεύχεα ἑσσαμένω, ταμεσίχροα χαλκὸν ἑλόντε,
ἀλλήλων προπάροιθεν ὁμίλου πειρηθῆναι.
ὁππότερός κε φθῇσιν ὀρεξάμενος χρόα καλόν,[28]
ψαύσῃ δ' ἐνδίνων διά τ' ἔντεα καὶ μέλαν αἷμα,[29]
τῷ μὲν ἐγὼ δώσω τόδε φάσγανον ἀργυρόηλον
καλὸν Θρηίκιον, τὸ μὲν Ἀστεροπαῖον ἀπηύρων·
τεύχεα δ' ἀμφότεροι ξυνήια ταῦτα φερέσθων·
καί σφιν δαῖτ' ἀγαθὴν παραθήσομεν ἐν κλισίῃσιν."[30]
Ὣς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δ' ἔπειτα μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
ἂν δ' ἄρα Τυδεΐδης ὦρτο, κρατερὸς Διομήδης.
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἑκάτερθεν ὁμίλου θωρήχθησαν,
ἐς μέσον ἀμφοτέρω συνίτην μεμαῶτε μάχεσθαι,

[28] Lines 805 f. were given by Aristophanes in the form:
ὁππότερός κε πρόσθεν ἐπιγράψας χρόα καλὸν
φθήῃ ἐπευξάμενος διά τ' ἔντεα καὶ φόνον ἀνδρῶν

earlier men—a green old age is his, men say—and hard for any other Achaean to contend with in running, save only for Achilles."

So he spoke, and gave glory to the son of Peleus, swift of foot. And Achilles made answer, and spoke to him, saying: "Antilochus, not in vain will your word of praise be spoken; but I will add to your prize a half talent of gold."

So saying, he set it in his hands, and Antilochus received it gladly. But the son of Peleus brought and set in the place of assembly a far-shadowing spear, and with it a shield and helmet, the battle gear of Sarpedon, which Patroclus stripped from him; and he stood up, and spoke among the Argives, saying: "To win these prizes we urge two warriors, the best there are, to clothe themselves in their armor and take bronze that cuts the flesh, and so make trial each of the other before the army. Whichever of the two will first reach the other's fair flesh and touch the inward parts through the armor and dark blood, to him will I give this silver-studded sword—a noble Thracian sword, which I took from Asteropaeus; and these arms let the two carry away to hold in common; and an excellent banquet will we set before them in our huts."

So he spoke, and then sprang up great Telamonian Aias, and up sprang the son of Tydeus, mighty Diomedes. But when they had armed themselves on either side of the throng, into the center they came, eager for battle, glaring

[29] Line 806 was rejected by Aristarchus.
[30] Line 810 was rejected by Aristarchus.

δεινὸν δερκομένω· θάμβος δ' ἔχε πάντας Ἀχαιούς.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ σχεδὸν ἦσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
τρὶς μὲν ἐπήιξαν, τρὶς δὲ σχεδὸν ὁρμήθησαν.
ἔνθ' Αἴας μὲν ἔπειτα κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐίσην
νύξ', οὐδὲ χρό' ἵκανεν· ἔρυτο γὰρ ἔνδοθι θώρηξ·
Τυδεΐδης δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα ὑπὲρ σάκεος μεγάλοιο
αἰὲν ἐπ' αὐχένι κῦρε φαεινοῦ δουρὸς ἀκωκῇ.
καὶ τότε δή ῥ' Αἴαντι περιδδείσαντες Ἀχαιοὶ
παυσαμένους ἐκέλευσαν ἀέθλια ἶσ' ἀνελέσθαι.
αὐτὰρ Τυδεΐδῃ δῶκεν μέγα φάσγανον ἥρως[31]
σὺν κολεῷ τε φέρων καὶ ἐυτμήτῳ τελαμῶνι.
   Αὐτὰρ Πηλεΐδης θῆκεν σόλον αὐτοχόωνον,
ὃν πρὶν μὲν ῥίπτασκε μέγα σθένος Ἠετίωνος·
ἀλλ' ἦ τοι τὸν πέφνε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
τὸν δ' ἄγετ' ἐν νήεσσι σὺν ἄλλοισι κτεάτεσσι.
στῆ δ' ὀρθὸς καὶ μῦθον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔειπεν·
"ὄρνυσθ' οἳ καὶ τούτου ἀέθλου πειρήσεσθε.
εἴ οἱ καὶ μάλα πολλὸν ἀπόπροθι πίονες ἀγροί,
ἕξει μιν καὶ πέντε περιπλομένους ἐνιαυτοὺς
χρεώμενος· οὐ μὲν γάρ οἱ ἀτεμβόμενός γε σιδήρου
ποιμὴν οὐδ' ἀροτὴρ εἶσ' ἐς πόλιν, ἀλλὰ παρέξει."
   Ὣς ἔφατ', ὦρτο δ' ἔπειτα μενεπτόλεμος Πολυποίτης,
ἂν δὲ Λεοντῆος κρατερὸν μένος ἀντιθέοιο,
ἂν δ' Αἴας Τελαμωνιάδης καὶ δῖος Ἐπειός.
ἑξείης δ' ἵσταντο, σόλον δ' ἕλε δῖος Ἐπειός,
ἧκε δὲ δινήσας· γέλασαν δ' ἐπὶ πάντες Ἀχαιοί.
δεύτερος αὖτ' ἀφέηκε Λεοντεύς, ὄζος Ἄρηος.

terribly; and amazement came on all the Achaeans. But when they came near as they advanced one against the other, thrice they leapt at each other, and thrice they clashed together. Then Aias thrust on the shield that was well-balanced on every side, but reached not the flesh, for the corselet within kept off the spear. But Tydeus' son sought ever to reach the neck over the great shield with the point of his shining spear. Then indeed the Achaeans, seized with fear for Aias, commanded them to cease and take up equal prizes. But to Tydeus' son the warrior gave the great sword, bringing it with its scabbard and its well-cut baldric.

Then the son of Peleus set out a mass of rough-cast iron, which formerly the mighty strength of Eëtion was used to hurl; but him had swift-footed noble Achilles slain, and carried this away on his ships with his other possessions. And he stood up, and spoke among the Argives, saying : "Up now, you who will attempt this contest likewise. Though his rich fields lie very far distant, the winner of this will have it five revolving years to serve his need; for not through lack of iron will his shepherd or ploughman go to the city; but this will supply them."

So he spoke, and then up leapt Polypoetes, firm in the fight, and the mighty strength of godlike Leonteus, and Aias, son of Telamon, and noble Epeius. They took their places in order, and noble Epeius grasped the mass, and swung and hurled it; and all the Achaeans laughed. Then in turn Leonteus, offshoot of Ares, made a cast; and thirdly

[31] Lines 824 f. were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

τὸ τρίτον αὖτ᾽ ἔρριψε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
χειρὸς ἄπο στιβαρῆς, καὶ ὑπέρβαλε σήματα πάντων.[32]
ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ σόλον εἷλε μενεπτόλεμος Πολυποίτης,
ὅσσον τίς τ᾽ ἔρριψε καλαύροπα βουκόλος ἀνήρ,
ἡ δέ θ᾽ ἑλισσομένη πέτεται διὰ βοῦς ἀγελαίας,
τόσσον παντὸς ἀγῶνος ὑπέρβαλε· τοὶ δὲ βόησαν.
ἀνστάντες δ᾽ ἕταροι Πολυποίταο κρατεροῖο
νῆας ἔπι γλαφυρὰς ἔφερον βασιλῆος ἄεθλον.
Αὐτὰρ ὁ τοξευτῇσι τίθει ἰόεντα σίδηρον,
κὰδ δ᾽ ἐτίθει δέκα μὲν πελέκεας, δέκα δ᾽ ἡμιπέλεκκα,
ἱστὸν δ᾽ ἔστησεν νηὸς κυανοπρῴροιο
τηλοῦ ἐπὶ ψαμάθοις, ἐκ δὲ τρήρωνα πέλειαν
λεπτῇ μηρίνθῳ δῆσεν ποδός, ἧς ἄρ᾽ ἀνώγει
τοξεύειν. "ὃς μέν κε βάλῃ τρήρωνα πέλειαν,
πάντας ἀειράμενος πελέκεας οἶκόνδε φερέσθω·
ὃς δέ κε μηρίνθοιο τύχῃ, ὄρνιθος ἁμαρτών,
ἥσσων γὰρ δὴ κεῖνος, ὁ δ᾽ οἴσεται ἡμιπέλεκκα."
Ὣς ἔφατ᾽, ὦρτο δ᾽ ἔπειτα βίη Τεύκροιο ἄνακτος,
ἂν δ᾽ ἄρα Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἐῢς Ἰδομενῆος.
κλήρους δ᾽ ἐν κυνέῃ χαλκήρεϊ πάλλον ἑλόντες,
Τεῦκρος δὲ πρῶτος κλήρῳ λάχεν. αὐτίκα δ᾽ ἰὸν
ἧκεν ἐπικρατέως, οὐδ᾽ ἠπείλησεν ἄνακτι
ἀρνῶν πρωτογόνων ῥέξειν κλειτὴν ἑκατόμβην.[33]
ὄρνιθος μὲν ἄμαρτε· μέγηρε γάρ οἱ τό γ᾽ Ἀπόλλων·
αὐτὰρ ὁ μήρινθον βάλε πὰρ πόδα, τῇ δέδετ᾽ ὄρνις·
ἀντικρὺ δ᾽ ἀπὸ μήρινθον τάμε πικρὸς ὀιστός.

great Telamonian Aias hurled it from his stout hand and sent it past the marks of all. But when Polypoetes, firm in the fight, grasped the mass, far as a herdsman flings his crook, and it flies whirling over the herds of cattle, so far he cast it beyond all the assembly; and the men shouted aloud. And the comrades of mighty Polypoetes stood up and carried the prize of their king to the hollow ships.

Then for the archers he set out as a prize dark iron—ten double axes he laid down, and ten single; and he set up the mast of a dark-prowed ship far off in the sands, and with a slender cord fastened to it by the foot a fluttering dove, and commanded them to shoot at it. "Whoever hits the fluttering dove, let him take up all the double axes and carry them home; and whoever hits the cord, though he miss the bird, since his is the worse shot, he shall take as his prize the single axes."

So he spoke, and there sprang up the might of the lord Teucer, and Meriones the mighty attendant of Idomeneus. Then they took the lots and shook them in a brazen helmet, and Teucer drew the first place. Immediately he let fly an arrow mightily, but he did not vow that he would sacrifice to the lord Apollo a glorious hecatomb of firstling lambs. So he missed the bird, for Apollo grudged him that, but hit the cord beside its foot with which the bird was tied, and clean away the bitter arrow cut the cord. Then the dove

[32] Line 843 was rejected by Aristarchus.

[33] Line 864 is omitted in some MSS.

ἡ μὲν ἔπειτ᾽ ᾖξε πρὸς οὐρανόν, ἡ δὲ παρείθη
μήρινθος ποτὶ γαῖαν· ἀτὰρ κελάδησαν Ἀχαιοί.
σπερχόμενος δ᾽ ἄρα Μηριόνης ἐξείρυσε χειρὸς
τόξον—ἀτὰρ δὴ ὀιστὸν ἔχεν πάλαι, ὡς ἴθυνεν—
αὐτίκα δ᾽ ἠπείλησεν ἑκηβόλῳ Ἀπόλλωνι
ἀρνῶν πρωτογόνων ῥέξειν κλειτὴν ἑκατόμβην.
ὕψι δ᾽ ὑπαὶ νεφέων εἶδε τρήρωνα πέλειαν·
τῇ ῥ᾽ ὅ γε δινεύουσαν ὑπὸ πτέρυγος βάλε μέσσην,
ἀντικρὺ δὲ διῆλθε βέλος· τὸ μὲν ἂψ ἐπὶ γαίῃ
πρόσθεν Μηριόναο πάγη ποδός· αὐτὰρ ἡ ὄρνις
ἱστῷ ἐφεζομένη νηὸς κυανοπρῴροιο
αὐχέν᾽ ἀπεκρέμασεν, σὺν δὲ πτερὰ πυκνὰ λίασθεν.
ὠκὺς δ᾽ ἐκ μελέων θυμὸς πτάτο, τῆλε δ᾽ ἀπ᾽ αὐτοῦ
κάππεσε· λαοὶ δ᾽ αὖ θηεῦντό τε θάμβησάν τε.
ἂν δ᾽ ἄρα Μηριόνης πελέκεας δέκα πάντας ἄειρε,
Τεῦκρος δ᾽ ἡμιπέλεκκα φέρεν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας.
Αὐτὰρ Πηλεΐδης κατὰ μὲν δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
κὰδ δὲ λέβητ᾽ ἄπυρον, βοὸς ἄξιον, ἀνθεμόεντα
θῆκ᾽ ἐς ἀγῶνα φέρων· καί ῥ᾽ ἥμονες ἄνδρες ἀνέσταν·
ἂν μὲν ἄρ᾽ Ἀτρεΐδης εὐρὺ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
ἂν δ᾽ ἄρα Μηριόνης, θεράπων ἐὺς Ἰδομενῆος.
τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
"Ἀτρεΐδη· ἴδμεν γὰρ ὅσον προβέβηκας ἁπάντων
ἠδ᾽ ὅσσον δυνάμει τε καὶ ἥμασιν ἔπλευ ἄριστος·
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν τόδ᾽ ἄεθλον ἔχων κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας
ἔρχευ, ἀτὰρ δόρυ Μηριόνῃ ἥρωι πόρωμεν,
εἰ σύ γε σῷ θυμῷ ἐθέλοις· κέλομαι γὰρ ἐγώ γε."

darted skyward, and the cord hung loose toward earth; and the Achaeans shouted aloud. But Meriones speedily snatched the bow from Teucer's hand—an arrow he had long been holding while Teucer aimed—and vowed immediately that he would sacrifice to Apollo who strikes from afar a glorious hecatomb of firstling lambs. High up beneath the cloud he spied the fluttering dove; there as she circled round he struck her squarely beneath the wing, and clean through passed the shaft, and fell again and fixed itself in the ground in front of Meriones' feet; but the dove, lighting on the mast of the dark-prowed ship, hung down her head, and her thick plumage drooped. Swiftly the life fled from her limbs, and she fell far from the mast; and the men gazed and were struck with wonder. And Meriones took up all ten double axes, and Teucer took the single to the hollow ships.

Then the son of Peleus brought and set in the place of assembly a far-shadowing spear and a cauldron that the fire had not yet touched, of an ox's worth, embossed with flowers; and men who were hurlers of javelins arose. Up rose the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, and Meriones, the mighty attendant of Idomeneus. But among them spoke swift-footed noble Achilles: "Son of Atreus, we know how far you excel all, and how far you are the best in power and in the casting of the spear; take this prize and go to the hollow ships; but the spear let us give to the warrior Meriones, if in your heart you are so minded: for it is I who urge it."

Ὣς ἔφατ᾽, οὐδ᾽ ἀπίθησεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
δῶκε δὲ Μηριόνῃ δόρυ χάλκεον· αὐτὰρ ὅ γ᾽ ἥρως
Ταλθυβίῳ κήρυκι δίδου περικαλλὲς ἄεθλον.

So he spoke, and the lord of men, Agamemnon, failed not to obey. Then to Meriones he gave the spear of bronze, but the warrior handed to the herald Talthybius the beautiful prize.

Ω

Λῦτο δ᾽ ἀγών, λαοὶ δὲ θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας ἕκαστοι
ἐσκίδναντ᾽ ἰέναι. τοὶ μὲν δόρποιο μέδοντο
ὕπνου τε γλυκεροῦ ταρπήμεναι· αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
κλαῖε φίλου ἑτάρου μεμνημένος, οὐδέ μιν ὕπνος
ᾕρει πανδαμάτωρ, ἀλλ᾽ ἐστρέφετ᾽ ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
Πατρόκλου ποθέων ἀνδροτῆτά τε καὶ μένος ἠΰ,[1]
ἠδ᾽ ὁπόσα τολύπευσε σὺν αὐτῷ καὶ πάθεν ἄλγεα,
ἀνδρῶν τε πτολέμους ἀλεγεινά τε κύματα πείρων·
τῶν μιμνησκόμενος θαλερὸν κατὰ δάκρυον εἶβεν,
ἄλλοτ᾽ ἐπὶ πλευρὰς κατακείμενος, ἄλλοτε δ᾽ αὖτε
ὕπτιος, ἄλλοτε δὲ πρηνής· τοτὲ δ᾽ ὀρθὸς ἀναστὰς
δινεύεσκ᾽ ἀλύων παρὰ θῖν᾽ ἁλός, οὐδέ μιν Ἠὼς
φαινομένη λήθεσκεν ὑπεὶρ ἅλα τ᾽ ἠιόνας τε.
ἀλλ᾽ ὅ γ᾽ ἐπεὶ ζεύξειεν ὑφ᾽ ἅρμασιν ὠκέας ἵππους,
Ἕκτορα δ᾽ ἕλκεσθαι δησάσκετο δίφρου ὄπισθεν,
τρὶς δ᾽ ἐρύσας περὶ σῆμα Μενοιτιάδαο θανόντος
αὖτις ἐνὶ κλισίῃ παυέσκετο, τὸν δέ τ᾽ ἔασκεν
ἐν κόνι ἐκτανύσας προπρηνέα. τοῖο δ᾽ Ἀπόλλων
πᾶσαν ἀεικείην ἄπεχε χροῒ φῶτ᾽ ἐλεαίρων
καὶ τεθνηότα περ· περὶ δ᾽ αἰγίδι πάντα κάλυπτε[2]

[1] Lines 6–9 were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

BOOK 24

Then was the assembly broken up, and the men scattered, each man to go to his own ship. The rest took thought of a meal and sweet sleep, to take their fill; but Achilles wept, ever remembering his dear comrade, nor did sleep, that subdues all, lay hold of him, but he turned ever this way and that, yearning for the manhood and valiant might of Patroclus, thinking on all he had done with him and all the woes he had borne, passing through wars of men and the grievous waves. Thinking on these things he would shed large tears, lying now on his side, now on his back, and now on his face; and then again he would rise to his feet and roam distraught along the shore of the sea. Nor would he fail to see the Dawn as she shone over the sea and the beaches. But he would yoke his swift horses to the chariot, and bind Hector behind the chariot to drag him; and when he had hauled him thrice about the mound of the dead son of Menoetius, he would rest again in his hut, but would leave Hector outstretched on his face in the dust. But Apollo kept all defacement from his flesh, pitying the warrior even in death, and with the golden aegis he

[2] Lines 20 f. were rejected by Aristarchus.

χρυσείῃ, ἵνα μή μιν ἀποδρύφοι ἑλκυστάζων.
Ὣς ὁ μὲν Ἕκτορα δῖον ἀείκιζεν μενεαίνων·
τὸν δ' ἐλεαίρεσκον μάκαρες θεοὶ εἰσορόωντες,[3]
κλέψαι δ' ὀτρύνεσκον ἐΰσκοπον Ἀργεϊφόντην.
ἔνθ' ἄλλοις μὲν πᾶσιν ἑήνδανεν, οὐδέ ποθ' Ἥρῃ
οὐδὲ Ποσειδάων' οὐδὲ γλαυκώπιδι κούρῃ,
ἀλλ' ἔχον ὥς σφιν πρῶτον ἀπήχθετο Ἴλιος ἱρὴ
καὶ Πρίαμος καὶ λαὸς Ἀλεξάνδρου ἕνεκ' ἄτης,
ὃς νείκεσσε θεάς, ὅτε οἱ μέσσαυλον ἵκοντο,
τὴν δ' ᾔνησ' ἥ οἱ πόρε μαχλοσύνην ἀλεγεινήν.[4]
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἐκ τοῖο δυωδεκάτη γένετ' ἠώς,
καὶ τότ' ἄρ' ἀθανάτοισι μετηύδα Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων·
"σχέτλιοί ἐστε, θεοί, δηλήμονες· οὔ νύ ποθ' ὑμῖν
Ἕκτωρ μηρί' ἔκηε βοῶν αἰγῶν τε τελείων;
τὸν νῦν οὐκ ἔτλητε νέκυν περ ἐόντα σαῶσαι,
ᾗ τ' ἀλόχῳ ἰδέειν καὶ μητέρι καὶ τέκεϊ ᾧ
καὶ πατέρι Πριάμῳ λαοῖσί τε, τοί κέ μιν ὦκα
ἐν πυρὶ κήαιεν καὶ ἐπὶ κτέρεα κτερίσαιεν.
ἀλλ' ὀλοῷ Ἀχιλῆι, θεοί, βούλεσθ' ἐπαρήγειν,
ᾧ οὔτ' ἂρ φρένες εἰσὶν ἐναίσιμοι οὔτε νόημα
γναμπτὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι, λέων δ' ὣς ἄγρια οἶδεν,
ὅς τ' ἐπεὶ ἂρ μεγάλῃ τε βίῃ καὶ ἀγήνορι θυμῷ
εἴξας εἶσ' ἐπὶ μῆλα βροτῶν, ἵνα δαῖτα λάβησιν·
ὣς Ἀχιλεὺς ἔλεον μὲν ἀπώλεσεν, οὐδέ οἱ αἰδὼς

[3] Lines 23–30 (or 25–30) were rejected by Aristarchus.
[4] Line 30 was given by Aristophanes in the form:
τὴν δ' ᾔνησ' ἥ οἱ κεχαρισμένα δῶρ' ὀνόμηνε.

covered him wholly so that Achilles might not tear his body as he dragged him.

Thus Achilles in his fury attempted to disfigure noble Hector; but the blessed gods had pity as they looked on him, and urged the keen-sighted Argeïphontes to steal away the corpse. And though this was pleasing to all the rest, it was not to Hera or Poseidon or the flashing-eyed maiden, but they persisted just as when sacred Ilios at first became hateful in their eyes and Priam and his people, because of the folly of Alexander, who had insulted those goddesses when they came to his farmstead and praised her who furthered his grievous lustfulness.[1] Now when the twelfth morning after this had come, then among the immortals spoke Phoebus Apollo: "Hard are you, you gods, and workers of harm. Did Hector then never burn for you thighs of bulls and goats without blemish? Him now you have not the heart to save, corpse though he is, for his wife to look on and his mother and his child, and his father Priam and his people, who would immediately burn him in the fire and pay him funeral rites. But it is the ruthless Achilles, you gods, that you are eager to assist, him whose mind is in no way right, nor the purpose in his breast one that may be bent; but his heart is wild, like a lion that at the urging of his great might and lordly heart goes out against the flocks of men to win himself a feast; so has Achilles lost all pity, nor has he shame, which harms men greatly and

[1] This is the only allusion in the *Iliad* to the judgment of Paris. M.

γίγνεται, ἥ τ' ἄνδρας μέγα σίνεται ἠδ' ὀνίνησι.[5]
μέλλει μέν πού τις καὶ φίλτερον ἄλλον ὀλέσσαι,
ἠὲ κασίγνητον ὁμογάστριον ἠὲ καὶ υἱόν·
ἀλλ' ἦ τοι κλαύσας καὶ ὀδυράμενος μεθέηκε·
τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν.
αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' Ἕκτορα δῖον, ἐπεὶ φίλον ἦτορ ἀπηύρα,
ἵππων ἐξάπτων περὶ σῆμ' ἑτάροιο φίλοιο
ἕλκει· οὐ μήν οἱ τό γε κάλλιον οὐδέ τ' ἄμεινον.
μὴ ἀγαθῷ περ ἐόντι νεμεσσηθέωμέν οἱ ἡμεῖς·
κωφὴν γὰρ δὴ γαῖαν ἀεικίζει μενεαίνων."
Τὸν δὲ χολωσαμένη προσέφη λευκώλενος Ἥρη·
"εἴη κεν καὶ τοῦτο τεὸν ἔπος, ἀργυρότοξε,
εἰ δὴ ὁμὴν Ἀχιλῆι καὶ Ἕκτορι θήσετε τιμήν.
Ἕκτωρ μὲν θνητός τε γυναῖκά τε θήσατο μαζόν·
αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς ἐστι θεᾶς γόνος, ἣν ἐγὼ αὐτὴ
θρέψα τε καὶ ἀτίτηλα καὶ ἀνδρὶ πόρον παράκοιτιν,
Πηλέι, ὃς περὶ κῆρι φίλος γένετ' ἀθανάτοισι.
πάντες δ' ἀντιάασθε, θεοί, γάμου· ἐν δὲ σὺ τοῖσι
δαίνυ' ἔχων φόρμιγγα, κακῶν ἕταρ', αἰὲν ἄπιστε."
Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"Ἥρη, μὴ δὴ πάμπαν ἀποσκύδμαινε θεοῖσιν·
οὐ μὲν γὰρ τιμή γε μί' ἔσσεται· ἀλλὰ καὶ Ἕκτωρ
φίλτατος ἔσκε θεοῖσι βροτῶν οἳ ἐν Ἰλίῳ εἰσίν·
ὣς γὰρ ἐμοί γ', ἐπεὶ οὔ τι φίλων ἡμάρτανε δώρων.

[5] Line 45 (cf. Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 318) was rejected by Aristarchus.

profits them.[2] A man may have lost one dearer even than this man was—a brother, whom the same mother bore, or perhaps a son; yet surely when he has wept and wailed for him he makes an end; for an enduring heart have the Fates given to men. But this man, when he has robbed noble Hector of life, binds him behind his chariot and drags him about the mound of his dear comrade; surely neither honor nor profit will he have of this. Let him beware lest we grow angry with him, valiant though he is; for in his fury he disfigures the mute earth."

Then stirred to anger spoke to him white-armed Hera: "Even this might be as you say, lord of the silver bow, if indeed you gods grant the same honor to Achilles and to Hector. Hector is but mortal and was suckled at a woman's breast, but Achilles is the child of a goddess whom I myself nurtured and reared, and gave to a warrior to be his wife, to Peleus, who was dear to the hearts of the immortals. And all of you, you gods, came to her marriage, and among them you yourself too sat at the feast, your lyre in your hand, you comrade of evildoers, ever faithless."

Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered her, and said: "Hera, do not be utterly angry against the gods; the honor of these two will not be the same; but Hector too was dearest to the gods of all mortals that are in Ilios. So he was to me at least, for in no way did he fail of gifts dear to me. For

[2] I.e. shame, or fear for what men may say, while it may deter one from doing wrong, may also prevent one from doing what he knows to be right. M.

οὐ γάρ μοί ποτε βωμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἐΐσης,
λοιβῆς τε κνίσης τε· τὸ γὰρ λάχομεν γέρας ἡμεῖς.
ἀλλ᾽ ἦ τοι κλέψαι μὲν ἐάσομεν—οὐδέ πῃ ἔστι[6]
λάθρῃ Ἀχιλλῆος—θρασὺν Ἕκτορα· ἦ γάρ οἱ αἰεὶ
μήτηρ παρμέμβλωκεν ὁμῶς νύκτας τε καὶ ἦμαρ.
ἀλλ᾽ εἴ τις καλέσειε θεῶν Θέτιν ἆσσον ἐμεῖο,
ὄφρα τί οἱ εἴπω πυκινὸν ἔπος, ὥς κεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
δώρων ἐκ Πριάμοιο λάχῃ ἀπό θ᾽ Ἕκτορα λύσῃ."
  Ὣς ἔφατ᾽, ὦρτο δὲ Ἶρις ἀελλόπος ἀγγελέουσα,
μεσσηγὺς δὲ Σάμου τε καὶ Ἴμβρου παιπαλοέσσης
ἔνθορε μείλανι πόντῳ· ἐπεστονάχησε δὲ λίμνη.
ἡ δὲ μολυβδαίνῃ ἰκέλη ἐς βυσσὸν ὄρουσεν,
ἥ τε κατ᾽ ἀγραύλοιο βοὸς κέρας ἐμβεβαυῖα
ἔρχεται ὠμηστῇσιν ἐπ᾽ ἰχθύσι κῆρα φέρουσα.
εὗρε δ᾽ ἐνὶ σπῆι γλαφυρῷ Θέτιν, ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἄλλαι
ἥαθ᾽ ὁμηγερέες ἅλιαι θεαί· ἡ δ᾽ ἐνὶ μέσσῃς
κλαῖε μόρον οὗ παιδὸς ἀμύμονος, ὅς οἱ ἔμελλε
φθίσεσθ᾽ ἐν Τροίῃ ἐριβώλακι, τηλόθι πάτρης·[7]
ἀγχοῦ δ᾽ ἱσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὠκέα Ἶρις·
"ὄρσο, Θέτι· καλέει Ζεὺς ἄφθιτα μήδεα εἰδώς."
τὴν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα·
"τίπτε με κεῖνος ἄνωγε μέγας θεός; αἰδέομαι δὲ
μίσγεσθ᾽ ἀθανάτοισιν, ἔχω δ᾽ ἄχε᾽ ἄκριτα θυμῷ·
εἶμι μέν, οὐδ᾽ ἅλιον ἔπος ἔσσεται, ὅττι κεν εἴπῃ."
  Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσασα κάλυμμ᾽ ἕλε δῖα θεάων
κυάνεον, τοῦ δ᾽ οὔ τι μελάντερον ἔπλετο ἔσθος.
βῆ δ᾽ ἰέναι, πρόσθεν δὲ ποδήνεμος ὠκέα Ἶρις

never at any time was my altar lacking in the equal banquet, the drink offering, and the savor of burnt offering—for that we gods have received as our privilege. But as for the stealing away of bold Hector, let us hear none of it; it may not be without Achilles' knowing of it; for his mother comes ever to his side both by night and by day. But I wish that one of the gods would call Thetis to come to me, so that I may speak to her a wise word, so that Achilles may accept gifts from Priam and give Hector back."

So he spoke, and storm-footed Iris hurried to carry his message, and midway between Samos and rugged Imbros she leapt into the dark sea, and the waters sounded loud above her. Down she sped to the depths like a lead weight which, set on the horn of an ox of the field, goes down bringing death to the ravenous fishes. And she found Thetis in the hollow cave, and around her other goddesses of the sea gathered together, and she in their midst was weeping for the fate of her incomparable son, who was to perish in the deep-soiled land of Troy, far from his native land. And swift-footed Iris came up and spoke to her: "Rise up, Thetis; Zeus, whose counsels are imperishable, calls you." Then spoke in answer Thetis, the silver-footed goddess: "Why does that great god summon me? I feel shame to mingle in the company of the immortals, since I have measureless griefs at heart. But I will go, and his word will not be vain, whatever he says."

So saying, the fair goddess took a dark-hued veil, than which no raiment was more black, and set out to go, and before her wind-footed swift Iris led the way; and about

[6] Lines 71–73 were rejected by Aristarchus.

[7] Line 86 was rejected by Aristarchus.

ἡγεῖτ᾽· ἀμφὶ δ᾽ ἄρα σφι λιάζετο κῦμα θαλάσσης.
ἀκτὴν δ᾽ ἐξαναβᾶσαι ἐς οὐρανὸν ἀιχθήτην,
εὗρον δ᾽ εὐρύοπα Κρονίδην, περὶ δ᾽ ἄλλοι ἅπαντες
ἥαθ᾽ ὁμηγερέες μάκαρες θεοὶ αἰὲν ἐόντες.
ἡ δ᾽ ἄρα πὰρ Διὶ πατρὶ καθέζετο, εἶξε δ᾽ Ἀθήνη.
Ἥρη δὲ χρύσεον καλὸν δέπας ἐν χερὶ θῆκε
καί ῥ᾽ εὔφρην᾽ ἐπέεσσι· Θέτις δ᾽ ὤρεξε πιοῦσα.
τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἦρχε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε·
"ἤλυθες Οὔλυμπόνδε, θεὰ Θέτι, κηδομένη περ,
πένθος ἄλαστον ἔχουσα μετὰ φρεσίν· οἶδα καὶ αὐτός·
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὧς ἐρέω τοῦ σ᾽ εἵνεκα δεῦρο κάλεσσα.
ἐννῆμαρ δὴ νεῖκος ἐν ἀθανάτοισιν ὄρωρεν
Ἕκτορος ἀμφὶ νέκυι καὶ Ἀχιλλῆι πτολιπόρθῳ·
κλέψαι δ᾽ ὀτρύνουσιν ἐύσκοπον Ἀργεϊφόντην·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τόδε κῦδος Ἀχιλλῆι προτιάπτω,
αἰδῶ καὶ φιλότητα τεὴν μετόπισθε φυλάσσων.
αἶψα μάλ᾽ ἐς στρατὸν ἐλθὲ καὶ υἱέι σῷ ἐπίτειλον·
σκύζεσθαί οἱ εἰπὲ θεούς, ἐμὲ δ᾽ ἔξοχα πάντων
ἀθανάτων κεχολῶσθαι, ὅτι φρεσὶ μαινομένῃσιν
Ἕκτορ᾽ ἔχει παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν οὐδ᾽ ἀπέλυσεν,
αἴ κέν πως ἐμέ τε δείσῃ ἀπό θ᾽ Ἕκτορα λύσῃ.
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Πριάμῳ μεγαλήτορι Ἶριν ἐφήσω
λύσασθαι φίλον υἱόν, ἰόντ᾽ ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
δῶρα δ᾽ Ἀχιλλῆι φερέμεν, τά κε θυμὸν ἰήνῃ."
  Ὣς ἔφατ᾽, οὐδ᾽ ἀπίθησε θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα,
βῆ δὲ κατ᾽ Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων ἀίξασα,

them the surge of the sea parted on either side. And when they had stepped out on to the beach, they sped to heaven; and they found the son of Cronos, whose voice resounds afar, and around him sat gathered together all the other blessed gods who are for ever. Then she sat down beside father Zeus, and Athene gave place. And Hera set in her hand a fair golden cup, and gave her kindly welcome; and Thetis drank, and gave back the cup. Then among them the father of men and gods was first to speak: "You have come to Olympus, goddess Thetis, for all your sorrow, though you have accursed grief on your mind; I know it of myself; but even so I will tell you why I called you here. For nine days strife has arisen among the immortals concerning Hector's corpse and Achilles, sacker of cities. They are urging the keen-sighted Argeïphontes to steal the body away, but I accord this as an honor to Achilles,[3] seeking to preserve your respect and your love in time to come. Go quickly to the army and declare to your son my charge. Say to him that the gods are angered with him, and that I above all immortals am filled with wrath, because in the fury of his heart he holds Hector at the beaked ships and gave him not back, in the hope that he may be seized with fear of me and give Hector back. But I will send Iris to great-hearted Priam, to tell him to go to the ships of the Achaeans to ransom his dear son, and to bring gifts to Achilles that will warm his heart."

So he spoke, and the goddess, silver-footed Thetis, failed not to obey, but darted down from the peaks of

[3] The "honor" consists in the fact that in yielding the body Achilles, as Zeus goes on to tell her, is to receive rich recompense. M.

ἷξεν δ' ἐς κλισίην οὗ υἱέος. ἔνθ' ἄρα τόν γε
εὗρ' ἁδινὰ στενάχοντα· φίλοι δ' ἀμφ' αὐτὸν ἑταῖροι
ἐσσυμένως ἐπένοντο καὶ ἐντύνοντ' ἄριστον·
τοῖσι δ' ὄϊς λάσιος μέγας ἐν κλισίῃ ἱέρευτο.
ἡ δὲ μάλ' ἄγχ' αὐτοῖο καθέζετο πότνια μήτηρ,
χειρί τέ μιν κατέρεξεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζε·
"τέκνον ἐμόν, τέο μέχρις ὀδυρόμενος καὶ ἀχεύων
σὴν ἔδεαι κραδίην, μεμνημένος οὔτε τι σίτου
οὔτ' εὐνῆς; ἀγαθὸν δὲ γυναικί περ ἐν φιλότητι[8]
μίσγεσθ'· οὐ γάρ μοι δηρὸν βέῃ, ἀλλά τοι ἤδη
ἄγχι παρέστηκεν θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα κραταιή.
ἀλλ' ἐμέθεν ξύνες ὦκα, Διὸς δέ τοι ἄγγελός εἰμι·
σκύζεσθαι σοί φησι θεούς, ἓ δ' ἔξοχα πάντων
ἀθανάτων κεχολῶσθαι, ὅτι φρεσὶ μαινομένῃσιν
Ἕκτορ' ἔχεις παρὰ νηυσὶ κορωνίσιν οὐδ' ἀπέλυσας.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ λῦσον, νεκροῖο δὲ δέξαι ἄποινα."
Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"τῇδ' εἴη· ὃς ἄποινα φέροι καὶ νεκρὸν ἄγοιτο,
εἰ δὴ πρόφρονι θυμῷ Ὀλύμπιος αὐτὸς ἀνώγει."
Ὣς οἵ γ' ἐν νηῶν ἀγύρει μήτηρ τε καὶ υἱὸς
πολλὰ πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἔπεα πτερόεντ' ἀγόρευον.
Ἶριν δ' ὄτρυνε Κρονίδης εἰς Ἴλιον ἱρήν·
"βάσκ' ἴθι, Ἶρι ταχεῖα, λιποῦσ' ἕδος Οὐλύμποιο
ἄγγειλον Πριάμῳ μεγαλήτορι Ἴλιον εἴσω
λύσασθαι φίλον υἱὸν ἰόντ' ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
δῶρα δ' Ἀχιλλῆι φερέμεν, τά κε θυμὸν ἰήνῃ,
οἶον, μηδέ τις ἄλλος ἅμα Τρώων ἴτω ἀνήρ.

Olympus, and came to the hut of her son. There she found him groaning ceaselessly, and round about him his dear comrades were busily making ready their early meal, and in the hut a ram, great and shaggy, lay slaughtered for them. Then she, his queenly mother, sat down close by his side and stroked him with her hand, and spoke, and called him by name: "My child, how long will you devour your heart with weeping and sorrowing, and take no thought of food or of the bed? Good is it for you even to sleep with a woman in love. For, I tell you, you will not yourself be long in life, but even now does death stand hard by you and resistless fate. But quickly obey me, for I am a messenger to you from Zeus. He says that the gods are angered with you, and that he himself above all immortals is filled with wrath because in the fury of your heart you keep Hector at the beaked ships, and did not give him back. But come, give him up, and take ransom for the dead."

In answer to her spoke Achilles, swift of foot: "So let it be; whoever brings ransom, let him take away the dead, if indeed wholeheartedly the Olympian himself so commands."

In this way where the ships were gathered mother and son spoke many winged words to one another, but the son of Cronos sent Iris to sacred Ilios: "Up, go, swift Iris; leave the seat of Olympus and announce in Ilios to great-hearted Priam that he go to the ships of the Achaeans to ransom his dear son, and bring gifts to Achilles which will warm his heart; alone let him go, and let not any man beside of the

[8] Lines 130–132 were rejected by Aristarchus.

κῆρύξ τίς οἱ ἕποιτο γεραίτερος, ὅς κ᾽ ἰθύνοι
ἡμιόνους καὶ ἄμαξαν ἐύτροχον, ἠδὲ καὶ αὖτις
νεκρὸν ἄγοι προτὶ ἄστυ, τὸν ἔκτανε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
μηδέ τί οἱ θάνατος μελέτω φρεσὶ μηδέ τι τάρβος·
τοῖον γάρ οἱ πομπὸν ὀπάσσομεν Ἀργεϊφόντην,
ὃς ἄξει ἧός κεν ἄγων Ἀχιλῆι πελάσσῃ.
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν ἀγάγῃσιν ἔσω κλισίην Ἀχιλῆος,
οὔτ᾽ αὐτὸς κτενέει ἀπό τ᾽ ἄλλους πάντας ἐρύξει·
οὔτε γάρ ἐστ᾽ ἄφρων οὔτ᾽ ἄσκοπος οὔτ᾽ ἀλιτήμων,
ἀλλὰ μάλ᾽ ἐνδυκέως ἱκέτεω πεφιδήσεται ἀνδρός."
Ὣς ἔφατ᾽, ὦρτο δὲ Ἶρις ἀελλόπος ἀγγελέουσα.
ἷξεν δ᾽ ἐς Πριάμοιο, κίχεν δ᾽ ἐνοπήν τε γόον τε.
παῖδες μὲν πατέρ᾽ ἀμφὶ καθήμενοι ἔνδοθεν αὐλῆς
δάκρυσιν εἵματ᾽ ἔφυρον, ὁ δ᾽ ἐν μέσσοισι γεραιὸς
ἐντυπὰς ἐν χλαίνῃ κεκαλυμμένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ πολλὴ
κόπρος ἔην κεφαλῇ τε καὶ αὐχένι τοῖο γέροντος,
τήν ῥα κυλινδόμενος καταμήσατο χερσὶν ἑῇσι·
θυγατέρες δ᾽ ἀνὰ δώματ᾽ ἰδὲ νυοὶ ὠδύροντο,
τῶν μιμνησκόμεναι οἳ δὴ πολέες τε καὶ ἐσθλοὶ
χερσὶν ὑπ᾽ Ἀργείων κέατο ψυχὰς ὀλέσαντες.
στῆ δὲ παρὰ Πρίαμον Διὸς ἄγγελος, ἠδὲ προσηύδα
τυτθὸν φθεγξαμένη· τὸν δὲ τρόμος ἔλλαβε γυῖα·
"θάρσει, Δαρδανίδη Πρίαμε, φρεσί, μηδέ τι τάρβει·
οὐ μὲν γάρ τοι ἐγὼ κακὸν ὀσσομένη τόδ᾽ ἱκάνω,
ἀλλ᾽ ἀγαθὰ φρονέουσα· Διὸς δέ τοι ἄγγελός εἰμι,
ὅς σευ ἄνευθεν ἐὼν μέγα κήδεται ἠδ᾽ ἐλεαίρει.
λύσασθαί σε κέλευσεν Ὀλύμπιος Ἕκτορα δῖον,
δῶρα δ᾽ Ἀχιλλῆι φερέμεν, τά κε θυμὸν ἰήνῃ,

Trojans go with him. A herald may attend him, an older man, to guide the mules and the light-running wagon, and to carry back to the city the dead, him whom Achilles slew. Let not death be in his thoughts, nor any fear; such a guide will we give him, Argeïphontes, who will lead him, until in his leading he brings him to Achilles. And when he has led him into the hut, neither will Achilles himself slay him nor allow any other to slay him; for not without sense is he, nor without purpose, nor yet vicious; but with all kindliness will he spare a suppliant man."

So he spoke, and storm-footed Iris hurried to carry his message. She came to the house of Priam, and found there wailing and lamentation. His sons sat about their father inside the court sullying their garments with their tears, and in their midst was the old king close-wrapped in his mantle; and on the old man's head and neck was filth in abundance which he had gathered in his hands as he groveled on the earth. And his daughters and his sons' wives were wailing throughout the house, thinking of those warriors many and noble who were lying dead, having lost their lives at the hands of the Argives. And the messenger of Zeus came up to Priam, and spoke to him; softly she spoke, yet trembling took hold of his limbs: "Take heart, Priam, son of Dardanus, and fear not at all. Not to threaten any evil to you have I come here, but with good intent. I am a messenger to you from Zeus, who, far away though he is, cares for you greatly and pities you. The Olympian tells you to ransom noble Hector, and bring gifts to Achilles which

οἶον, μηδέ τις ἄλλος ἅμα Τρώων ἴτω ἀνήρ·
κῆρύξ τίς τοι ἕποιτο γεραίτερος, ὅς κ' ἰθύνοι
ἡμιόνους καὶ ἄμαξαν ἐΰτροχον, ἠδὲ καὶ αὖτις
νεκρὸν ἄγοι προτὶ ἄστυ, τὸν ἔκτανε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
μηδέ τί τοι θάνατος μελέτω φρεσὶ μηδέ τι τάρβος·
τοῖος γάρ τοι πομπὸς ἅμ' ἕψεται Ἀργεϊφόντης,
ὅς σ' ἄξει ἧός κεν ἄγων Ἀχιλῆι πελάσσῃ.
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν ἀγάγῃσιν ἔσω κλισίην Ἀχιλῆος,
οὔτ' αὐτὸς κτενέει ἀπό τ' ἄλλους πάντας ἐρύξει·
οὔτε γάρ ἐστ' ἄφρων οὔτ' ἄσκοπος οὔτ' ἀλιτήμων,
ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἐνδυκέως ἱκέτεω πεφιδήσεται ἀνδρός."
Ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη πόδας ὠκέα Ἶρις,
αὐτὰρ ὅ γ' υἷας ἄμαξαν ἐΰτροχον ἡμιονείην
ὁπλίσαι ἠνώγει, πείρινθα δὲ δῆσαι ἐπ' αὐτῆς.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐς θάλαμον κατεβήσετο κηώεντα
κέδρινον ὑψόροφον, ὃς γλήνεα πολλὰ κεχάνδει·
ἐς δ' ἄλοχον Ἑκάβην ἐκαλέσσατο φώνησέν τε·
"δαιμονίη, Διόθεν μοι Ὀλύμπιος ἄγγελος ἦλθε
λύσασθαι φίλον υἱὸν ἰόντ' ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν,
δῶρα δ' Ἀχιλλῆι φερέμεν, τά κε θυμὸν ἰήνῃ.
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπέ, τί τοι φρεσὶν εἴδεται εἶναι;
αἰνῶς γάρ μ' αὐτόν γε μένος καὶ θυμὸς ἀνώγει
κεῖσ' ἰέναι ἐπὶ νῆας ἔσω στρατὸν εὐρὺν Ἀχαιῶν."
Ὣς φάτο, κώκυσεν δὲ γυνὴ καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·
"ὤ μοι, πῇ δή τοι φρένες οἴχονθ', ᾗς τὸ πάρος περ
ἔκλε' ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους ξείνους ἠδ' οἷσιν ἀνάσσεις;
πῶς ἐθέλεις ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἐλθέμεν οἶος,
ἀνδρὸς ἐς ὀφθαλμοὺς ὅς τοι πολέας τε καὶ ἐσθλοὺς

will warm his heart; go alone, and let not any man beside of the Trojans go with you. A herald may attend you, an older man, to guide the mules and the light-running wagon, and to carry back to the city the dead, him whom Achilles slew. Let not death be in your thoughts, nor any fear; such a guide will go with you, Argeïphontes, who will lead you, until in his leading he brings you to Achilles. And when he has led you into the hut, neither will Achilles himself slay you nor allow any other to slay you; for not without sense is he, nor without purpose, nor yet vicious; but with all kindliness will he spare a suppliant man."

So spoke the goddess swift-footed Iris and went away; but the king commanded his sons to make ready the light-running mule wagon, and bind the wicker box on it. And he himself went down to the vaulted treasure chamber, fragrant of cedar wood and high of roof, which held many jewels: and he called to him Hecabe his wife, and spoke: "Lady, from Zeus an Olympian messenger has come to me, that I go to the ships of the Achaeans to ransom my dear son, and that I bring gifts to Achilles which will warm his heart. But come, tell me this, how does it seem to your mind? For as for myself, dreadfully does the desire of my heart command me to go there to the ships, into the wide camp of the Achaeans."

So he spoke, but his wife uttered a shrill cry, and spoke in answer: "Ah, woe is me, where now has gone the wisdom for which you used to be famed among strangers and among those you rule? How are you minded to go to the ships of the Achaeans alone to meet the eyes of the man

υἱέας ἐξενάριξε; σιδήρειόν νύ τοι ἦτορ.
εἰ γάρ σ' αἱρήσει καὶ ἐσόψεται ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
ὠμηστὴς καὶ ἄπιστος ἀνὴρ ὅ γε, οὔ σ' ἐλεήσει,
οὐδέ τί σ' αἰδέσεται. νῦν δὲ κλαίωμεν ἄνευθεν
ἥμενοι ἐν μεγάρῳ· τῷ δ' ὥς ποθι Μοῖρα κραταιὴ
γιγνομένῳ ἐπένησε λίνῳ, ὅτε μιν τέκον αὐτή,
ἀργίποδας κύνας ἆσαι ἑῶν ἀπάνευθε τοκήων,
ἀνδρὶ πάρα κρατερῷ, τοῦ ἐγὼ μέσον ἧπαρ ἔχοιμι
ἐσθέμεναι προσφῦσα· τότ' ἄντιτα ἔργα γένοιτο
παιδὸς ἐμοῦ, ἐπεὶ οὔ ἑ κακιζόμενόν γε κατέκτα,
ἀλλὰ πρὸ Τρώων καὶ Τρωιάδων βαθυκόλπων
ἑσταότ', οὔτε φόβου μεμνημένον οὔτ' ἀλεωρῆς."

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
"μή μ' ἐθέλοντ' ἰέναι κατερύκανε, μηδέ μοι αὐτὴ
ὄρνις ἐνὶ μεγάροισι κακὸς πέλευ· οὐδέ με πείσεις.
εἰ μὲν γάρ τίς μ' ἄλλος ἐπιχθονίων ἐκέλευεν,
ἢ οἳ μάντιές εἰσι θυοσκόοι ἢ ἱερῆες,
ψεῦδός κεν φαῖμεν καὶ νοσφιζοίμεθα μᾶλλον·
νῦν δ' αὐτὸς γὰρ ἄκουσα θεοῦ καὶ ἐσέδρακον ἄντην,
εἶμι, καὶ οὐχ ἅλιον ἔπος ἔσσεται. εἰ δέ μοι αἶσα
τεθνάμεναι παρὰ νηυσὶν Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
βούλομαι· αὐτίκα γάρ με κατακτείνειεν Ἀχιλλεὺς
ἀγκὰς ἑλόντ' ἐμὸν υἱόν, ἐπὴν γόου ἐξ ἔρον εἵην."

Ἦ, καὶ φωριαμῶν ἐπιθήματα κάλ' ἀνέῳγεν·
ἔνθεν δώδεκα μὲν περικαλλέας ἔξελε πέπλους,
δώδεκα δ' ἁπλοΐδας χλαίνας, τόσσους δὲ τάπητας,
τόσσα δὲ φάρεα λευκά,[9] τόσους δ' ἐπὶ τοῖσι χιτῶνας.
χρυσοῦ δὲ στήσας ἔφερεν δέκα πάντα τάλαντα,

who has slain your sons, many and noble? Of iron surely is your heart. For if he gets you in his power and his eyes look on you, so savage and faithless is the man, he will neither pity you nor respect you. Let us now make our lament far from him we mourn, staying here in the hall. In this way for him did resistless Fate spin with her thread at his birth, when I myself bore him, that he should glut swift-footed dogs far from his parents, in the power of a violent man, in whose inmost heart I wish I could fix my teeth and feed on it; then might deeds of requital be done for my son, since in no way while playing the coward was he slain by him, but while standing in defense of the men and deep-bosomed women of Troy, with no thought of shelter or flight."

In answer spoke to her the old man, godlike Priam: "Seek not to stay me who am minded to go, and do not yourself prove a bird of ill-foreboding in my halls; you will not persuade me. For if anyone else of the men on the face of the earth had told me this, whether of seers who divine from sacrifice or of priests, a false thing would we think it, and turn away from it the more; but now—for I myself heard the voice of the goddess and looked on her face—I will go, and her word will not be vain. And if it is my fate to lie dead by the ships of the bronze-clad Achaeans, I am ready; immediately let Achilles slay me, when once I have clasped my son in my arms, and have put from me the desire for lamentation."

He spoke, and opened the fair lids of chests, from which he took twelve beautiful robes and twelve cloaks of single fold, and as many coverlets, and as many white mantles, and as many tunics as well. And of gold he weighed

9 λευκά: καλά.

ἐκ δὲ δύ' αἴθωνας τρίποδας, πίσυρας δὲ λέβητας,
ἐκ δὲ δέπας περικαλλές, ὅ οἱ Θρῇκες πόρον ἄνδρες
ἐξεσίην ἐλθόντι, μέγα κτέρας· οὐδέ νυ τοῦ περ
φείσατ' ἐνὶ μεγάροις ὁ γέρων, περὶ δ' ἤθελε θυμῷ
λύσασθαι φίλον υἱόν. ὁ δὲ Τρῶας μὲν ἅπαντας
αἰθούσης ἀπέεργεν ἔπεσσ' αἰσχροῖσιν ἐνίσσων·
"ἔρρετε, λωβητῆρες ἐλεγχέες· οὔ νυ καὶ ὑμῖν
οἴκοι ἔνεστι γόος, ὅτι μ' ἤλθετε κηδήσοντες;
ἦ ὀνόσασθ'[10] ὅτι μοι Κρονίδης Ζεὺς ἄλγε' ἔδωκε,
παῖδ' ὀλέσαι τὸν ἄριστον; ἀτὰρ γνώσεσθε καὶ ὔμμες·
ῥηίτεροι γὰρ μᾶλλον Ἀχαιοῖσιν δὴ ἔσεσθε
κείνου τεθνηῶτος ἐναιρέμεν. αὐτὰρ ἐγώ γε
πρὶν ἀλαπαζομένην τε πόλιν κεραϊζομένην τε
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδεῖν, βαίην δόμον Ἄιδος εἴσω."
  Ἦ, καὶ σκηπανίῳ δίεπ' ἀνέρας· οἱ δ' ἴσαν ἔξω
σπερχομένοιο γέροντος. ὁ δ' υἱάσιν οἷσιν ὁμόκλα,
νεικείων Ἕλενόν τε Πάριν τ' Ἀγάθωνά τε δῖον
Πάμμονά τ' Ἀντίφονόν τε βοὴν ἀγαθόν τε Πολίτην
Δηίφοβόν τε καὶ Ἱππόθοον καὶ Δῖον ἀγαυόν·
ἐννέα τοῖς ὁ γεραιὸς ὁμοκλήσας ἐκέλευε·
"σπεύσατέ μοι, κακὰ τέκνα, κατηφόνες· αἴθ' ἅμα πάντες
Ἕκτορος ὠφέλετ' ἀντὶ θοῇς ἐπὶ νηυσὶ πεφάσθαι.
ὤ μοι ἐγὼ πανάποτμος, ἐπεὶ τέκον υἷας ἀρίστους
Τροίῃ ἐν εὐρείῃ, τῶν δ' οὔ τινά φημι λελεῖφθαι,
Μήστορά τ' ἀντίθεον καὶ Τρωΐλον ἱππιοχάρμην
Ἕκτορά θ', ὃς θεὸς ἔσκε μετ' ἀνδράσιν, οὐδὲ ἐῴκει
ἀνδρός γε θνητοῦ πάις ἔμμεναι, ἀλλὰ θεοῖο·

and carried out talents, ten in all, and two gleaming tripods, and four cauldrons, and a beautiful cup that the men of Thrace had given him when he went there on an embassy, a great treasure; not even this did the old man spare in his halls, for he was exceedingly eager to ransom his dear son. Then he drove all the Trojans out of the portico, and rebuked them with reviling words: "Get out, you wretches who cause me shame! Have you not also lamentation at home, that you come here to cause me grief? Is it not enough for you that Zeus, son of Cronos, has brought this sorrow on me, that I should lose the best of sons? But you yourselves too will realize it, for easier will you be, now he is dead, for the Achaeans to slay. But as for me, before my eyes look on the city sacked and laid waste, may I go down into the house of Hades."

He spoke, and with his staff went after the men, and they went out from before the old man's insistence. Then he called aloud to his sons, reproaching Helenus and Paris and noble Agathon and Pammon and Antiphonus and Polites, good at the war cry, and Deïphobus and Hippothous and lordly Dius. To these nine the old man called aloud, and gave command: "Hurry, base children, disgraces; I wish that you all together instead of Hector had been slain at the swift ships! Woe is me, who am completely ill-fated, since I begot sons the best in the broad land of Troy, yet of them I say that not one is left, not godlike Mestor, not Troïlus the warrior charioteer, not Hector who was a god among men, nor did he seem the son of a

10 ὀνόσασθ': οὔνεσθ'.

τοὺς μὲν ἀπώλεσ᾽ Ἄρης, τὰ δ᾽ ἐλέγχεα πάντα λέλειπται,
ψεῦσταί τ᾽ ὀρχησταί τε, χοροιτυπίῃσιν ἄριστοι,
ἀρνῶν ἠδ᾽ ἐρίφων ἐπιδήμιοι ἁρπακτῆρες.
οὐκ ἂν δή μοι ἄμαξαν ἐφοπλίσσαιτε τάχιστα,
ταῦτά τε πάντ᾽ ἐπιθεῖτε, ἵνα πρήσσωμεν ὁδοῖο;"

Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, οἱ δ᾽ ἄρα πατρὸς ὑποδδείσαντες ὁμοκλὴν
ἐκ μὲν ἄμαξαν ἄειραν ἐύτροχον ἡμιονείην
καλὴν πρωτοπαγέα, πείρινθα δὲ δῆσαν ἐπ᾽ αὐτῆς,
κὰδ δ᾽ ἀπὸ πασσαλόφι ζυγὸν ᾕρεον ἡμιόνειον
πύξινον ὀμφαλόεν, εὖ οἰήκεσσιν ἀρηρός.[11]
ἐκ δ᾽ ἔφερον ζυγόδεσμον ἅμα ζυγῷ ἐννεάπηχυ.
καὶ τὸ μὲν εὖ κατέθηκαν ἐυξέστῳ ἐπὶ ῥυμῷ,
πέζῃ ἔπι πρώτῃ, ἐπὶ δὲ κρίκον ἕστορι βάλλον,
τρὶς δ᾽ ἑκάτερθεν ἔδησαν ἐπ᾽ ὀμφαλόν, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
ἑξείης κατέδησαν, ὑπὸ γλωχῖνα δ᾽ ἔκαμψαν.
ἐκ θαλάμου δὲ φέροντες ἐυξέστης ἐπ᾽ ἀπήνης
νήεον Ἑκτορέης κεφαλῆς ἀπερείσι᾽ ἄποινα,
ζεῦξαν δ᾽ ἡμιόνους κρατερώνυχας ἐντεσιεργούς,
τούς ῥά ποτε Πριάμῳ Μυσοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα.
ἵππους δὲ Πριάμῳ ὕπαγον ζυγόν, οὓς ὁ γεραιὸς
αὐτὸς ἔχων ἀτίταλλεν ἐυξέστῃ ἐπὶ φάτνῃ.

Τὼ μὲν ζευγνύσθην ἐν δώμασιν ὑψηλοῖσι
κῆρυξ καὶ Πρίαμος, πυκινὰ φρεσὶ μήδε᾽ ἔχοντες·
ἀγχίμολον δέ σφ᾽ ἦλθ᾽ Ἑκάβη τετιηότι θυμῷ,
οἶνον ἔχουσ᾽ ἐν χειρὶ μελίφρονα δεξιτερῆφι,
χρυσέῳ ἐν δέπαϊ, ὄφρα λείψαντε κιοίτην.

mortal man, but of a god: all them has Ares slain, yet these things of shame are all that remain, liars and dancers, best at beating the floor in the dance, robbers of lambs and kids in your own country. Will you not make me ready a wagon, and that quickly, and lay all these things in it, so that we may speed on our way?"

So he spoke, and they, seized with fear of their father's rebuke, brought out the light-running mule wagon, fair and newly made, and bound on it the wicker box; and down from its peg they took the mule yoke, a boxwood yoke with a knob on it, well fitted with guiding rings;[4] and they brought out the yoke band of nine cubits, and with it the yoke. The yoke they set with care on the polished pole at the upturned end, and cast the ring on the peg; and they bound it fast to the knob with three turns to left and right, and then made it fast to the post, and bent the tongue underneath. Then they brought out from the treasure chamber and heaped on the polished wagon the countless ransom for Hector's head, and yoked the strong-hoofed mules that toil in harness, which once the Mysians had given to Priam, a glorious gift. And for Priam they led beneath the yoke horses that the old king kept for his own and reared at the polished stall.

So the two of them were having their teams yoked in the high palace, the herald and Priam, with deep thoughts in their minds, when Hecabe came up to them, her heart anxious, holding in her right hand honey-hearted wine in a cup of gold so that they might make libation before they set

[4] I.e. for the reins. M.

[11] Line 269 was omitted by Zenodotus.

στῆ δ' ἵππων προπάροιθεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζε·
"τῆ, σπεῖσον Διὶ πατρί, καὶ εὔχεο οἴκαδ' ἱκέσθαι
ἂψ ἐκ δυσμενέων ἀνδρῶν, ἐπεὶ ἂρ σέ γε θυμὸς
ὀτρύνει ἐπὶ νῆας, ἐμεῖο μὲν οὐκ ἐθελούσης.
ἀλλ' εὔχεο σύ γ' ἔπειτα κελαινεφέϊ Κρονίωνι
Ἰδαίῳ, ὅς τε Τροίην κατὰ πᾶσαν ὁρᾶται,
αἴτει δ' οἰωνόν, ταχὺν ἄγγελον, ὅς τέ οἱ αὐτῷ
φίλτατος οἰωνῶν, καί εὑ κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,
δεξιόν, ὄφρα μιν αὐτὸς ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσι νοήσας
τῷ πίσυνος ἐπὶ νῆας ἴῃς Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων.
εἰ δέ τοι οὐ δώσει ἑὸν ἄγγελον εὐρύοπα Ζεύς,
οὐκ ἂν ἐγώ γέ σ' ἔπειτα ἐποτρύνουσα κελοίμην
νῆας ἐπ' Ἀργείων ἰέναι μάλα περ μεμαῶτα."
Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
"ὦ γύναι, οὐ μέν τοι τόδ' ἐφιεμένῃ ἀπιθήσω·
ἐσθλὸν γὰρ Διὶ χεῖρας ἀνασχέμεν, αἴ κ' ἐλεήσῃ."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἀμφίπολον ταμίην ὄτρυν' ὁ γεραιὸς
χερσὶν ὕδωρ ἐπιχεῦαι ἀκήρατον· ἡ δὲ παρέστη
χέρνιβον ἀμφίπολος πρόχοόν θ' ἅμα χερσὶν ἔχουσα.[12]
νιψάμενος δὲ κύπελλον ἐδέξατο ἧς ἀλόχοιο·
εὔχετ' ἔπειτα στὰς μέσῳ ἕρκεϊ, λεῖβε δὲ οἶνον
οὐρανὸν εἰσανιδών, καὶ φωνήσας ἔπος ηὔδα·
"Ζεῦ πάτερ, Ἴδηθεν μεδέων, κύδιστε μέγιστε,
δός μ' ἐς Ἀχιλλῆος φίλον ἐλθεῖν ἠδ' ἐλεεινόν,
πέμψον δ' οἰωνόν, ταχὺν ἄγγελον, ὅς τε σοὶ αὐτῷ
φίλτατος οἰωνῶν, καί εὑ κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,
δεξιόν, ὄφρα μιν αὐτὸς ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσι νοήσας

out. And she stood before the horses, and spoke, saying: "Here, pour libation to father Zeus, and pray that you may come back home from the foe, since your heart urges you to the ships, though I am opposed to it. Then make prayer to the son of Cronos, lord of the dark clouds, the god of Ida, who looks down on all the land of Troy, and ask of him a bird of omen, the swift messenger that to himself is dearest of birds and is mightiest in strength; let him appear on your right hand, so that, noting the sign with your own eyes, you may have trust in it and go to the ships of the Danaans of fleet steeds. But if Zeus whose voice resounds afar grants you not his own messenger, then I at least would not urge you on and ask you to go to the ships of the Argives, no matter how eager you may be."

In answer spoke to her godlike Priam: "Wife, I will not disregard this desire of yours; for it is good to lift up hands to Zeus, in the hope that he may have pity."

Thus spoke the old man, and urged the handmaid in attendance to pour over his hands water undefiled; and the handmaid came up holding in her hands basin and ewer. When he had washed his hands, he took the cup from his wife and then made prayer, standing in the center of the court, and poured out the wine, looking toward heaven, and spoke aloud, saying: "Father Zeus, who rules from Ida, most glorious, most great, grant that I may come to Achilles' hut as one to be welcomed and pitied; and send a bird of omen, the swift messenger that to yourself is dearest of birds and is mightiest in strength; let him appear on my right hand, so that, noting the sign with my own eyes, I may

[12] Line 304 was rejected by Aristarchus.

τῷ πίσυνος ἐπὶ νῆας ἴω Δαναῶν ταχυπώλων."
  Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος, τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε μητίετα Ζεύς.
αὐτίκα δ' αἰετὸν ἧκε, τελειότατον πετεηνῶν,
μόρφνον θηρητῆρ', ὃν καὶ περκνὸν καλέουσιν.
ὅσση δ' ὑψορόφοιο θύρη θαλάμοιο τέτυκται
ἀνέρος ἀφνειοῖο, ἐῢ κληῖσ' ἀραρυῖα,
τόσσ' ἄρα τοῦ ἑκάτερθεν ἔσαν πτερά· εἴσατο δέ σφι
δεξιὸς ἀΐξας διὰ ἄστεος. οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες
γήθησαν, καὶ πᾶσιν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἰάνθη.
  Σπερχόμενος δ' ὁ γεραιὸς ἑοῦ ἐπεβήσετο δίφρου,
ἐκ δ' ἔλασε προθύροιο καὶ αἰθούσης ἐριδούπου.
πρόσθε μὲν ἡμίονοι ἕλκον τετράκυκλον ἀπήνην,
τὰς Ἰδαῖος ἔλαυνε δαΐφρων· αὐτὰρ ὄπισθεν
ἵπποι, τοὺς ὁ γέρων ἐφέπων μάστιγι κέλευε
καρπαλίμως κατὰ ἄστυ· φίλοι δ' ἅμα πάντες ἕποντο
πόλλ' ὀλοφυρόμενοι ὡς εἰ θάνατόνδε κιόντα.
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν πόλιος κατέβαν, πεδίον δ' ἀφίκοντο,
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἄψορροι προτὶ Ἴλιον ἀπονέοντο,
παῖδες καὶ γαμβροί, τὼ δ' οὐ λάθον εὐρύοπα Ζῆν
ἐς πεδίον προφανέντε· ἰδὼν δ' ἐλέησε γέροντα,
αἶψα δ' ἄρ' Ἑρμείαν, υἱὸν φίλον, ἀντίον ηὔδα·
"Ἑρμεία, σοὶ γάρ τε μάλιστά γε φίλτατόν ἐστιν
ἀνδρὶ ἑταιρίσσαι, καί τ' ἔκλυες ᾧ κ' ἐθέλῃσθα,
βάσκ' ἴθι, καὶ Πρίαμον κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
ὣς ἄγαγ', ὡς μήτ' ἄρ τις ἴδῃ μήτ' ἄρ τε νοήσῃ
τῶν ἄλλων Δαναῶν, πρὶν Πηλεΐωνάδ' ἱκέσθαι."
  Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε διάκτορος Ἀργεϊφόντης.
αὐτίκ' ἔπειθ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα

have trust in it, and go to the ships of the Danaans of swift steeds."

So he spoke in prayer, and Zeus the Counselor heard him. At once he sent an eagle, surest of omens among winged birds, the dusky eagle, the hunter, that men call also the black eagle. Wide as is the door of some rich man's high-roofed treasure-chamber, a door well fitted with bolts, so wide spread his wings this way and that; and he appeared to them on the right, darting across the city. And at sight of him they rejoiced, and the hearts in the breasts of all were warmed.

Then the old man made haste and stepped on to his chariot, and drove out from the gateway and the echoing portico. In front the mules drew the four-wheeled wagon driven by wise Idaeus, and behind came the horses that the old man ever plying the whip drove swiftly through the city; and his kinspeople all followed wailing aloud as for one going to his death. But when they had gone down from the city and had come to the plain, back then to Ilios turned his sons and his daughters' husbands; but the two did not escape the notice of Zeus, whose voice resounds afar, as they came out on to the plain, but when he saw the old man, he had pity, and immediately spoke to Hermes, his dear son: "Hermes—for to you especially it is very pleasing to accompany a man, and you give ear to whomever you are minded—up, go and guide Priam to the hollow ships of the Achaeans in such a way that no man may see him or recognize him among all the Danaans, until he comes to the son of Peleus."

So he spoke, and the messenger, Argeïphontes, failed not to obey. At once he bound beneath his feet his beauti-

ἀμβρόσια χρύσεια, τά μιν φέρον ἠμὲν ἐφ᾽ ὑγρὴν
ἠδ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἀπείρονα γαῖαν ἅμα πνοιῇς ἀνέμοιο·
εἵλετο δὲ ῥάβδον, τῇ τ᾽ ἀνδρῶν ὄμματα θέλγει
ὧν ἐθέλει, τοὺς δ᾽ αὖτε καὶ ὑπνώοντας ἐγείρει.
τὴν μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχων πέτετο κρατὺς Ἀργεϊφόντης.
αἶψα δ᾽ ἄρα Τροίην τε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντον ἵκανε·
βῆ δ᾽ ἰέναι κούρῳ αἰσυμνητῆρι ἐοικώς,
πρῶτον ὑπηνήτῃ, τοῦ περ χαριεστάτη ἥβη.
Οἱ δ᾽ ἐπεὶ οὖν μέγα σῆμα παρὲξ Ἴλοιο ἔλασσαν,
στῆσαν ἄρ᾽ ἡμιόνους τε καὶ ἵππους, ὄφρα πίοιεν,
ἐν ποταμῷ· δὴ γὰρ καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἤλυθε γαῖαν.
τὸν δ᾽ ἐξ ἀγχιμόλοιο ἰδὼν ἐφράσσατο κῆρυξ
Ἑρμείαν, ποτὶ δὲ Πρίαμον φάτο φώνησέν τε·
"φράζεο, Δαρδανίδη· φραδέος νόου ἔργα τέτυκται.
ἄνδρ᾽ ὁρόω, τάχα δ᾽ ἄμμε διαρραίσεσθαι ὀίω.
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε δὴ φεύγωμεν ἐφ᾽ ἵππων, ἤ μιν ἔπειτα
γούνων ἁψάμενοι λιτανεύσομεν, αἴ κ᾽ ἐλεήσῃ."
Ὣς φάτο, σὺν δὲ γέροντι νόος χύτο, δείδιε δ᾽ αἰνῶς,
ὀρθαὶ δὲ τρίχες ἔσταν ἐνὶ γναμπτοῖσι μέλεσσι,
στῆ δὲ ταφών. αὐτὸς δ᾽ Ἐριούνιος ἐγγύθεν ἐλθών,
χεῖρα γέροντος ἑλὼν ἐξείρετο καὶ προσέειπε·
"πῇ, πάτερ, ὧδ᾽ ἵππους τε καὶ ἡμιόνους ἰθύνεις
νύκτα δι᾽ ἀμβροσίην, ὅτε θ᾽ εὕδουσι βροτοὶ ἄλλοι;
οὐδὲ σύ γ᾽ ἔδδεισας μένεα πνείοντας Ἀχαιούς,
οἵ τοι δυσμενέες καὶ ἀνάρσιοι ἐγγὺς ἔασι;
τῶν εἴ τίς σε ἴδοιτο θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν
τοσσάδ᾽ ὀνείατ᾽ ἄγοντα, τίς ἂν δή τοι νόος εἴη;

ful sandals, immortal, golden, which bore him over the waters of the sea and over the boundless land swift as the blasts of the wind. And he took the wand with which he lulls to sleep the eyes of whom he will, while others again he rouses even out of slumber. With this in his hand the strong Argeïphontes flew, and quickly came to the land of Troy and the Hellespont. Then he set out to go in the likeness of a regal young man with the first down on his lip, in whom the charm of youth is fairest.

Now when they had driven past the great mound of Ilus, they halted the mules and the horses in the river to drink; for darkness had by now come down over the earth. Then the herald looked and noticed Hermes close at hand, and he spoke to Priam, saying: "Take thought, son of Dardanus, here is something that calls for prudent thought. I see a man, and he will soon cut us to pieces, I suspect. Come, let us flee in the chariot, or at least clasp his knees and entreat him, in the hope that he may have pity."

So he spoke, and the old man's mind was thrown into confusion, and he was dreadfully afraid, and straight up stood the hair on his pliant limbs, and he stood in a daze. But it was the Helper who came up of his own accord, and took the old man's hand, and made question of him, saying: "Where, father, do you thus guide horses and mules through the immortal night when other mortals are sleeping? Are you not seized with fear of the Achaeans, breathing fury, hostile men and shameless who are nearby? If one of them should see you bringing such treasure through the swift black night, what would your counsel be then? You

οὔτ᾽ αὐτὸς νέος ἐσσί, γέρων δέ τοι οὗτος ὀπηδεῖ,
ἄνδρ᾽ ἀπαμύνασθαι, ὅτε τις πρότερος χαλεπήνῃ.
ἀλλ᾽ ἐγὼ οὐδέν σε ῥέξω κακά, καὶ δέ κεν ἄλλον
σεῦ ἀπαλεξήσαιμι· φίλῳ δέ σε πατρὶ ἐΐσκω."
Τὸν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
"οὕτω πῃ τάδε γ᾽ ἐστί, φίλον τέκος, ὡς ἀγορεύεις.
ἀλλ᾽ ἔτι τις καὶ ἐμεῖο θεῶν ὑπερέσχεθε χεῖρα,
ὅς μοι τοιόνδ᾽ ἧκεν ὁδοιπόρον ἀντιβολῆσαι,
αἴσιον, οἷος δὴ σὺ δέμας καὶ εἶδος ἀγητός,
πέπνυσαί τε νόῳ, μακάρων δ᾽ ἔξ ἐσσι τοκήων."
Τὸν δ᾽ αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργεϊφόντης·
"ναὶ δὴ ταῦτά γε πάντα, γέρον, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες.
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ καὶ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεξον,
ἠέ πῃ ἐκπέμπεις κειμήλια πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθλὰ
ἄνδρας ἐς ἀλλοδαπούς, ἵνα περ τάδε τοι σόα μίμνῃ,
ἦ ἤδη πάντες καταλείπετε Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
δειδιότες· τοῖος γὰρ ἀνὴρ ὤριστος ὄλωλε
σὸς πάις· οὐ μὲν γάρ τι μάχης ἐπιδεύετ᾽ Ἀχαιῶν."
Τὸν δ᾽ ἠμείβετ᾽ ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
"τίς δὲ σύ ἐσσι, φέριστε, τέων δ᾽ ἔξ ἐσσι τοκήων;
ὥς μοι καλὰ τὸν οἶτον ἀπότμου παιδὸς ἔνισπες."
Τὸν δ᾽ αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργεϊφόντης·
"πειρᾷ ἐμεῖο, γεραιέ, καὶ εἴρεαι Ἕκτορα δῖον.
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ μάλα πολλὰ μάχῃ ἔνι κυδιανείρῃ
ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὄπωπα, καὶ εὖτ᾽ ἐπὶ νηυσὶν ἐλάσσας
Ἀργείους κτείνεσκε, δαΐζων ὀξέι χαλκῷ·
ἡμεῖς δ᾽ ἑσταότες θαυμάζομεν· οὐ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
εἴα μάρνασθαι, κεχολωμένος Ἀτρεΐωνι.

are not young yourself, and your companion here is old, to defend yourselves against a man when he is first to be angry at you. But as for me, I will in no way harm you, and I will even defend you against another; for like my dear father are you in my eyes."

Then the old man, godlike Priam, answered him: "Just so, dear son, are all these things as you say. But still some god has stretched out his hand even over me, since he has sent a wayfarer such as you to meet me, a good omen, so wondrous in form and beauty, and you are wise in understanding; happy parents are they from whom you are sprung."

Then again the messenger, Argeïphontes, spoke to him: "Yes indeed, old sir, all this you have spoken properly. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly, whether you are taking these treasures many and noble to some foreign people, where they may remain for you in safety, or whether now you are all forsaking sacred Ilios in fear; so great a warrior, the best of all, has perished, your son; for never did he hold back from warring with the Achaeans."

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him: "Who are you, noble youth, and from what parents are you sprung? So well do you speak of the fate of my unlucky son."

Then again the messenger, Argeiphontes, spoke to him: "You make trial of me, old sir, in asking me about noble Hector. Him have my own eyes very often seen in battle, where men win glory, and when after driving the Argives to the ships he slew them, cutting them down with the sharp bronze; and we stood there and marveled, for Achilles would not allow us to fight, being angered against the son

τοῦ γὰρ ἐγὼ θεράπων, μία δ' ἤγαγε νηῦς εὐεργής·
Μυρμιδόνων δ' ἔξ εἰμι, πατὴρ δέ μοί ἐστι Πολύκτωρ.
ἀφνειὸς μὲν ὅ γ' ἐστί, γέρων δὲ δὴ ὡς σύ περ ὧδε,
ἓξ δέ οἱ υἷες ἔασιν, ἐγὼ δέ οἱ ἕβδομός εἰμι·
τῶν μέτα παλλόμενος κλήρῳ λάχον ἐνθάδ' ἕπεσθαι.
νῦν δ' ἦλθον πεδίονδ' ἀπὸ νηῶν· ἠῶθεν γὰρ
θήσονται περὶ ἄστυ μάχην ἑλίκωπες Ἀχαιοί.
ἀσχαλόωσι γὰρ οἵδε καθήμενοι, οὐδὲ δύνανται
ἴσχειν ἐσσυμένους πολέμου βασιλῆες Ἀχαιῶν."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
"εἰ μὲν δὴ θεράπων Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
εἶς, ἄγε δή μοι πᾶσαν ἀληθείην κατάλεξον,
ἢ ἔτι πὰρ νήεσσιν ἐμὸς πάις, ἦέ μιν ἤδη
ᾗσι κυσὶν μελεϊστὶ ταμὼν προὔθηκεν Ἀχιλλεύς."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργεϊφόντης·
"ὦ γέρον, οὔ πω τόν γε κύνες φάγον οὐδ' οἰωνοί,
ἀλλ' ἔτι κεῖνος κεῖται Ἀχιλλῆος παρὰ νηὶ
αὔτως ἐν κλισίῃσι· δυωδεκάτη δέ οἱ ἠὼς
κειμένῳ, οὐδέ τί οἱ χρὼς σήπεται, οὐδέ μιν εὐλαὶ
ἔσθουσ', αἵ ῥά τε φῶτας ἀρηιφάτους κατέδουσιν.
ἦ μέν μιν περὶ σῆμα ἑοῦ ἑτάροιο φίλοιο
ἕλκει ἀκηδέστως, Ἠὼς ὅτε δῖα φανήῃ,
οὐδέ μιν αἰσχύνει· θηοῖό κεν αὐτὸς ἐπελθὼν
οἷον ἐερσήεις κεῖται, περὶ δ' αἷμα νένιπται,
οὐδέ ποθι μιαρός· σὺν δ' ἕλκεα πάντα μέμυκεν,
ὅσσ' ἐτύπη· πολέες γὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ χαλκὸν ἔλασσαν.
ὥς τοι κήδονται μάκαρες θεοὶ υἷος ἑοῖο[13]

of Atreus. His attendant am I, and the same well-made ship brought us here. Of the Myrmidons I am one, and my father is Polyctor. He is rich in substance, and an old man just like you, and he has six sons, and I am his seventh. From these by the casting of lots I was chosen to follow here. And now I have come to the plain from the ships; for at dawn the bright-eyed Achaeans will set the battle about the city. For it irks them that they sit idle here, nor can the kings of the Achaeans hold them back in their eagerness for war."

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him: "If you are indeed an attendant of Peleus' son Achilles, come now, tell me all the truth, whether my son is still by the ships, or whether by now Achilles has hewn him limb from limb and cast him before his dogs."

Then again the messenger Argeïphontes spoke to him: "Old sir, not yet have dogs and birds devoured him, but he still lies there beside the ship of Achilles among the huts as he was at the first; and this is now the twelfth day that he lies there, yet his flesh decays not at all, nor do worms consume it, such as feed on men slain in battle. To be sure, Achilles drags him ruthlessly about the mound of his dear comrade, as often as sacred Dawn appears, but he mars him not; you would yourself marvel, were you to come and see how dewy-fresh he lies, and is washed clean of blood, nor is he anywhere stained; and all the wounds are closed with which he was struck, for many there were who drove the bronze into his flesh. In such a way do the blessed gods

13 ἑοῖο: ἑῆος.

καὶ νέκυός περ ἐόντος, ἐπεί σφι φίλος περὶ κῆρι."[14]
Ὣς φάτο, γήθησεν δ' ὁ γέρων, καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·
"ὦ τέκος, ἦ ῥ' ἀγαθὸν καὶ ἐναίσιμα δῶρα διδοῦναι
ἀθανάτοις, ἐπεὶ οὔ ποτ' ἐμὸς πάϊς, εἴ ποτ' ἔην γε,
λήθετ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισι θεῶν, οἳ Ὄλυμπον ἔχουσι·
τῶ οἱ ἀπομνήσαντο καὶ ἐν θανάτοιό περ αἴσῃ.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ τόδε δέξαι ἐμεῦ πάρα καλὸν ἄλεισον,
αὐτόν τε ῥῦσαι, πέμψον δέ με σύν γε θεοῖσιν,
ὄφρα κεν ἐς κλισίην Πηληϊάδεω ἀφίκωμαι."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε διάκτορος Ἀργεϊφόντης·
"πειρᾷ ἐμεῖο, γεραιέ, νεωτέρου, οὐδέ με πείσεις,
ὅς με κέλεαι σέο δῶρα παρὲξ Ἀχιλῆα δέχεσθαι.
τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ δείδοικα καὶ αἰδέομαι περὶ κῆρι
συλεύειν, μή μοί τι κακὸν μετόπισθε γένηται.
σοὶ δ' ἂν ἐγὼ πομπὸς καί κε κλυτὸν Ἄργος ἱκοίμην,
ἐνδυκέως ἐν νηὶ θοῇ ἢ πεζὸς ὁμαρτέων·
οὐκ ἄν τίς τοι πομπὸν ὀνοσσάμενος μαχέσαιτο."
Ἦ, καὶ ἀναΐξας Ἐριούνιος ἅρμα καὶ ἵππους
καρπαλίμως μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία λάζετο χερσίν,
ἐν δ' ἔπνευσ' ἵπποισι καὶ ἡμιόνοις μένος ἠύ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πύργους τε νεῶν καὶ τάφρον ἵκοντο,
οἱ δὲ νέον περὶ δόρπα φυλακτῆρες πονέοντο,
τοῖσι δ' ἐφ' ὕπνον ἔχευε διάκτορος Ἀργεϊφόντης
πᾶσιν, ἄφαρ δ' ὤιξε πύλας καὶ ἀπῶσεν ὀχῆας,
ἐς δ' ἄγαγε Πρίαμόν τε καὶ ἀγλαὰ δῶρ' ἐπ' ἀπήνης.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ κλισίην Πηληϊάδεω ἀφίκοντο

[14] Line 423 was rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

care for your son, corpse though he is, since he was dear to their hearts."

So he spoke, and the old man rejoiced, and answered, saying: "My child, a good thing truly is it to give to the immortals such gifts as are due them; for never did my son—if ever in fact he was—forget in our halls the gods who hold Olympus; so they have remembered this for him, even though he is in the doom of death. But come, accept from me this fair goblet, and guard me myself, and guide me with the speeding of the gods until I come to the hut of the son of Peleus."

And again the messenger, Argeïphontes, spoke to him: "You make trial of me, old sir, a younger man than you; but you will not persuade me, since you are asking me to take gifts from you behind Achilles' back. Of him I have fear and respect at heart that I should defraud him, lest some evil befall me later. But as your guide I would go even to glorious Argos, attending you with kindly care in a swift ship or on foot; nor would any man scorn your guide and fight with you."

So spoke the Helper, and leaping on the chariot behind the horses quickly grasped in his hands the whip and reins, and breathed great might into the horses and mules. But when they came to the walls and the trench that guarded the ships, just as the watchers were busying themselves about their meal, on all of these the messenger Argeïphontes shed sleep, and immediately opened the gates, and thrust back the bars, and brought inside Priam and the glorious gifts on the wagon. But when they came to

ὑψηλήν, τὴν Μυρμιδόνες ποίησαν ἄνακτι
δοῦρ᾽ ἐλάτης κέρσαντες· ἀτὰρ καθύπερθεν ἔρεψαν
λαχνήεντ᾽ ὄροφον λειμωνόθεν ἀμήσαντες·
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ μεγάλην αὐλὴν ποίησαν ἄνακτι
σταυροῖσιν πυκινοῖσι· θύρην δ᾽ ἔχε μοῦνος ἐπιβλὴς
εἰλάτινος, τὸν τρεῖς μὲν ἐπιρρήσσεσκον Ἀχαιοί,
τρεῖς δ᾽ ἀναοίγεσκον μεγάλην κληῖδα θυράων,
τῶν ἄλλων· Ἀχιλεὺς δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐπιρρήσσεσκε καὶ οἶος·
δή ῥα τόθ᾽ Ἑρμείας ἐριούνιος ᾦξε γέροντι,
ἐς δ᾽ ἄγαγε κλυτὰ δῶρα ποδώκεϊ Πηλεΐωνι,
ἐξ ἵππων δ᾽ ἀπέβαινεν ἐπὶ χθόνα φώνησέν τε·
"ὦ γέρον, ἦ τοι ἐγὼ θεὸς ἄμβροτος εἰλήλουθα,
Ἑρμείας· σοὶ γάρ με πατὴρ ἅμα πομπὸν ὄπασσεν.
ἀλλ᾽ ἦ τοι μὲν ἐγὼ πάλιν εἴσομαι, οὐδ᾽ Ἀχιλῆος
ὀφθαλμοὺς εἴσειμι· νεμεσσητὸν δέ κεν εἴη
ἀθάνατον θεὸν ὧδε βροτοὺς ἀγαπαζέμεν ἄντην·
τύνη δ᾽ εἰσελθὼν λαβὲ γούνατα Πηλεΐωνος,
καί μιν ὑπὲρ πατρὸς καὶ μητέρος ἠυκόμοιο
λίσσεο καὶ τέκεος, ἵνα οἱ σὺν θυμὸν ὀρίνῃς."
    Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον
Ἑρμείας· Πρίαμος δ᾽ ἐξ ἵππων ἆλτο χαμᾶζε,
Ἰδαῖον δὲ κατ᾽ αὖθι λίπεν· ὁ δὲ μίμνεν ἐρύκων
ἵππους ἡμιόνους τε· γέρων δ᾽ ἰθὺς κίεν οἴκου,
τῇ ῥ᾽ Ἀχιλεὺς ἵζεσκε διίφιλος· ἐν δέ μιν αὐτὸν
εὗρ᾽, ἕταροι δ᾽ ἀπάνευθε καθήατο· τὼ δὲ δύ᾽ οἴω,
ἥρως Αὐτομέδων τε καὶ Ἄλκιμος, ὄζος Ἄρηος,
ποίπνυον παρεόντε· νέον δ᾽ ἀπέληγεν ἐδωδῆς
ἔσθων καὶ πίνων· ἔτι καὶ παρέκειτο τράπεζα.[13]

the hut of Peleus' son, the lofty hut which the Myrmidons had built for their king, hewing for it beams of fir—and they had roofed it over with shaggy thatch, gathered from the meadows; and around it they made for him, their king, a great court with thick-set stakes; and the door was held by one single bar of fir that three Achaeans were used to drive home, and three to draw back the great bolt of the door (three of the rest, but Achilles would drive it home even by himself)—then the helper Hermes opened the door for the old man, and brought in the glorious gifts for the swift-footed son of Peleus; and from the chariot he stepped down to the ground and spoke, saying: "Old sir, I who have come to you am an immortal god, Hermes; for my father sent me to guide you on your way. But now I will go back, and not come into Achilles' sight; it would be a shameful thing that an immortal god should thus openly be entertained by mortals. But you go in and clasp the knees of the son of Peleus and entreat him by his father and his fair-haired mother and his child, so that you may stir his heart."

So spoke Hermes, and went away to high Olympus; and Priam leapt from his chariot to the ground, and left there Idaeus, who stayed holding the horses and mules; but the old man went straight toward the house where Achilles, dear to Zeus, was accustomed to sit. There he found Achilles, but his comrades sat apart: two only, the warrior Automedon and Alcimus, offshoot of Ares, waited busily on him; and he had just ceased from food, from eating and drinking, and the table still stood by his side. Un-

[15] Line 476 was rejected by Aristarchus.

τοὺς δ' ἔλαθ' εἰσελθὼν Πρίαμος μέγας, ἄγχι δ' ἄρα στὰς
χερσὶν Ἀχιλλῆος λάβε γούνατα καὶ κύσε χεῖρας
δεινὰς ἀνδροφόνους, αἵ οἱ πολέας κτάνον υἷας.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἄνδρ' ἄτη πυκινὴ λάβῃ, ὅς τ' ἐνὶ πάτρῃ
φῶτα κατακτείνας ἄλλων ἐξίκετο δῆμον,
ἀνδρὸς ἐς ἀφνειοῦ, θάμβος δ' ἔχει εἰσορόωντας,
ὣς Ἀχιλεὺς θάμβησεν ἰδὼν Πρίαμον θεοειδέα·
θάμβησαν δὲ καὶ ἄλλοι, ἐς ἀλλήλους δὲ ἴδοντο.
τὸν καὶ λισσόμενος Πρίαμος πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπε·
"μνῆσαι πατρὸς σοῖο, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
τηλίκου ὥς περ ἐγών, ὀλοῷ ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδῷ·
καὶ μέν που κεῖνον περιναιέται ἀμφὶς ἐόντες
τείρουσ', οὐδέ τις ἔστιν ἀρὴν καὶ λοιγὸν ἀμῦναι.
ἀλλ' ἤ τοι κεῖνός γε σέθεν ζώοντος ἀκούων
χαίρει τ' ἐν θυμῷ, ἐπί τ' ἔλπεται ἤματα πάντα
ὄψεσθαι φίλον υἱὸν ἀπὸ Τροίηθεν ἰόντα·
αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ πανάποτμος, ἐπεὶ τέκον υἷας ἀρίστους
Τροίῃ ἐν εὐρείῃ, τῶν δ' οὔ τινά φημι λελεῖφθαι.
πεντήκοντά μοι ἦσαν, ὅτ' ἤλυθον υἷες Ἀχαιῶν·
ἐννεακαίδεκα μέν μοι ἰῆς ἐκ νηδύος ἦσαν,
τοὺς δ' ἄλλους μοι ἔτικτον ἐνὶ μεγάροισι γυναῖκες.
τῶν μὲν πολλῶν θοῦρος Ἄρης ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν·
ὃς δέ μοι οἶος ἔην, εἴρυτο δὲ ἄστυ καὶ αὐτούς,
τὸν σὺ πρῴην κτεῖνας ἀμυνόμενον περὶ πάτρης,
Ἕκτορα· τοῦ νῦν εἵνεχ' ἱκάνω νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
λυσόμενος παρὰ σεῖο, φέρω δ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα.
ἀλλ' αἰδεῖο θεούς, Ἀχιλεῦ, αὐτόν τ' ἐλέησον,

seen by them great Priam entered in and, coming up to Achilles, clasped his knees in his hands, and kissed his hands, the terrible, man-slaying hands that had slain his many sons. And as when overpowering blindness of heart comes on a man, who in his own country slays another and escapes to a land of strangers, to the house of some man of substance, and amazement comes on those who look on him, so was Achilles struck with wonder at sight of godlike Priam, and struck with wonder were the others likewise, and they glanced at one another. But Priam spoke to him, entreating him, saying: "Remember your father, godlike Achilles, whose years are like mine, on the grievous threshold of old age. Him, too, likely enough, those who dwell round about are treating evilly, nor is there anyone to ward harm and ruin from him. But he, at least, while he hears of you as still living, rejoices in his heart, and hopes day by day that he will see his dear son returning from the land of Troy. But I—I am completely ill-fated, since I begot sons the best in the broad land of Troy, yet of them I say that not one is left. Fifty I had, when the sons of the Achaeans came; nineteen were born to me of the same womb, and the others women of the palace bore. Of these, many as they were, furious Ares has loosed the knees, and the only one I had, who by himself guarded the city and its people, him you slew as he fought for his country—Hector. For his sake I have now come to the ships of the Achaeans to win him back from you, and I bring with me ransom past counting. But respect the gods, Achilles, and take pity on me,

μνησάμενος σοῦ πατρός· ἐγὼ δ' ἐλεεινότερός περ,
ἔτλην δ' οἷ' οὔ πώ τις ἐπιχθόνιος βροτὸς ἄλλος,
ἀνδρὸς παιδοφόνοιο ποτὶ στόμα χεῖρ' ὀρέγεσθαι."
  Ὣς φάτο, τῷ δ' ἄρα πατρὸς ὑφ' ἵμερον ὦρσε γόοιο·
ἁψάμενος δ' ἄρα χειρὸς ἀπώσατο ἦκα γέροντα.
τὼ δὲ μνησαμένω, ὁ μὲν Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο
κλαῖ' ἁδινὰ προπάροιθε ποδῶν Ἀχιλῆος ἐλυσθείς,
αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς κλαῖεν ἑὸν πατέρ', ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε
Πάτροκλον· τῶν δὲ στοναχὴ κατὰ δώματ' ὀρώρει.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥα γόοιο τετάρπετο δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
καί οἱ ἀπὸ πραπίδων ἦλθ' ἵμερος ἠδ' ἀπὸ γυίων,[16]
αὐτίκ' ἀπὸ θρόνου ὦρτο, γέροντα δὲ χειρὸς ἀνίστη,
οἰκτείρων πολιόν τε κάρη πολιόν τε γένειον,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"ἆ δείλ', ἦ δὴ πολλὰ κάκ' ἄνσχεο σὸν κατὰ θυμόν.
πῶς ἔτλης ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν ἐλθέμεν οἶος,
ἀνδρὸς ἐς ὀφθαλμοὺς ὅς τοι πολέας τε καὶ ἐσθλοὺς
υἱέας ἐξενάριξα; σιδήρειόν νύ τοι ἦτορ.
ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ κατ' ἄρ' ἕζευ ἐπὶ θρόνου, ἄλγεα δ' ἔμπης
ἐν θυμῷ κατακεῖσθαι ἐάσομεν ἀχνύμενοί περ·
οὐ γάρ τις πρῆξις πέλεται κρυεροῖο γόοιο·
ὡς γὰρ ἐπεκλώσαντο θεοὶ δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσι,
ζώειν ἀχνυμένους· αὐτοὶ δέ τ' ἀκηδέες εἰσί.
δοιοὶ γάρ τε πίθοι κατακείαται ἐν Διὸς οὔδει
δώρων οἷα δίδωσι, κακῶν, ἕτερος δὲ ἑάων·
ᾧ μέν κ' ἀμμείξας δώῃ Ζεὺς τερπικέραυνος,
ἄλλοτε μέν τε κακῷ ὅ γε κύρεται, ἄλλοτε δ' ἐσθλῷ·

remembering your own father. I am more piteous far than he, and have endured what no other mortal on the face of earth has yet endured, to reach out my hand to the face of the man who has slain my sons."

So he spoke, and in Achilles he roused desire to weep for his father; and he took the old man by the hand, and gently pushed him away from him. So the two remembered—the one remembered man-slaying Hector and wept loudly, collapsed at Achilles' feet, but Achilles wept for his own father, and now again for Patroclus; and the sound of their moaning went up through the house. But when noble Achilles had had his fill of weeping, and the desire of it had gone away from his heart and limbs, immediately then he sprang from his seat, and raised the old man by his hand, pitying his gray head and gray beard; and he spoke and addressed him with winged words: "Ah, unhappy man, many indeed are the evils you have endured in your heart. How could you bring yourself to come alone to the ships of the Achaeans, to meet the eyes of me who have slain your sons many and noble? Of iron surely is your heart. But come, sit on a seat, and our woes let us allow to rest in our hearts, for all our sorrow; for no profit comes of chill lament. For so have the gods spun the thread for wretched mortals, that they should live among sorrows; and they themselves are without care. For two urns are set on Zeus' floor of gifts that he gives, the one of ills, the other of blessings. To whomever Zeus, who hurls the thunderbolt, gives a mixed lot, that man meets now with evil, now

[16] Line 514 was rejected by Aristarchus.

ᾧ δέ κε τῶν λυγρῶν δώῃ, λωβητὸν ἔθηκε,
καί ἑ κακὴ βούβρωστις ἐπὶ χθόνα δῖαν ἐλαύνει,
φοιτᾷ δ' οὔτε θεοῖσι τετιμένος οὔτε βροτοῖσιν.
ὣς μὲν καὶ Πηλῆι θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα
ἐκ γενετῆς· πάντας γὰρ ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους ἐκέκαστο
ὄλβῳ τε πλούτῳ τε, ἄνασσε δὲ Μυρμιδόνεσσι,
καί οἱ θνητῷ ἐόντι θεὰν ποίησαν ἄκοιτιν.
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ καὶ τῷ θῆκε θεὸς κακόν, ὅττι οἱ οὔ τι
παίδων ἐν μεγάροισι γονὴ γένετο κρειόντων,
ἀλλ' ἕνα παῖδα τέκεν παναώριον· οὐδέ νυ τόν γε
γηράσκοντα κομίζω, ἐπεὶ μάλα τηλόθι πάτρης
ἧμαι ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, σέ τε κήδων ἠδὲ σὰ τέκνα.
καὶ σέ, γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν ὄλβιον εἶναι·
ὅσσον Λέσβος ἄνω, Μάκαρος ἕδος, ἐντὸς ἐέργει
καὶ Φρυγίη καθύπερθε καὶ Ἑλλήσποντος ἀπείρων,
τῶν σε, γέρον, πλούτῳ τε καὶ υἱάσι φασὶ κεκάσθαι.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί τοι πῆμα τόδ' ἤγαγον Οὐρανίωνες,
αἰεί τοι περὶ ἄστυ μάχαι τ' ἀνδροκτασίαι τε.
ἄνσχεο, μηδ' ἀλίαστον ὀδύρεο σὸν κατὰ θυμόν·
οὐ γάρ τι πρήξεις ἀκαχήμενος υἷος ἑοῖο,[17]
οὐδέ μιν ἀνστήσεις, πρὶν καὶ κακὸν ἄλλο πάθησθα."

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
"μή πώ μ' ἐς θρόνον ἵζε, διοτρεφές, ὄφρα κεν Ἕκτωρ
κεῖται ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἀκηδής, ἀλλὰ τάχιστα
λῦσον, ἵν' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἴδω· σὺ δὲ δέξαι ἄποινα

[17] ἑοῖο: ἑῆος.

with good; but to whomever he gives only of the baneful, him he makes to be degraded by man, and evil madness[5] drives him over the face of the sacred earth, and he wanders honored neither by gods nor by mortals. So too did the gods give glorious gifts to Peleus from his birth; for he excelled all men in wealth and substance, and was king over the Myrmidons, and to him who was but a mortal the gods gave a goddess to be his wife. But even on him a god wrought evil, in that there sprang up in his halls no offspring of princely sons, but he begot only one son, doomed to an untimely fate. Nor do I tend him as he grows old, since far, far from my own country I sit around in the land of Troy, causing pain to you and your children. And of you, old sir, we hear that once you were happy; how of all that toward the sea Lesbos, the seat of Macar,[6] encloses, and Phrygia in the upland, and the boundless Hellespont, over all these people, men say, you, old sir, were preeminent because of your wealth and your sons. But from the time when the heavenly gods brought on you this misery, ever around your city are battles and slayings of men. Bear up, and do not grieve ever ceaselessly in your heart; for nothing will you accomplish by grieving for your son, and you will not bring him back to life; before that you will suffer some other ill."

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him: "Seat me not on a chair, nurtured by Zeus, so long as Hector lies uncared-for among the huts; but give him back quickly, so that my eyes may look on him; and accept the ransom, the

[5] This interpretation is given by the scholiast. More commonly βούβρωστις is assumed to mean "famine." M.

[6] Macar was a legendary king of Lesbos. M.

πολλά, τά τοι φέρομεν. σὺ δὲ τῶνδ' ἀπόναιο, καὶ ἔλθοις[18]
σὴν ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν, ἐπεί με πρῶτον ἔασας
αὐτόν τε ζώειν καὶ ὁρᾶν φάος ἠελίοιο."[19]
Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"μηκέτι νῦν μ' ἐρέθιζε, γέρον· νοέω δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
Ἕκτορά τοι λῦσαι, Διόθεν δέ μοι ἄγγελος ἦλθε
μήτηρ, ἥ μ' ἔτεκεν, θυγάτηρ ἁλίοιο γέροντος.
καὶ δέ σε γιγνώσκω, Πρίαμε, φρεσίν, οὐδέ με λήθεις,
ὅττι θεῶν τίς σ' ἦγε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.
οὐ γάρ κε τλαίη βροτὸς ἐλθέμεν, οὐδὲ μάλ' ἡβῶν,
ἐς στρατόν· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἂν φυλάκους λάθοι, οὐδέ κ' ὀχῆα
ῥεῖα μετοχλίσσειε θυράων ἡμετεράων.
τῶ νῦν μή μοι μᾶλλον ἐν ἄλγεσι θυμὸν ὀρίνῃς,
μή σε, γέρον, οὐδ' αὐτὸν ἐνὶ κλισίῃσιν ἐάσω
καὶ ἱκέτην περ ἐόντα, Διὸς δ' ἀλίτωμαι ἐφετμάς."
Ὣς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δ' ὁ γέρων καὶ ἐπείθετο μύθῳ.
Πηλεΐδης δ' οἴκοιο λέων ὣς ἆλτο θύραζε,
οὐκ οἶος, ἅμα τῷ γε δύω θεράποντες ἕποντο,
ἥρως Αὐτομέδων ἠδ' Ἄλκιμος, οὕς ῥα μάλιστα
τῖ' Ἀχιλεὺς ἑτάρων μετὰ Πάτροκλόν γε θανόντα,
οἳ τόθ' ὑπὸ ζυγόφιν λύον ἵππους ἡμιόνους τε,
ἐς δ' ἄγαγον κήρυκα καλήτορα τοῖο γέροντος,
κὰδ δ' ἐπὶ δίφρου εἷσαν· ἐυσσώτρου[20] δ' ἀπ' ἀπήνης

[18] Lines 556 f. were rejected by Aristarchus.

great ransom, that we bring. So may you have joy of it, and come to your native land, since from the first you have spared me."[7]

Then with an angry glance Achilles swift of foot spoke to him: "Do not provoke me further, old sir; I intend myself to give Hector back to you; for from Zeus there came to me a messenger, the mother who bore me, daughter of the old man of the sea. And of you, Priam, I know in my heart—it does not escape me—that some god led you to the swift ships of the Achaeans. For no mortal man, not even a very young and strong man, would dare to come among the army; nor could he then escape the watch, nor easily thrust back the bar of our doors. So now stir my heart no more among my sorrows, lest, old sir, I spare not even you inside the huts, my suppliant though you are, and so transgress the charge of Zeus."

So he spoke, and the old man was seized with fear, and obeyed his words. But like a lion the son of Peleus sprang out of the house—not alone, for with him went two attendants as well, the warrior Automedon and Alcimus, they whom Achilles honored above all his comrades after the dead Patroclus. These then loosed from beneath the yoke the horses and mules, and led in the herald, the crier of the old king, and set him on a chair; and from the wagon with

[7] Line 558, which was unknown to Aristarchus and is unnoticed by the scholia and by Eustathius, has been omitted in translating: "myself to live, and behold the light of the sun." M.

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[19] Line 558 is omitted in many MSS.
[20] ἐυσσώτρου: ἐυξέστου.

ἥρεον Ἑκτορέης κεφαλῆς ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα.
κὰδ δ' ἔλιπον δύο φάρε' ἐΰννητόν τε χιτῶνα,
ὄφρα νέκυν πυκάσας δοίη οἶκόνδε φέρεσθαι.
δμῳὰς δ' ἐκκαλέσας λοῦσαι κέλετ' ἀμφί τ' ἀλεῖψαι,
νόσφιν ἀειράσας, ὡς μὴ Πρίαμος ἴδοι υἱόν,
μὴ ὁ μὲν ἀχνυμένῃ κραδίῃ χόλον οὐκ ἐρύσαιτο
παῖδα ἰδών, Ἀχιλῆι δ' ὀρινθείη φίλον ἦτορ,
καί ἑ κατακτείνειε, Διὸς δ' ἀλίτηται ἐφετμάς.
τὸν δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν δμῳαὶ λοῦσαν καὶ χρῖσαν ἐλαίῳ,
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν φᾶρος καλὸν βάλον ἠδὲ χιτῶνα,
αὐτὸς τόν γ' Ἀχιλεὺς λεχέων ἐπέθηκεν ἀείρας,
σὺν δ' ἕταροι ἤειραν ἐϋξέστην ἐπ' ἀπήνην.
ᾤμωξέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα, φίλον δ' ὀνόμηνεν ἑταῖρον·
"μή μοι, Πάτροκλε, σκυδμαινέμεν, αἴ κε πύθηαι
εἰν Ἄϊδός περ ἐὼν ὅτι Ἕκτορα δῖον ἔλυσα
πατρὶ φίλῳ, ἐπεὶ οὔ μοι ἀεικέα δῶκεν ἄποινα.[21]
σοὶ δ' αὖ ἐγὼ καὶ τῶνδ' ἀποδάσσομαι ὅσσ' ἐπέοικεν."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐς κλισίην πάλιν ἤιε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς,
ἕζετο δ' ἐν κλισμῷ πολυδαιδάλῳ, ἔνθεν ἀνέστη,
τοίχου τοῦ ἑτέρου, ποτὶ δὲ Πρίαμον φάτο μῦθον·
"υἱὸς μὲν δή τοι λέλυται, γέρον, ὡς ἐκέλευες,
κεῖται δ' ἐν λεχέεσσ'· ἅμα δ' ἠοῖ φαινομένηφιν
ὄψεαι αὐτὸς ἄγων· νῦν δὲ μνησώμεθα δόρπου.
καὶ γάρ τ' ἠΰκομος Νιόβη ἐμνήσατο σίτου,
τῇ περ δώδεκα παῖδες ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ὄλοντο,
ἓξ μὲν θυγατέρες, ἓξ δ' υἱέες ἡβώοντες.

[21] Lines 594 f. were rejected by Aristarchus.

good felloes they took the countless ransom for Hector's head. But they left there two robes and a fair-woven tunic so that Achilles might wrap the dead in them and so give him to be taken to his home. Then Achilles called out the handmaids and ordered them to wash and anoint him, carrying him to a place apart so that Priam might not have sight of his son, lest in grief of heart he should not restrain his wrath when he had sight of his son, and Achilles' own heart be stirred to anger, and he slay him, and so transgress the charge of Zeus. So when the handmaids had washed the body and anointed it with oil, and had cast about it a fair cloak and a tunic, then Achilles himself lifted it and set it on a bier, and his comrades with him lifted it on to the polished wagon. Then he uttered a groan, and called on his dear comrade by name: "Be not angry with me, Patroclus, if you hear even in the house of Hades that I have given back noble Hector to his dear father, since not inadequate is the ransom he has given me. And to you I will give of these things all that is your due share."

So spoke noble Achilles and went back inside the hut and on the richly inlaid chair from which he had risen sat down by the opposite wall, and he spoke to Priam, saying: "Your son, old sir, has been released according to your wish, and lies on a bier; and at break of day you shall yourself look on him, as you carry him away; but for now let us take thought of a meal. For even the fair-haired Niobe took thought of food, though twelve children perished in her halls, six daughters and six sons in their prime.[5] The sons

[5] This is the only mention of the Niobe legend in Homer. According to the tragedians there were seven sons and seven daughters. M.

τοὺς μὲν Ἀπόλλων πέφνεν ἀπ᾽ ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο
χωόμενος Νιόβῃ, τὰς δ᾽ Ἄρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα,
οὕνεκ᾽ ἄρα Λητοῖ ἰσάσκετο καλλιπαρῄῳ·
φῆ δοιὼ τεκέειν, ἡ δ᾽ αὐτὴ γείνατο πολλούς·
τὼ δ᾽ ἄρα καὶ δοιώ περ ἐόντ᾽ ἀπὸ πάντας ὄλεσσαν.
οἳ μὲν ἄρ᾽ ἐννῆμαρ κέατ᾽ ἐν φόνῳ, οὐδέ τις ἦεν
κατθάψαι, λαοὺς δὲ λίθους ποίησε Κρονίων·
τοὺς δ᾽ ἄρα τῇ δεκάτῃ θάψαν θεοὶ Οὐρανίωνες.
ἡ δ᾽ ἄρα σίτου μνήσατ᾽, ἐπεὶ κάμε δάκρυ χέουσα.
νῦν δέ που ἐν πέτρῃσιν, ἐν οὔρεσιν οἰοπόλοισιν,[22]
ἐν Σιπύλῳ, ὅθι φασὶ θεάων ἔμμεναι εὐνὰς
νυμφάων, αἵ τ᾽ ἀμφ᾽ Ἀχελώιον ἐρρώσαντο,
ἔνθα λίθος περ ἐοῦσα θεῶν ἐκ κήδεα πέσσει.
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε δὴ καὶ νῶι μεδώμεθα, δῖε γεραιέ,
σίτου· ἔπειτά κεν αὖτε φίλον παῖδα κλαίοισθα,
Ἴλιον εἰσαγαγών· πολυδάκρυτος δέ τοι ἔσται."
Ἦ, καὶ ἀναΐξας ὄιν ἄργυφον ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς
σφάξ᾽· ἕταροι δ᾽ ἔδερόν τε καὶ ἄμφεπον εὖ κατὰ κόσμον,
μίστυλλόν τ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐπισταμένως πεῖράν τ᾽ ὀβελοῖσιν,
ὤπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.
Αὐτομέδων δ᾽ ἄρα σῖτον ἑλὼν ἐπένειμε τραπέζῃ
καλοῖς ἐν κανέοισιν· ἀτὰρ κρέα νεῖμεν Ἀχιλλεύς.
οἱ δ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ὀνείαθ᾽ ἑτοῖμα προκείμενα χεῖρας ἴαλλον.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἕντο,

[22] Lines 614–617 were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

Apollo slew with shafts from his silver bow, angered against Niobe, and the daughters the archer Artemis, since Niobe had compared herself to fair-cheeked Leto, saying that the goddess had borne but two, while she herself was mother to many; so they, though they were but two, destroyed them all. For nine days they lay in their blood, nor was there anyone to bury them, for the son of Cronos turned the people to stones;[9] but on the tenth day the gods of heaven buried them; and Niobe took thought of food, for she was wearied with the shedding of tears. And now somewhere among the rocks, on the lonely mountains, on Sipylus, where, men say, are the couches of goddesses, of the nymphs that range swiftly in the dance about Achelous, there, though a stone, she broods over her woes sent by the gods. But come, let us two likewise, noble old sir, take thought of food; and then you can make lament over your dear son, when you have taken him into Ilios; mourned will he be by you with many tears."

At that swift Achilles sprang up, and slew a white-fleeced sheep, and his comrades flayed it and made it ready well and in good order, and sliced it skillfully and spitted the morsels, and roasted them carefully and drew everything off the spits. And Automedon took bread and set it out on the table in fair baskets, while Achilles served the meat. So they put out their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had put from them the

9 Presumably the people were in some way involved in Niobe's guilt, but the allusion is to some form of the legend otherwise unknown. We may note that a popular etymology connected λαός "folk" with λᾶας "stone." M.

ἦ τοι Δαρδανίδης Πρίαμος θαύμαζ᾽ Ἀχιλῆα,
ὅσσος ἔην οἷός τε· θεοῖσι γὰρ ἄντα ἐῴκει·
αὐτὰρ ὁ Δαρδανίδην Πρίαμον θαύμαζεν Ἀχιλλεύς,
εἰσορόων ὄψίν τ᾽ ἀγαθὴν καὶ μῦθον ἀκούων.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάρπησαν ἐς ἀλλήλους ὁρόωντες,
τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
"λέξον νῦν με τάχιστα, διοτρεφές, ὄφρα καὶ ἤδη
ὕπνῳ ὕπο γλυκερῷ ταρπώμεθα κοιμηθέντες·
οὐ γάρ πω μύσαν ὄσσε ὑπὸ βλεφάροισιν ἐμοῖσιν
ἐξ οὗ σῇς ὑπὸ χερσὶν ἐμὸς πάις ὤλεσε θυμόν,
ἀλλ᾽ αἰεὶ στενάχω καὶ κήδεα μυρία πέσσω,
αὐλῆς ἐν χόρτοισι κυλινδόμενος κατὰ κόπρον.
νῦν δὴ καὶ σίτου πασάμην καὶ αἴθοπα οἶνον
λαυκανίης καθέηκα· πάρος γε μὲν οὔ τι πεπάσμην."
Ἦ ῥ᾽, Ἀχιλεὺς δ᾽ ἑτάροισιν ἰδὲ δμῳῇσι κέλευσε
δέμνι᾽ ὑπ᾽ αἰθούσῃ θέμεναι καὶ ῥήγεα καλὰ
πορφύρε᾽ ἐμβαλέειν, στορέσαι τ᾽ ἐφύπερθε τάπητας,
χλαίνας τ᾽ ἐνθέμεναι οὔλας καθύπερθεν ἕσασθαι.
αἱ δ᾽ ἴσαν ἐκ μεγάροιο δάος μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσαι,
αἶψα δ᾽ ἄρα στόρεσαν δοιὼ λέχε᾽ ἐγκονέουσαι.
τὸν δ᾽ ἐπικερτομέων προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·
"ἐκτὸς μὲν δὴ λέξο, γέρον φίλε, μή τις Ἀχαιῶν
ἐνθάδ᾽ ἐπέλθῃσιν βουληφόρος, οἵ τέ μοι αἰεὶ
βουλὰς βουλεύουσι παρήμενοι, ἣ θέμις ἐστί·
τῶν εἴ τίς σε ἴδοιτο θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν,
αὐτίκ᾽ ἂν ἐξείποι Ἀγαμέμνονι ποιμένι λαῶν,
καί κεν ἀνάβλησις λύσιος νεκροῖο γένηται.
ἀλλ᾽ ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ καὶ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεξον,

desire of food and drink, then indeed did Priam, son of Dardanus, marvel at Achilles, how tall he was and how fair; for he was like the gods to look upon. And at Priam, son of Dardanus, did Achilles marvel, looking upon his noble aspect and hearing his words. But when they had had their fill of gazing at one another, then the old man, godlike Priam, was first to speak, saying: "Show me now my bed quickly, nurtured by Zeus, so that lulled at length by sweet sleep we may find release in rest; for never yet have my eyes closed beneath my eyelids since at your hands my son lost his life, but ever do I wail and brood over my countless sorrows, groveling in the filth in the enclosure of the court. But now I have tasted of food, and have let ruddy wine pass down my throat; till now I had tasted nothing."

He spoke, and Achilles ordered his comrades and the handmaids to set bedsteads beneath the portico, and to lay on them beautiful purple blankets, and to spread above them coverlets, and on these to put fleecy cloaks to cover them. So the maids went out from the hall holding torches in their hands, and quickly spread two beds in busy haste. Then brusquely spoke to Priam Achilles, swift of foot: "Lie down outside, dear old sir, lest there come here one of the counselors of the Achaeans, who ever sit by my side and take counsel, as is proper. If one of these were to have sight of you through the swift black night, immediately he might tell it to Agamemnon, shepherd of men, and so should there arise delay in the giving back of the body. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly: for how many days do you

ποσσῆμαρ μέμονας κτερεϊζέμεν Ἕκτορα δῖον,
ὄφρα τέως αὐτός τε μένω καὶ λαὸν ἐρύκω."
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα γέρων Πρίαμος θεοειδής·
"εἰ μὲν δή μ' ἐθέλεις τελέσαι τάφον Ἕκτορι δίῳ,
ὧδέ κέ μοι ῥέζων, Ἀχιλεῦ, κεχαρισμένα θείης.
οἶσθα γὰρ ὡς κατὰ ἄστυ ἐέλμεθα, τηλόθι δ' ὕλη
ἀξέμεν ἐξ ὄρεος, μάλα δὲ Τρῶες δεδίασιν.
ἐννῆμαρ μέν κ' αὐτὸν ἐνὶ μεγάροις γοάοιμεν,
τῇ δεκάτῃ δέ κε θάπτοιμεν δαινῦτό τε λαός,
ἑνδεκάτῃ δέ κε τύμβον ἐπ' αὐτῷ ποιήσαιμεν,
τῇ δὲ δυωδεκάτῃ πολεμίξομεν, εἴ περ ἀνάγκη."
Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς·
"ἔσται τοι καὶ ταῦτα, γέρον Πρίαμ', ὡς σὺ κελεύεις·
σχήσω γὰρ πόλεμον τόσσον χρόνον ὅσσον ἄνωγας."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἐπὶ καρπῷ χεῖρα γέροντος
ἔλλαβε δεξιτερήν, μή πως δείσει' ἐνὶ θυμῷ.
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐν προδόμῳ δόμου αὐτόθι κοιμήσαντο,
κῆρυξ καὶ Πρίαμος, πυκινὰ φρεσὶ μήδε' ἔχοντες,
αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς εὗδε μυχῷ κλισίης ἐυπήκτου·
τῷ δὲ Βρισηὶς παρελέξατο καλλιπάρῃος.
Ἄλλοι μέν ῥα θεοί τε καὶ ἀνέρες ἱπποκορυσταὶ
εὗδον παννύχιοι, μαλακῷ δεδμημένοι ὕπνῳ·
ἀλλ' οὐχ Ἑρμείαν ἐριούνιον ὕπνος ἔμαρπτεν,
ὁρμαίνοντ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ὅπως Πρίαμον βασιλῆα
νηῶν ἐκπέμψειε λαθὼν ἱεροὺς πυλαωρούς.
στῆ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς καί μιν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·
"ὦ γέρον, οὔ νύ τι σοί γε μέλει κακόν, οἷον ἔθ' εὕδεις
ἀνδράσιν ἐν δηίοισιν, ἐπεί σ' εἴασεν Ἀχιλλεύς.

wish to make funeral for noble Hector, so that for so long I may both wait myself and hold back the army."

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him, saying: "If you indeed are minded that I accomplish his burial for noble Hector, then in doing this, Achilles, you would be doing me a kindness. You know how we are pent up inside the city, and it is far to fetch wood from the mountain, and the Trojans are much afraid. For nine days we will wail for him in our halls, and on the tenth we will make his funeral, and the people will feast, and on the eleventh we will heap a mound over him, and on the twelfth we will do battle, if we must."

Then spoke to him in answer swift-footed, noble Achilles: "These things, too, will be, aged Priam, just as you say; for I will hold back the battle for such time as you command."

When he had thus spoken, he clasped the old man's right hand by the wrist, lest he should take fright in his heart. So they lay down to sleep there in the fore-hall of the house, the herald and Priam, with deep thoughts in their minds; but Achilles slept in the innermost part of the well-built hut, and by his side lay fair-cheeked Briseïs.

Now all the other gods and men, lords of chariots, were slumbering the whole night through, overcome by soft sleep; but not on the helper Hermes did sleep lay hold as he pondered in his mind how he should guide king Priam away from the ships unnoticed by the strong keepers of the gate. He stood above his head and spoke to him, saying: "Old sir, it seems you have no thought of any evil, still sleeping among foes as you are, since Achilles has spared

καὶ νῦν μὲν φίλον υἱὸν ἐλύσαο, πολλὰ δ' ἔδωκας·
σεῖο δέ κε ζωοῦ καὶ τρὶς τόσα δοῖεν ἄποινα
παῖδες τοὶ μετόπισθε λελειμμένοι, αἴ κ' Ἀγαμέμνων
γνώῃ σ' Ἀτρεΐδης, γνώωσι δὲ πάντες Ἀχαιοί."
  Ὣς ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δ' ὁ γέρων, κήρυκα δ' ἀνίστη.
τοῖσιν δ' Ἑρμείας ζεῦξ' ἵππους ἡμιόνους τε,
ῥίμφα δ' ἄρ' αὐτὸς ἔλαυνε κατὰ στρατόν, οὐδέ τις ἔγνω.
  Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἷξον ἐυρρεῖος ποταμοῖο,
Ξάνθου δινήεντος, ὃν ἀθάνατος τέκετο Ζεύς,[23]
Ἑρμείας μὲν ἔπειτ' ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον,
Ἠὼς δὲ κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν,
οἱ δ' ἐς ἄστυ ἔλων οἰμωγῇ τε στοναχῇ τε
ἵππους, ἡμίονοι δὲ νέκυν φέρον. οὐδέ τις ἄλλος
ἔγνω πρόσθ' ἀνδρῶν καλλιζώνων τε γυναικῶν,
ἀλλ' ἄρα Κασσάνδρη, ἰκέλη χρυσέῃ Ἀφροδίτῃ,
Πέργαμον εἰσαναβᾶσα φίλον πατέρ' εἰσενόησεν
ἑσταότ' ἐν δίφρῳ, κήρυκά τε ἀστυβοώτην·
τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἐφ' ἡμιόνων ἴδε κείμενον ἐν λεχέεσσι·
κώκυσέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα γέγωνέ τε πᾶν κατὰ ἄστυ·
"ὄψεσθε, Τρῶες καὶ Τρῳάδες, Ἕκτορ' ἰόντες,
εἴ ποτε καὶ ζώοντι μάχης ἒκ νοστήσαντι
χαίρετ', ἐπεὶ μέγα χάρμα πόλει τ' ἦν παντί τε δήμῳ."
  Ὣς ἔφατ', οὐδέ τις αὐτόθ' ἐνὶ πτόλεϊ λίπετ' ἀνὴρ
οὐδὲ γυνή· πάντας γὰρ ἀάσχετον ἵκετο πένθος·
ἀγχοῦ δὲ ξύμβληντο πυλάων νεκρὸν ἄγοντι.
πρῶται τόν γ' ἄλοχός τε φίλη καὶ πότνια μήτηρ

you. Now you have ransomed your son, and a great price you gave. But for your own life will the sons you have, those who are left behind, give ransom thrice as great, if Agamemnon, Atreus' son, learns of you, or the army of the Achaeans learns."

So he spoke, and the old man was seized with fear, and made the herald get up. And Hermes yoked for them the horses and mules, and himself lightly drove them through the camp, nor did any man learn of them.

But when they had now come to the ford of the fair-flowing river, eddying Xanthus, that immortal Zeus begot, then Hermes went away to high Olympus, and Dawn, the saffron-robed, was spreading over all the earth. So they with moaning and wailing drove the horses to the city, and the mules carried the dead. Nor did any one else learn of them, whether man or fair-belted woman; but Cassandra, peer of golden Aphrodite, having gone up on Pergamus, caught sight of her dear father as he stood in the chariot, and the herald, the city's crier; and him she saw who lay on the bier in the wagon drawn by the mules. She uttered a shrill cry then, and shouted throughout all the town: "Come, men and women of Troy, and look on Hector, if ever while he still lived you rejoiced at his coming back from battle; since great joy was he to the city and to all the people."

So she spoke, nor was any man left there inside the city, nor any woman, for on all came unbearable grief; and hard by the gates they met Priam, as he brought home the dead. First Hector's dear wife and queenly mother flung them-

[23] Line 693 (= 14. 434, 21. 2) is omitted in the best MSS.

τιλλέσθην, ἐπ' ἄμαξαν ἐΰτροχον ἀΐξασαι,
ἁπτόμεναι κεφαλῆς· κλαίων δ' ἀμφίσταθ' ὅμιλος.
καί νύ κε δὴ πρόπαν ἦμαρ ἐς ἠέλιον καταδύντα
Ἕκτορα δάκρυ χέοντες ὀδύροντο πρὸ πυλάων,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ἐκ δίφροιο γέρων λαοῖσι μετηύδα·
"εἴξατέ μοι οὐρεῦσι διελθέμεν· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
ἄσεσθε κλαυθμοῖο, ἐπὴν ἀγάγωμι δόμονδε."
    Ὣς ἔφαθ', οἱ δὲ διέστησαν καὶ εἶξαν ἀπήνῃ.
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ εἰσάγαγον κλυτὰ δώματα, τὸν μὲν ἔπειτα
τρητοῖς ἐν λεχέεσσι θέσαν, παρὰ δ' εἷσαν ἀοιδοὺς
θρήνων ἐξάρχους, οἵ τε στονόεσσαν ἀοιδὴν
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐθρήνεον, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες.
τῇσιν δ' Ἀνδρομάχη λευκώλενος ἦρχε γόοιο,
Ἕκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο κάρη μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσα·
"ἆνερ, ἀπ' αἰῶνος νέος[24] ὤλεο, κὰδ δέ με χήρην
λείπεις ἐν μεγάροισι· πάις δ' ἔτι νήπιος αὔτως,
ὃν τέκομεν σύ τ' ἐγώ τε δυσάμμοροι, οὐδέ μιν οἴω
ἥβην ἵξεσθαι· πρὶν γὰρ πόλις ἥδε κατ' ἄκρης
πέρσεται· ἦ γὰρ ὄλωλας ἐπίσκοπος, ὅς τέ μιν αὐτὴν
ῥύσκευ, ἔχες δ' ἀλόχους κεδνὰς καὶ νήπια τέκνα·
αἳ δή τοι τάχα νηυσὶν ὀχήσονται γλαφυρῇσι,
καὶ μὲν ἐγὼ μετὰ τῇσι· σὺ δ' αὖ, τέκος, ἢ ἐμοὶ αὐτῇ
ἕψεαι, ἔνθα κεν ἔργα ἀεικέα ἐργάζοιο,
ἀθλεύων πρὸ ἄνακτος ἀμειλίχου, ἤ τις Ἀχαιῶν
ῥίψει χειρὸς ἑλὼν ἀπὸ πύργου, λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον,
χωόμενος, ᾧ δή που ἀδελφεὸν ἔκτανεν Ἕκτωρ
ἢ πατέρ', ἠὲ καὶ υἱόν, ἐπεὶ μάλα πολλοὶ Ἀχαιῶν
Ἕκτορος ἐν παλάμῃσιν ὀδὰξ ἕλον ἄσπετον οὖδας.

selves on the light-running wagon and, clasping his head, wailed and tore their hair; and the people thronged about and wept. And now the whole day long until the setting of the sun would they have made lament for Hector with shedding of tears there outside the gates, if the old man had not spoken among the people from the chariot: "Make way for the mules to pass through; then shall you take your fill of wailing, when I have brought him to the house."

So he spoke, and they stood apart and made way for the wagon. But the others, when they had brought him to the glorious house, laid him on a corded bedstead, and by his side set singers, leaders of the dirge, who led the song of lamentation—they chanted the dirge, and to it the women added their laments. And among these white-armed Andromache led the wailing, holding in her hands the head of man-slaying Hector: "Husband, perished out of life are you, still in your youth, and leave me a widow in your halls; and your son is still but a babe, the son born of you and me, both ill-fated; nor do I think that he will come to manhood, for before that will this city be wasted utterly. For you have perished who watched over it, you who guarded it, and kept safe its noble wives and little ones. These will soon be riding on the hollow ships, and I among them; and you, my child, will follow with me to a place where you will labor at ugly tasks, toiling for some ungentle master, or else some Achaean will seize you by the arm and hurl you from the wall, a woeful death, someone angered because Hector slew his brother perhaps, or his father, or his son, since many Achaeans at the hands of Hector have bitten the vast earth with their teeth; for not at all gentle

24 νέος: νέον Zenodotus.

οὐ γὰρ μείλιχος ἔσκε πατὴρ τεὸς ἐν δαῒ λυγρῇ·
τῶ καί μιν λαοὶ μὲν ὀδύρονται κατὰ ἄστυ,
ἄρρητον δὲ τοκεῦσι γόον καὶ πένθος ἔθηκας,
Ἕκτορ· ἐμοὶ δὲ μάλιστα λελείψεται ἄλγεα λυγρά.
οὐ γάρ μοι θνῄσκων λεχέων ἐκ χεῖρας ὄρεξας,
οὐδέ τί μοι εἶπες πυκινὸν ἔπος, οὗ τέ κεν αἰεὶ
μεμνῄμην νύκτας τε καὶ ἤματα δάκρυ χέουσα."
 Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσ᾽, ἐπὶ δὲ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες.
τῇσιν δ᾽ αὖθ᾽ Ἑκάβη ἁδινοῦ ἐξῆρχε γόοιο·
"Ἕκτορ, ἐμῷ θυμῷ πάντων πολὺ φίλτατε παίδων,
ἦ μέν μοι ζωός περ ἐὼν φίλος ἦσθα θεοῖσιν·
οἱ δ᾽ ἄρα σεῦ κήδοντο καὶ ἐν θανάτοιό περ αἴσῃ.
ἄλλους μὲν γὰρ παῖδας ἐμοὺς πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς
πέρνασχ᾽, ὅν τιν᾽ ἕλεσκε, πέρην ἁλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο,
ἐς Σάμον ἔς τ᾽ Ἴμβρον καὶ Λῆμνον ἀμιχθαλόεσσαν·
σεῦ δ᾽ ἐπεὶ ἐξέλετο ψυχὴν ταναήκεϊ χαλκῷ,
πολλὰ ῥυστάζεσκεν ἑοῦ περὶ σῆμ᾽ ἑτάροιο,
Πατρόκλου, τὸν ἔπεφνες· ἀνέστησεν δέ μιν οὐδ᾽ ὧς.
νῦν δέ μοι ἑρσήεις καὶ πρόσφατος ἐν μεγάροισι
κεῖσαι, τῷ ἴκελος ὅν τ᾽ ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων
οἷς ἀγανοῖσι βέλεσσιν ἐποιχόμενος κατέπεφνεν."
 Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσα, γόον δ᾽ ἀλίαστον ὄρινε.
τῇσι δ᾽ ἔπειθ᾽ Ἑλένη τριτάτη ἐξῆρχε γόοιο·
"Ἕκτορ, ἐμῷ θυμῷ δαέρων πολὺ φίλτατε πάντων,
ἦ μέν μοι πόσις ἐστὶν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδής,
ὅς μ᾽ ἄγαγε Τροίηνδ᾽· ὡς πρὶν ὤφελλον ὀλέσθαι.
ἤδη γὰρ νῦν μοι τόδ᾽ ἐεικοστὸν ἔτος ἐστὶν

was your father in woeful war. Therefore the people wail for him throughout the city, and grief unspeakable and sorrow have you brought on your parents, Hector; and for me beyond all others will woeful sorrows be left. For at your death you did not stretch out your hands to me from your bed, nor speak to me any word full of meaning that I might have recalled night and day with shedding of tears."

So she spoke tearfully, and to it the women added their laments. And among them Hecabe in turn led the vehement wailing: "Hector, far dearest to my heart of all my children, when you were alive you were dear to the gods, and therefore they have cared for you even in the doom of death. For other sons of mine whomever he took would swift-footed Achilles sell beyond the unresting sea, to Samos and Imbros and Lemnos, shrouded in smoke,[10] but when from you he had taken your life with the long-edged bronze often he dragged you about the mound of his comrade, Patroclus, whom you slew; but even so he did not raise him up. But now all dewy-fresh you lie in my halls as if you were newly slain, like one whom Apollo of the silver bow has assailed with his gentle shafts and slain."

So she spoke wailing, and roused unabating lament. And then Helen was the third to lead the wailing: "Hector, far dearest to my heart of all my husband's brothers! In truth my husband is godlike Alexander, who brought me to the land of Troy—I wish I had died before then! For this is now the twentieth year from the time when I went from

[10] Lemnos was sacred to Hephaestus, and the "Lemnian fire" is often mentioned, although modern travelers have found no evidences of volcanic activity on the island. M.

ἐξ οὗ κεῖθεν ἔβην καὶ ἐμῆς ἀπελήλυθα πάτρης·
ἀλλ᾽ οὔ πω σεῦ ἄκουσα κακὸν ἔπος οὐδ᾽ ἀσύφηλον·
ἀλλ᾽ εἴ τίς με καὶ ἄλλος ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἐνίπτοι
δαέρων ἢ γαλόων ἢ εἰνατέρων εὐπέπλων,
ἢ ἑκυρή—ἑκυρὸς δὲ πατὴρ ὣς ἤπιος αἰεί—
ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸν ἐπέεσσι παραιφάμενος κατέρυκες,
σῇ τ᾽ ἀγανοφροσύνῃ καὶ σοῖς ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσι.
τῶ σέ θ᾽ ἅμα κλαίω καὶ ἔμ᾽ ἄμμορον ἀχνυμένη κῆρ·
οὐ γάρ τίς μοι ἔτ᾽ ἄλλος ἐνὶ Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ
ἤπιος οὐδὲ φίλος, πάντες δέ με πεφρίκασιν."

Ὣς ἔφατο κλαίουσ᾽, ἐπὶ δ᾽ ἔστενε δῆμος ἀπείρων.
λαοῖσιν δ᾽ ὁ γέρων Πρίαμος μετὰ μῦθον ἔειπεν·
"ἄξετε νῦν, Τρῶες, ξύλα ἄστυδε, μηδέ τι θυμῷ
δείσητ᾽ Ἀργείων πυκινὸν λόχον· ἦ γὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς
πέμπων μ᾽ ὧδ᾽ ἐπέτελλε μελαινάων ἀπὸ νηῶν,
μὴ πρὶν πημανέειν, πρὶν δωδεκάτη μόλῃ ἠώς."

Ὣς ἔφαθ᾽, οἱ δ᾽ ὑπ᾽ ἀμάξῃσιν βόας ἡμιόνους τε
ζεύγνυσαν, αἶψα δ᾽ ἔπειτα πρὸ ἄστεος ἠγερέθοντο.
ἐννῆμαρ μὲν τοί γε ἀγίνεον ἄσπετον ὕλην·
ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ δεκάτη ἐφάνη φαεσίμβροτος ἠώς,
καὶ τότ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐξέφερον θρασὺν Ἕκτορα δάκρυ χέοντες,
ἐν δὲ πυρῇ ὑπάτῃ νεκρὸν θέσαν, ἐν δ᾽ ἔβαλον πῦρ.

Ἦμος δ᾽ ἠριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἠώς,

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[11] This astonishing statement is perhaps to be explained by the legend that the Greeks shortly after Helen's abduction had made an abortive expedition against Troy, but had landed by mistake in Mysia. Thence they returned to Greece, and it was only after ten

there and have been gone from my native land,[11] but never yet have I heard evil or spiteful word from you; but if any other spoke reproachfully of me in the halls, a brother of yours or a sister, or brother's fair-robed wife, or your mother—but your father was ever gentle as if he had been my own—yet you would turn them with speech and restrain them by your gentleness and your gentle words. So I wail alike for you and for my unlucky self with grief at heart; for no longer have I anyone else in broad Troy who is gentle to me or kind; but all men shudder at me."

So she spoke wailing, and the countless throng made moan. But the old man Priam spoke among the people, saying: "Bring wood now, men of Troy, to the city, and do not have any fear at heart of a cunning ambush of the Argives; for Achilles gave me this assurance when he sent me away from the black ships, that he would do us no hurt until the twelfth dawn comes."

So he spoke, and they yoked oxen and mules to wagons, and quickly then gathered together before the city. For nine days they brought in abundant wood, but when the tenth dawn arose, giving light to mortals, then they carried bold Hector out, shedding tears, and on the topmost pyre they laid the dead man and cast fire on it.

But as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered,

years that their forces were reassembled. This legend is elsewhere entirely unknown to Homer, but it harmonizes with the form of the story which gives Achilles a grown son (see 19.327). The whole suggests, however, an elaborate parallelism which arouses suspicion: nine years of preparation, the fleet sails in the tenth; nine years of siege, Troy falls in the tenth; nine years of wandering, Odysseus reaches home in the tenth. M.

τῆμος ἄρ᾽ ἀμφὶ πυρὴν κλυτοῦ Ἕκτορος ἔγρετο λαός.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥ᾽ ἤγερθεν ὁμηγερέες τ᾽ ἐγένοντο,[25]
πρῶτον μὲν κατὰ πυρκαϊὴν σβέσαν αἴθοπι οἴνῳ
πᾶσαν, ὁπόσσον ἐπέσχε πυρὸς μένος· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
ὀστέα λευκὰ λέγοντο κασίγνητοί θ᾽ ἕταροί τε
μυρόμενοι, θαλερὸν δὲ κατείβετο δάκρυ παρειῶν.
καὶ τά γε χρυσείην ἐς λάρνακα θῆκαν ἑλόντες,
πορφυρέοις πέπλοισι καλύψαντες μαλακοῖσιν·
αἶψα δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐς κοίλην κάπετον θέσαν, αὐτὰρ ὕπερθε
πυκνοῖσιν λάεσσι κατεστόρεσαν μεγάλοισι·
ῥίμφα δὲ σῆμ᾽ ἔχεαν, περὶ δὲ σκοποὶ ἥατο πάντῃ,
μὴ πρὶν ἐφορμηθεῖεν ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί.
χεύαντες δὲ τὸ σῆμα πάλιν κίον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
εὖ συναγειρόμενοι δαίνυντ᾽ ἐρικυδέα δαῖτα
δώμασιν ἐν Πριάμοιο, διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος.
Ὣς οἵ γ᾽ ἀμφίεπον τάφον Ἕκτορος ἱπποδάμοιο.[26]

[25] Line 790 is omitted in many MSS.

[26] In place of 804 some ancient critics wrote:

ὣς οἵ γ᾽ ἀμφίεπον τάφον Ἕκτορος, ἦλθε δ᾽ Ἀμαζὼν
Ἄρηος θυγάτηρ μεγαλήτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο,

lines intended to make the *Iliad* fit into the Epic Cycle, where it was immediately followed by the *Aethiopis* of Arctinus.

then gathered the people about the pyre of glorious Hector. And when they were assembled and met together, first they quenched with ruddy wine all the pyre, so far as the fire's might had spread, and then his brothers and his comrades gathered up the white bones, mourning, and large tears flowed ever down their cheeks. The bones they took and placed in a golden urn, covering them over with soft purple robes, and quickly laid the urn in a hollow grave, and covered it over with great close-set stones. Then quickly they heaped the mound, and round about were watchers set on every side, lest the well-greaved Achaeans should set on them before the time. And when they had piled the mound, they went back again, and gathering together duly feasted a glorious feast in the halls of Priam, the king nurtured by Zeus.

In this way they held funeral for horse-taming Hector.

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